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BUBBLES

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

An Affectation of Light Amusement Narrowed Rita's Eyes. "You Seem to Have Caught All the Minute Details, Cartey. Robin's Egg, My Word!"

THERE was to be a dance that night—a smart private affair out at the local country club near his home—and at five o'clock, when he had put on his hat and coat and punched the time clock in the Pine Street insurance office where he was employed, Mr. Jessup hurried. Not that he was a dancer though. Not that he even was going to the dance. A tall, stoop-shouldered man with faded eyes, Mr. Jessup's dancing days seemed long to have been left behind him. It was his daughter, Addie Jessup, a girl of twenty-three or so, that had been invited, and that morning at the breakfast table, as Mr. Jessup was hastily finishing his eggs and his coffee and toast, over the coffee cups Mrs. Jessup, his wife, had uttered a definite warning:

"Mind, Russ; don't be late tonight!"

Then, as if to make sure her husband heard, Mrs. Jessup had said it again. "Understand? Half-past six, at the latest!"

Addie Jessup was thoughtfully stirring her coffee. She was a slender, gray-eyed girl with surprising good looks; and glancing up at her mother, her freshly tinted, boyish face was lit with a quick gleam, half amused, half annoyed.

"I say, old dear," she remarked, "why not try letting him come up for air now and then?"

Her mother was for the moment bewildered.

"What say, Addie? Who?"

"Dad—and for heaven's sake, stop saying, 'What say?' It's suburban!"

"Suburban? Who? What're you talking about, Addie?"

Addie laughed. "You and father, of course. You've told him four times now not to be late coming home tonight, and if I were the old egg I'd strike. I wouldn't come home at all."

Then, with a quick, lithe wriggle of her wrist, a movement that bared one round girlish arm nakedly to the shoulder of the loose crêpe coolie coat she had on, she seemed idly to dismiss the subject.

"Ring for the toast, please," said Addie.

Mr. Jessup, however, had said nothing.

To say nothing seemed, in fact, an established habit with Russell Jessup; and rising silently, out in the hall he had picked up his hat and coat and was trudging down the steps on his way to catch the 8:17, the train he took in each day to New York, when Mrs. Jessup hurried to the door.

"Russ! Russ!" she called. "Those errands!"

Anxious, too, her voice a little shrill with concern, she had begun to enumerate each errand in its turn, though, for his part, her husband hadn't listened. What was the use? Why listen when he knew each errand by rote? At all events, for twenty-odd years, the term of Mr. Jessup's married life, that round of errands, a daily stint, had

"She Treated Jim as if He Were a Cab Horse. I Should Think She'd Ease Up on Him Now and Then"

been significantly as much a part of the insurance man's existence as the time clock he punched daily in the Pine Street insurance office.

Forget? Hardly!

Today, for example, was Tuesday. Therefore, as it was Tuesday, Mr. Jessup knew unalterably to the last detail the exact tale and total of what was expected of him. First, there was the eight-pound, two-rib roast of beef he must buy in town, then portage home by hand. Along with that, the roast beef having been bought and paid for, he would buy also, at the same market near the ferry, four bunches of beets, a like supply of parsnips or carrots and, according to the season, either a head of cauliflower or a bunch of asparagus.

This, in brief, was Tuesday's regular marketing for the house out on the main line at Brightwood; the roast beef—hot, first; then cold sliced or hashed—being destined to last through Wednesday and Thursday, on which day—that is, Thursday evening—Mr. Jessup would fetch home for Friday's larder—Friday being a fish day—either a cod or, say, four or five pounds of halibut steak. As for the other days—the ones not already enumerated—on these he brought home in the same way chops or a steak, or, if not these, a pair of chickens, say. These were Mr. Jessup's errands, his nightly task.

For years he had been doing this. Night after night, year in, year out, he arrived at the ferry, his arms burdened with bundles for the next day's larder, the array varied occasionally, however, by the addition of other articles required for the suburban household—bulbs and plants for Mrs. Jessup's garden, stray pieces of kitchenware, occasionally an article of wearing apparel. But why he did involved of course no mystery. In Brightwood, it seems, an eight-pound roast cost, say, $4.40; whereas, in the city—New York—the same roast might be bought for $3.68—a saving of eighty cents.

Nor was that all. This saving was accomplished equally in the matter of the other things the insurance man bought in town; then carried home by hand. In fact, it was as Mrs. Jessup, a couple of mornings ago, had pointed out: By having her husband market in the city, then fetch home the things himself, the saving meant, in the case of the roast, for example, that the additional vegetables as good as cost them nothing.

"It's as if they were thrown in," said Mrs. Jessup, after which she turned to her daughter: "What say, Addie? What was it you said?"

Addie, a faint, quizzical glint in her eyes, was gazing at her father.

"I? Oh, nothing. I was just wondering what old Cash-and-Carry gets out of it," she replied.

Mrs. Jessup arched her brows. "Cash-and-Carry?"

"Dad," said Addie.

As usual, however, Mr. Jessup had said nothing. The assistant manager at the Pine Street insurance office, his pay was one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars a week is nominally six thousand dollars a year; and on this amount, it's to be supposed, a family of three might do very well, indeed. For that matter, the Jessups did; though, to be sure, it required planning, Mr. Jessup's evening errands a part of it. Then, too, there were other small economies—a saving here and there in dress, in amusements, in trips away from home, so forth and so on. For example, Mr. Jessup once had had his clothes cut to measure by a tailor; now he bought them ready-made. Once, as well, when the insurance man got a vacation at the office, he had gone away somewhere, usually to the mountains; besides which there was the country club at which once he was almost always to be found on Saturdays and business holidays. True, he still was a member and his wife and his daughter still used the club a lot, even if Mr. Jessup didn't—though never mind all that. Warned that he must hurry, that on no account must he miss the 5:56 ferry—the boat that connected with his train—Mr. Jessup trudged on steadily, his pace brisk as he turned out of Pine Street and headed north on Broadway.

The market was Washington Market. As it lay over on West Street and was distant some ten or twelve blocks, there was reason he should make haste. His briskness, however, was only for a few blocks or so. At any rate, as Mr. Jessup came to the head of Vesey Street, his accustomed route, and then turned westward toward the market quarter, there was a perceptible change in his gait. His steps lagged; he began to glance about him uncertainly; in fact, as he pottered along now, it was curious to see him.

However, that was only for an interval, for having reached Church Street, where the Sixth Avenue L road and its ugly trestle passes overhead, all at once he seemed to strike a sudden resolve. Darting over the crossing and his gait again energetic, he sped along under the shadow of the L road for another two or three blocks. There, abruptly, his gait dropped to a dawdle.

Down the block was a row of stores, a shop for sporting goods among them. Spring, too, had come; it now was nearing the middle of April, and the sporting-goods shop had dressed its windows accordingly. Thus, behind one plate-glass window was a display laid out in character—namely, a fishing scene, the effect alluring. A snug, cozy camp tent formed the background, and before its open flap a fire burned, its flames, in effigy, artfully simulated by a heap of gleaming tinsel paper lit by a hidden incandescent bulb; while inside the tent, the floor of which was laid with hemlock boughs made of bright green tissue paper cut into strips, there were a couple of canvas chairs, a canvas cot spread with a fuzzy sleeping bag, an array of sporting clothes and boots, a rubber bathtub, and so forth and so on.

Outside the tent and hovering over the mimic fire was the dummy figure of a man, an angler. He had on, as was notable to be seen, a short canvas jacket supplied with innumerable pockets, khaki trousers and a khaki hat; while over his legs were drawn a massive pair of rubber boots reaching to his hips. Thus equipped, and with a supple trout rod in one hand and a long-handled frying pan in the other, he now was frying over the tinsel fire a mess of new-caught trout.

The trout, true, were only papier-mâché trout and the bacon in which they fried was only painted cardboard, but what of it? Apparently they were real enough to the middle-aged, stoop-shouldered figure peering in at the window. Queer too. Curious, to say the least. So far from being a fisherman, Mr. Jessup neither owned a fishing rod nor did he possess so much as a single trout fly; yet the fact remained that, the sporting-goods shop having shown the display for upward of a week or more, every night during the week he had strayed out of his course to the market and the ferry, wasting precious time to get a glimpse at the exhibit.

However, the fishing scene was a part only of the show; and turning presently from the window, Mr. Jessup edged over to the one at the other side of the door. As he reached it his dull eyes leaped again.

The scene, like the other, was in character. A golf scene, the picture represented a player caught in the act of driving a golf ball down the grassy fairway of a course.

Again, his whole air intent, Mr. Jessup crowded closer to the glass. Again, his face rapt, his eyes seemed to drink in each and every detail of the scene—the player, the club he held poised above his shoulders, the white checkered golf ball cocked up on its tee. Grotesque, you'd have called it—ridiculous. At all events, as the gray-haired, middle-aged insurance man stood there in the street, oblivious, it seemed, of all else but that dummy figure about to knock its minute golf ball into space, it was enough to get a smile from anyone. Absorbed, visibly enthralled, Mr. Jessup appeared for the time being to have been transported into another realm. Another realm, another world. The explanation, though, is simple. Mr. Jessup, in short, once had been a golfer. In the same way, once he had also been

an absorbed, eager fisherman. That had been some time ago, however.

To be exact, years had passed since he last had knocked a golf ball down a fairway—that, or had a trout rod in his hands.

"Getting old. Lost the fever, I guess," he'd smile when asked why; and though, indeed, now and then on spring and summer evenings he was to be seen solemnly putting a golf ball into an imaginary cup on the 20 by 20 grass plot out behind his house, that was the extent nowadays of his golf. As for his fishing—well, he had given up fishing. In fact, no longer either a golf enthusiast or a fisherman, it was strange, indeed, that night after night for a week or more he should have wandered out of his way merely to peer in at the windows of the sporting-goods shop.

Minutes passed. Time and place seemed forgotten. His eyes on the dummy player, all at once he moved. As he moved, a mumble came from him. "Brassy shot," said Mr. Jessup. His feet squared, his wrists wriggling and his shoulder tilted, it looked for an instant as if, there in the street, he was about to go through with the dummy player's dummy stroke. Slow back, don't press; eye on the ball and follow through was the way Mr. Jessup once had played it, but though he did wriggle his wrists and tilt his shoulder accordingly, that was all.

Boom! A clock had struck somewhere. As its echoes, rising above the city's other sounds, rolled down through the street, he gave a start. The clock, it seemed, had struck half-past five, and the start he gave was like a jump. Half-past five! Half-past five! And he still had to do his nightly errands. Along with that, what's more, his ferry, the train boat, left sharp at 5:56! If he missed it he would be late for dinner again.

"Lord!" gasped Mr. Jessup. The next instant, his face moist and his legs striding like stilts as he sped down the street toward the market, the thin, stoop-shouldered insurance man was very nearly running.

II

"TICKET to Brightwood, please."

It was Carter Veith who spoke. The clock at the ferry marked a quarter to six; and having paid for his taxicab and bought himself a Wall Street edition from a newsboy outside, he had leisurely made his way inside. As he saw, he had plenty of time for the 5:56.

The ferryhouse was crowded. The stream of evening commuters pouring through the wickets herded themselves in front of the gates; and, his air bored, Veith pushed a bill through the ticket window. Inwardly, as he did so, he was cursing himself for what his silly good nature had let him in for that afternoon and evening.

"One way, or return?" asked the ticket seller.

"Round trip," said Veith. It was on his tongue to add, "of course." His tone was like a retort.

The day itself had been bad enough. April was well along; the stock market was surging on at an unheard-of pace; and, as if the day and the day's doings in the Broad Street office had not been enough, Veith, the firm's room manager, had found himself hooked at the close for a night's visit out in the suburbs. The suburbs! Business is business, though, his host for the night a man who did a substantial bit of trading with Gage, Burroughs & Co., Veith's firm; and with a shrug he had picked up his hand bag and was turning away from the ticket window when all at once his eyes lit. Borne along by the crowd pushing its way through the ferryhouse, he had caught a glimpse of a slender, boylike figure in a neat two-piece suit—tweeds—that and a smart little sage-green felt hat. The hat set off like a lad's school cap the clear-cut face and frank, confident eyes beneath it, and Veith knew her at once. It was that girl friend of the McCord's—the people with whom he was going out to visit that night at their big new place in Brightwood—and briskly, the listless ennui gone now from his air, he edged his way through the jam.

"Well, this is luck!" exclaimed Veith.

"Why, hello, Mr. Veith!" said Addie Jessup.

Veith set down his bag—a Gladstone of the smart, expensive sort. About Veith and Veith's things were, in fact, all the accompanying evidences of expensiveness—those quietly unostentatious, strictly "in the know." A young man, not more than thirty or thirty-two at the most, you guessed instinctively that he was in the Street—to use that term—and as he stood now, his hat off and smiling down at her, Addie Jessup's eye roamed over him briefly if approvingly. She had come up to town that day to do a final bit of shopping, slippers for the evening dance; and though she could of course have bought them in Brightwood, the Brightwood slippers were—well, you know. Then, too, in Brightwood slippers cost a third more than in the city; besides, there were the stockings to go with them—fish net. In Brightwood's shops they hadn't got up to that yet—not fish nets.

Slippers and stockings were in her hand bag now, though none would have guessed it; and her slender head canted, she looked up at Veith, the glint in her gray eyes sly.

"Out for another go at the peasantry?" she inquired.

Veith laughed. He knew what she meant. It was his own offhand characterization of Brightwood—Brightwood's residents, rather.

Out at the McCord's once—it was now weeks ago—he had unwittingly let slip his inner conviction as to suburbs and suburbanites. Or, to be more exact, it was the girl that had pried it out of him. However, it was not by just what he'd said that she had managed it. Contrasts talk, you know, sometimes voicing more loudly than words one's view of people and things; and evidently Addie Jessup

(Continued on Page 58)

She Moved Toward Him." Her Face Was Turned Up to His. "You—You May Kiss Me Now," Said Addie

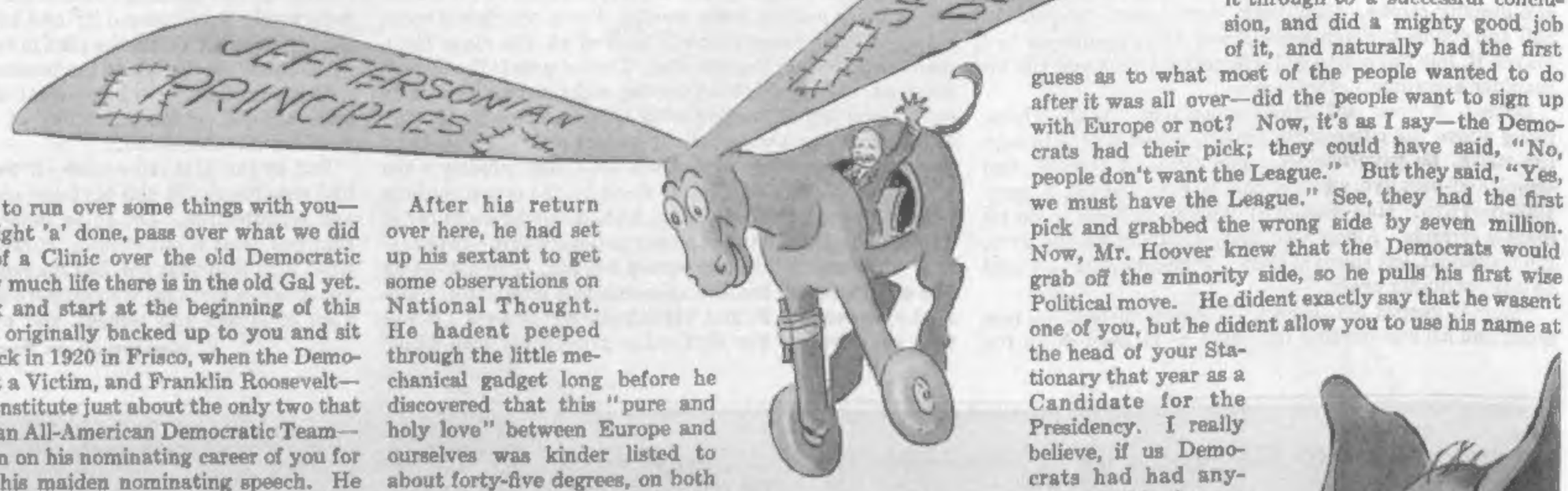
THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD GAL YET, AL

By WILL ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

DEAR AL: I just thought I would take my pen in hand and drop you a few lines. This is not one of those "Too bad, old boy, we will get 'em the next time" letters. This is from an old friend who ever once in a while drops you a line, and tries to be truthful and lay some facts before you as they are, and Not as Political Leaders tell you they are.

Now, I knew you was pretty busy up to around November, and I dident want to bother you, cause this thing of running for President takes up just as much time on the Democratic side as it would on some side where you had a chance. Now you got time to sit down and think it over, I want to run over some things with you—talk over what we might 'a' done, pass over what we did do, and hold a sort of a Clinic over the old Democratic body and see just how much life there is in the old Gal yet.



Now let's get back and start at the beginning of this Presidential Bee that originally backed up to you and sit down. It was way back in 1920 in Frisco, when the Democrats had met to draft a Victim, and Franklin Roosevelt—who, with yourself, constitute just about the only two that anybody can pick for an All-American Democratic Team—he was just starting in on his nominating career of you for President; that was his maiden nominating speech. He dident have it memorized then, and had to read it. Now, here is something that I want to bring up: If you remember, there was some talk of nominating Hoover at that same convention. He hadent been back from Europe long and nobody knew just what he was. Some of 'em thought, on account of his working over there in such harmony with President Wilson, that he was a Democrat. Well, if they had known anything, that very fact should have showed 'em he was not a Democrat.

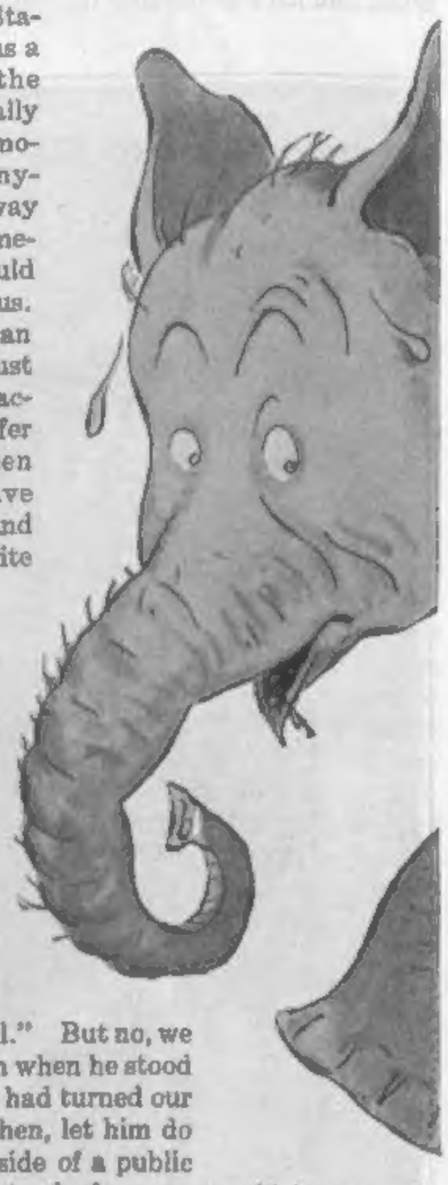
Consistent in Bad Luck

HE HAD just made a marvelous record of full feeding some Belgiums, and he looked like a man that, on account of his uncanny ability of providing food where it was impossible to get any, why, the Democrats figured that "here is the man that can provide nourishment for the next four years for us." Any man that can find grub for a Belgian in a war-strewn land, ought to be able to give political sustenance to a Party that looks like it will have the Post Offices shot from under them on November 2, 1920.

Now, while this fellow Hoover had been keeping our sugar down to one lump a day, and had us eating Bran—like a cow—instead of bread—why, if we had stayed on that bran mash for another year we would have sprouted horns—he had been slipping these extra Titbits which he was depriving us of, off to the gaunt and lean Armenians. But after his return over here he had enough spare time to detect that one of the Issues of the coming November Follies would be the League of Nations. Now, in his rambles all over the uncivilized World with his forked switch, which would turn down when it got over a certain piece of ground that needed some engineering feat to make it bear forth pay dirt, he had also stopped long enough to give Human Nature, as well as old Mother Earth's formation, a little study. In other words, his mind was not entirely on his trypod.

After his return over here, he had set up his sextant to get some observations on National Thought. He hadent peeped through the little mechanical gadget long before he discovered that this "pure and holy love" between Europe and ourselves was kinder listed to about forty-five degrees, on both sides of the water. His practical engineering mind showed him that we figured about as follows: We dragged Europe out of a Bog Hole once, but we don't want to have to stand there on the bank the rest of our lives to see if they crawl back in again. We dident mind feeding 'em, but we just dident wish to sign a contract with 'em. We might come over again if we wanted to, but we dident want to have any signed papers to that effect. Who they fought from now on would be their own business; if they over-matched themselves they would have to look out. In other words, we dident mind associating with 'em in a casual way, but we just dident want to get married to 'em.

Now, knowing these facts as he did, and knowing that the League of Nations would be the issue, he also knew that one Political Party would take one side, and the other the other. Now, although he had spent a great part of his life in Siberia and Patagonia, he had kept in close enough touch with American elections to know that in any question that had two sides—and if one side had a lot more people for it than the other—that a Party called the Democrats would pick the side with the fewest votes. Now, he knew that—and even the Siberians and Patagonians knew it. I don't know why it is, Al, but us Democrats just seem to have an uncanny premonition of sizing up a question and guessing wrong on it. It almost makes you think sometimes it is done purposely. You can't make outsiders believe it's not done purposely. For they don't think people could purposely make that many mistakes accidentally. And what makes it funny is we get the first pick. It was practically the Democrats' war; their Administration had carried it through to a successful conclusion, and did a mighty good job of it, and naturally had the first guess as to what most of the people wanted to do after it was all over—did the people want to sign up with Europe or not? Now, it's as I say—the Democrats had their pick; they could have said, "No, people don't want the League." But they said, "Yes, we must have the League." See, they had the first pick and grabbed the wrong side by seven million. Now, Mr. Hoover knew that the Democrats would grab off the minority side, so he pulls his first wise Political move. He dident exactly say that he wasent one of you, but he dident allow you to use his name at the head of your Stationary that year as a Candidate for the Presidency. I really believe, if us Democrats had had anything good in the way of a Vehicle to get somewhere in, that he would have signed up with us. He seemed to have an open mind, but we just dident have any attractive proposition to offer him. If we had been smart, we would have picked him up then and said to him, "Here, write yourself out a Platform; we will turn the whole idea over to you, and all we want is results. We will even forgive you if you Don't mention "Jeffersonian Principles" and "Back to Jacksonian Democracy." All we want out of this thing is to be able to keep on handing out the mail." But no, we couldent see a Big man when he stood right before us. If we had turned our business over to him then, let him do the guessing on what side of a public question to get on, instead of us, we would 'a' been the side that would have got credit for all that Prosperity when everything was so high after the war.



I Really Believe, if Us Democrats Had Had Anything Good in the Way of a Vehicle to Get Somewhere In, That He Would Have Signed Up With Us

Cold Business and Ideals

ALL you would 'a' had to do was to just get in and let the Government run itself. We had everything to sell after the war; the world had to buy it. Why, I myself could have taken the Government and Mellon, and made money with it. Then we would have been known as the Prosperity Party. So you see just how a few little wrong moves away back early in the game changes the whole destiny of Parties. If we dident know which side of a problem to get on, why dident we ask the Literary Digest to hold a Poll and find out for us? But No! We had Our Principles, Our Ideals! So we just lost the Post Offices for what looks like the rest of our natural lives. That's why the Republicans always get somewhere—They have No Ideals; It's just Cold Business with those Babies. You don't hear those Guys shouting about, "Get us back to

the Lincolnian Principles, or the Taftonian methods." No, Sir, they know this is a fast-moving Country, that the people don't want to "go back" to anything; they want to go forward—or what they think is forward; it may be backward, but if they think it's forward, let 'em have their own way about it. But now to get back to my story: We let Hoover go, and he goes right over and signs up with the opposition as Secretary of Commerce as soon as the election is over. 'Course, it was not much of a job and not much of a Salary, but he showed that he was willing to start at the bottom if he could get in with some going concern. It was really no more than an Auditor's job. All he had to do was too keep track of how much we was buying and how much we was peddling to other Countries. They allowed him to come in and sit with the Cabinet, and

And You Give the Republicans the Durndest Scare They Had in Years

WYNCIE KING

several others was there in about the same capacity; and each one read their little reports—Hoover on "Exports—One Billion; Imports, Known—One-Half Billion; Imports, Unknown—Four Billion." Then he was through for the day.

Then Will Hayes would get up and read his: "So many letters sent; so many letters lost; letters received, so-and-so." Then the Secretary of Agriculture would read his little say: "Farms in U. S., Eleven million; Farms mortgaged, Eleven million; farms carrying second mortgage, 10,998,634. The Department reports progress."

Then the Secretary of War would read his Department's record for the last week: "Wars, none; Peace, none; average, 50 per cent." Secretary of the Navy's Cabinet report for the week: "Ships, 950; ships sunk in compliance with Washington Disarmament agreement, 345. Would have sunk more, but run out of ammunition—some were very hard to sink. Cost of sinking, exceeded cost of building; would recommend in next Disarmament Conference that other Nations be asked to bear part of our sinking cost; also have learned from reliable sources—Not Diplomatic—that England and Japan, in accordance with our Disarmament Treaty with them, completed 83 Battleships each. The 5-5-3 Treaty is being strictly adhered to; we sink five in the morning, five in the afternoon, and they build three at night. I am able to report to the President and the Cabinet that on strict investigation I have found we can hold one more Naval Disarmament Conference, but not more. If we held a second one we would have to borrow a boat to go to it."

Jim Davis, Sec. of Labor, responded to the Toastmaster as follows: "Number of people laboring—ten million; people living off people laboring—ninety-eight million—including twenty-three million Government and State Employes. Unemployment is confined practically to College Graduates and Harvard men. No prospect of relief for this type of unemployment untill education system is changed to teach them to work, instead of teaching them that with an education they won't have too."

Taking a Little Job Seriously

THE Secretary of Interior arose. "On account of some slight Publicity having been attached to some previous leases made by Our Department, we can report nothing but Investigations during the past week." Attorney General responds to the toast: "What's wrong with Justice?" "I won't commit myself. If I did, I would be overruled by four of the Supreme Court, and the other three would vote, as usual, against the four." 'Course, then, that left no one there to talk over affairs of importance, but Sec. of State Hughes, Mr. Mellon, and President Coolidge; Dawes having in the meantime walked out on 'em, saying, as he fondled his old Possum-Bellied pipe: "Hell and Maria, these Cabinet wakes are dryer than a farm-relief Bill."

But this feller Hoover, instead of going out, like the other Cabinet Members, to play Golf when they finished reading their weekly reports, he used to kinder hang around to see what Calvin and Andy and Charley was gabbing about. They dident mind him, and he dident have much to say: In other words, he sorter seemed to take this Cabinet job kinder serious. He kept monkeying around with this Commerce outfit till he got it to amounting to something among Government Departments. So to humor and encourage him, they used to let him stay in the Cabinet meetings after all the others had gone, and listen to what Coolidge, Hughes and Mellon was discussing. He come in mighty handy if they had just got a Note from some foreign Country; he could tell 'em who, and where, the Country was. He knew most of the men personally that they were hearing from Diplomatically. 'Course, if it was from some Republican up in Massachusetts—in the old days, when they had Republicans up there—why, Mr. Coolidge would know who it was from; Hughes would know him if he had ever had a Lawsuit; and Mellon could tell you his Bank rating and all about his politics if he come from Pennsylvania—outside Philadelphia.

Knowing When to Refuse

THEN, Hoover, being a great Red Cross man, he picked up a few Tornadoes and Hurricanes to kinder help fill in his spare time, and now and agin a flood to sorter keep his hand in feeding the destitute. The first thing you know he had made himself so valuable at it that it looked like we couldent have a Calamity till he could get there to handle it. A lot of Calamitys that would have happened, we had to hold 'em off just on that account, for the man was booked up.

Then comes the Conventions of the summer of 1924. We better just skip over ours in Madison Square Garden. By the way, that was the only Calamity that Hoover was not put in charge of. He could have done a great relief work there, for there is nothing that ever come under my observations that needed real Humane treatment worse than a Destitute Deligate. So we will get on to the Republican Convention in Cleveland—and there is where Hoover really showed himself a Genius. They wanted him to run for Vice President, and he turned it down; he knew what splendid care Mr. Coolidge took of himself. You see, he dident just grab at the first thing come along. He had an idea in his head, and was willing to wait for it.

What I am a getting at, Al, is this: This fellow is where he is today because he knew when to refuse something that he knew wouldent get him anywhere. He struggled along for eight years just practically as a Bill of Laden Clerk and a First-Aid Kit to Catastrophes, but look where he wound up. You see, all this is right along the line that I wrote you that other letter away back in October, 1927. I was trying to tell you, you got to wait for things till they are ripe; don't just jump into things, just because somebody offers it to you. Look and see if it's going to lead you anywhere. Now, after I wrote you that letter, a lot of your own Party thought I was all wet and dident know anything about it. Now I am not rewriting you any of that letter to rub it in, for you took your defeat in too good a manner. You was a good Sport and dident let out a single Squawk. But I repeat these to try and show not only you but the Party, why do we keep on doing things, elections after elections, that we absolutely know won't get us anywhere.

Here it is word for word, written a year and a half ago:

I, Al Smith, of my own free will and accord, do this day relinquish any claim or promise that I might have of any support or Deligates at the next Democratic Convention. I don't want to hinder what little harmony there is left in the party; I not only do not choose to run, but I refuse to run. But will give all my time and talents to work faithfully for whoever is nominated by the party.

(Continued on Page 46

BAD ACTORS

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE Double Duck Bazaar was a mystery to Con Casey of the Chinatown squad. Where smiles and affable pidgin English greeted a visitor to any other similar establishment along Grant Avenue, neglect and sullen silence marked his reception in old How Yet's establishment.

"There's something under cover around that joint," Con Casey remarked now and then to his chief. "It's got me beat. How Yet always acts like he was sore about something. That Chink has got a card up his sleeve bigger than four aces. I've known him now for six years, and I've never seen him smile."

"Why break my back with your grief? How Yet is your trouble. Unload your tale of woe to him, and maybe he'll laugh right in your face."

An hour after Con Casey had rendered his report on old How Yet, the latter permitted himself to smile. He invoked the aid of eighty-three deities out of a possible hundred and, while an epidemic of coughing seized the idle clerks in the Double Duck Bazaar, the smiling hypocrite had roped a look-see tourist lady into buying a slightly shopworn mah-jongg set.

"Even a monkey falls out of a tree now and then," How Yet explained to his clerks after the victory had been accomplished. "Why should I not sell a mah-jongg set every year or so?"

The tourist lady's purchase was the first mah-jongg set which had been sold on Grant Avenue in seven months, and word of How Yet's unusual victory spread like wildfire. Some of the merchants along the street gave How Yet credit for his accomplishment, but most of them, overstocked on the game and jealous of How Yet's triumph, restrained their compliments.

On the strength of the twelve-dollar profit which had accrued from the fifteen-dollar sale, "The stomach is the brain's foundation," How Yet announced to his admiring employes. "We will honor the Gods of Prosperity with octopus meat. There is a fine devilfish hanging in the Affable Pig Emporium. Purchase one front arm on my account. Make haste."

The octopus, shredded to shoe laces, was crisp enough to break under strong teeth at half-past four. It tasted like baling wire fried in rancid axle grease, but in spite of its flavor everyone at the festive board understood that the far-reaching qualities of the animal passed to whoever ate it, and so there was no lack of competition at How Yet's table.

A slim but willing worker, diving headforemost into his ration of rice and tea after he had eaten an oversized cargo of octopus and noodles, won the honor of cleaning up.

"After you have quenched your thirst, do not forget the spring," How Yet suggested. "You have been diligent at the banquet board, and *now* ——"

A tinkle of the little bronze bell over the door of the Double Duck Bazaar interrupted the orator. A Chinese telegraph messenger in a uniform which had belonged to a much larger man faced the assemblage. He poked a telegram at How Yet.

"Sign the book," he said.

"I read him first."

"Nix on that stuff! It's paid, but sign the book."

How Yet bowed to authority and receipted for the message before he read it. "Due arrive San Francisco overland tomorrow," the telegram stated. It was signed, "Charles How."

How Yet blinked happily, and to his clerks, "My boy Charlie come back from college next day," he announced. To one individual: "Get that crate of young chickens out of his room upstairs." To another: "Broom and dustpan!" To another: "Thick rug!" To a fourth: "Get my gray suit of clothes from Yok Lop. Stop at the flower stand on your way back and buy ten cents' worth of good-looking flowers. Young Charlie come back tomorrow. Eprybody get happy."

Within an hour the Double Duck Bazaar had undergone a transformation that changed it from a pungent place of business to a fragrant festive bower.

Con Casey of the Chinatown squad sized up the situation and asked a question: "Somebody gettin' married?"

He Poked a Telegram at How Yet. "Sign the Book," He Said

"Nobody get married," How Yet answered. "My boy come back tomorrow. All same picnic."

"He finish college?"

"He finish three year now. One more year, then very smart man."

"He'll never be half as foxy as his old man," Con Casey commented to himself, and then, aloud: "Must cost a lot of money to send him to that big school."

"Cost large money. Very smart boy, he make large money when he begin work."

"What's he goin' to do—run this store?"

A frown lay upon How Yet's broad face for half a second. "He say store bizness not good. He too smart keep store."

"Young China, hey?" A trace of acid tempered Con Casey's voice. "What's he goin' to be—a plug-hat gunman?"

"Man is not born with knowledge," How Yet reflected. Then to the police officer: "Dice have six numbers. Nobody know what number come. Epry man, he have ten thousand numbers. Mebby my boy teach school, mebby he get Guvment job. Nobody know what he do."

"Keep him clear of gettin' mixed up with the tong outfits," Con Casey advised. "The Hong Hai are takin' in new members."

"Very bad man Hong Hai Tong. More bad Sang Chee."

"Sang Chee Tong plenty quiet now," Con Casey returned. "Hong Hai killed two Sang Chee man Stockton last week. Everything finish. No more trouble now."

"You think no more trouble Chicago? No more trouble N'Yawk? No more trouble Boston? No more trouble epry little town California?"

"We got 'em stopped right down the line from the Number One Boss to the killers. No more trouble. All finish."

"You very good man," How Yet complimented. "All time stop trouble."

"Say, they don't start nothin' when we're on the job. Them birds get too quick a receipt fer any shootin' they do if we can reach 'em with a gun, and they know it."

"You very good man," How Yet repeated. "Stop all trouble."

"You bet your sweet life! Don't forget what I told you. When your kid gets here, keep an eye on him and don't let him trail around with none of that Hong Hai gang nor none of the Sang Chee outfit."

"I tell him," How Yet promised. "He good boy. Very smart boy."

Con Casey helped himself to a cup of tea and walked out of the Double Duck Bazaar.

In less than five minutes after the officer had left How Yet's establishment one of the nearsighted artisans in a jewelry shop across the alley from How Yet's place felt a broom handle touch his foot. The broom handle had been poked up through a hole in the floor. Folded around the end of it was a slip of vermilion paper bearing two characters in black ink.

The jeweler reached down and removed the folded paper from the end of the broom handle. He read the two inscribed characters. He removed his apron and laid it over his work. He walked out of the jewelry store and slid into a side door of the Double Duck Bazaar.

He handed the slip of paper to How Yet. The old man unfolded the vermilion paper and read a message in four characters. "Large business, eight hours," is what he read.

He nodded to the jeweler. "The superior man bows to the will of heaven," he said. "I will be at the Hall of Equity at eight o'clock."

The jeweler bowed. "A wise man understands a nod," he said. Two minutes later, bent over his workbench, he was again at work on a complicated pattern of filagree gold.

At eight o'clock that night in the Hall of Equity, which was a cavern excavated under the jewelry shop across the alley from How Yet's establishment, there were four of Grant Avenue's most substantial Chinese citizens.

After the brief ritual of inspecting the locked door, one of the company pulled a nickel-plated corkscrew out of his pocket and began chipping at the wax which bound the cork in the neck of a bottle of black wine. He pulled the cork when it was free of its covering, and, with a careless phrase muttered in the general direction of the Gods of Earth, he dribbled three libations out of the bottle.

Before the moist earth floor had absorbed the wine he poured the remainder of the bottle into a blue-glazed earthenware bowl.

"I drink this seal upon my lips," he said, tasting the wine.

He passed the bowl to the nearest member of the assemblage. When it had gone the rounds the one whose lips had first been sealed lighted a modern cigarette and began to speak:

"Through the agency of our brethren of Hong Hai, as you know, two Sang Chee men of Stockton ascended on the Dragon while this moon was young. It is well known to all of us who have followed the records through the past thirty years that this event balanced the accounts and cleared the white tablets of Equity. Blind to the truth, the Sang Chee Society insist that we owed them a blood debt of two lives. Peace fled the council which heard their protests. They have elected to exact a blood tribute for these two Sang Chee men whom we transported on the Dragon. The society today destroyed some of our brethren. Here are the messages."

The speaker held a sheaf of telegrams in his hand. "In Chicago, Yee Fong, Chin Que and Chuk Lum. In New York, Fong Su Num, Wi Mon, Lee Ping and Sam Hoy Kay parted with breath. In Washington, Sun Loy. In Boston,

our old and venerable friend Wing Mow was summoned. In this state, from the north to the south, eleven of our brothers have mounted to the skies. Twenty dead. Let us decide now whether the Sang Chee debt is twenty lives or twenty-two. That accomplished, let us forthwith set about to exact payment of the debt."

It developed that technically the debt consisted of twenty lives. When this had been settled, "Let us take counsel upon the subject of agency," the leader of the meeting advised. "It is better that one man attempt to balance the blood books."

"The Gods of Fortune reside with How Yet. Only this day he sold a mah-jongg set, the first that has been sold in seven moons."

Presently, under pressure of his fellows, How Yet pledged himself to attempt the task of balancing the Sang Chee blood account.

"But it will be a business of tremendous difficulty," he protested.

"It is no simple problem," his fellows agreed. "Alas for the good old days."

"I, too, mourn the past. In the old days we could have summoned from any of a hundred sources near by men who would adjust these differences before the next sunrise. Now, with the white police forever interfering ——"

"Aye; with the white police forever interfering, our problems are indeed complex. But do the best you can, How Yet, and remember that the Hong Hai war chest is heavy enough to afford you whatever facilities that wealth can insure."

How Yet extended his hand toward the blue-glazed wine bowl. "I drink this seal upon my lips," he said, tasting the wine. He passed the bowl to a companion on his left. "Seal thy lips in this pledge. The silent man is never strangled by his own tongue."

The morning papers carried press dispatches from half a dozen cities in the United States announcing the renewal of the Sang Chee war. "Extra men have been detailed to the Chinatown squad," the police chiefs in several cities announced, following the old formula. "We have the situation well under control. Every precaution is being taken to prevent an outbreak in the local Chinese quarter."

In San Francisco, "the tong leaders are under surveillance," the authorities asserted. "We have evidence that the ill-feeling between the Hong Hai and the Sang Chee tongs is dying out. We have received no official word of any of the Eastern killings."

Young Charlie How greeted his father at the Double Duck Bazaar, where the elder man had awaited his son's arrival. "I see that the disgusting feud between the Hong Hai and the Sang Chee has been renewed," the young man observed.

"Debts are still unpaid," How Yet agreed.

"Why do they not destroy the leaders?" the young man asked. "A snake cannot creep without a head."

"True that a small stone can break a large jar, but when one wave melts into the sea of events, another takes its place."

"It makes me ashamed of my people," the boy said. "Scholars are the nation's treasure. Blind men can see ghosts. . . . What of your school?"

"I have made an honorable record in literature and the modern drama."

"That accomplishment," old How Yet reflected, "is of small value to the Double Duck Bazaar." He smiled at his son. "Heaven is away in the sky. Cash customers are here below. What has the drama to do with the sale of silks and jade? Why play music in front of a cow?"

"A big chicken does not eat small rice, nor does a stone hen notice the rain."

"A man must beat his own drum, I concede, but though a cow be lean it still can give three barrels of bones. This business to which I have devoted my life is not to be lightly cast aside."

"A grain of sand can hide a mountain."

"And an ape may sit on a throne," the elder man rejoined with some emotion.

"By condition I am poor, but I am rich by ambition. I would as soon be an ant on a hot rock, as to spend my life as you have done."

"I have seen a monkey wear a hat. It is useless to set free a salted fish."

"Valleys are unseen to one who has never climbed a hill."

"My son, an intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven. I surrender. I am glad that you have been frank with me—false humility is genuine arrogance. What do you desire?"

"I desire to aid in the cultural development of the Chinese people. A great and famous lady, Miss Jane Locke, has understood my ambitions in this respect. Art, literature, the drama—all of the finer things of life have been neglected by our people in their mad rush for wealth. With Miss Locke's help I propose to establish here among our people a Little Theater where they may enjoy the cultural values of the best in classic Chinese drama."

"There is a theater established now wherein the old plays are presented."

"Well do I know that. Lewd and riotous plays for the vulgar masses. The low adventures of a coarse people. With the aid of Miss Jane Locke, who will help finance the project, I propose to afford our better-class Chinese an opportunity to assuage their thirst for culture."

"To know a man's heart, listen to his words," old How Yet reflected. Then, following this, came a more practical thought. "After a typhoon there are pears to gather." To his son, "I had a beard before your eyebrows sprouted," he said. "But even a deaf priest can hear a rooster crow. A clever man understands a nod. To the best of my ability I will aid you with your plans. What is to be done?"

"First we need money. Some is required for the lease on a suitable building, and a somewhat larger sum for the reconstruction of its interior to adapt it to our purposes."

How Yet's eyes narrowed for an instant. "What about the players? There are none available in this city. You will have to bring them from China, will you not?"

"That would be the best plan."

"And the bonds for these people which will be demanded by the Government immigration authorities?"

"Miss Locke has influential friends in the Government service. She will have no difficulty in arranging bonds for the troupe."

"How long before you can bring these actors from China? Remember, my son, time is an arrow."

"The Glowing Mirror Troupe is playing in Shanghai at this time. Their engagement ends this month. They are the best of their kind in China. They will cost us lots of money, but they are worth it."

The elder man nodded.

"Excellence is above price. Would it suit your plans for me to have my agent in China engage the Glowing Mirror Troupe and send them to this country?"

"That would be the best possible arrangement. Miss Locke suggested that you could be of great aid in the matter. Can you do that for us? It would fit our plans exactly."

"I will bring them to this country if Miss Locke will facilitate the matter of furnishing the immigration bonds for the members of the cast."

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She Borrowed a Sword From a Footman and Cut a Trail of Blood Through the Enemy's Forces, Slaughtering More Than Fifty of Tsao Chang's Best Warriors

LITTLE LUCY

By Katharine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

JANE AMBROSE looked up at young John Henry May and saw that he was good. She fancied even seeing him good enough for Jill; not the old Jill, of course—no man could ever have been good enough for her—but for the new Jill.

At eight years old—yes, even at twelve, thirteen, fourteen years old—Jill had been extraordinary. That is what made the change, the "what Jill was now," so difficult to understand, so bewildering to interpret. At eight, Jill had been a real companion, as reasonable as a grown woman and, because of a certain exquisite philosophic soundness of thought, an infinitely more inspiring companion than most of Jane's women friends. There had been times—Jill being eight—when Jane Ambrose, her mother, had actually asked for her advice and taken it.

"But now," said Jane, still looking at John Henry, who was obviously uncomfortable, but talking to Alan Brisbee, an ancient friend of her own generation who had happened in upon her tête-à-tête with young May—"but now Jill is as remote from me as Greenland, as incomprehensible as numerology, as dangerous as jiujitsu!"

"Dangerous?" Alan Brisbee repeated, brushing imaginary tea, with a cocktail napkin, from his mustache, too short for any such pollution.

"That's the impression she makes upon me, Alan. Conversation with Jill has become, to me, like a peculiarly risky street crossing. I am afraid of her!"

"Tut, tut, my dear. You mustn't let her guess that."

"It wouldn't make a scrap of difference to her. A truck isn't diverted or annoyed by the terrors of a dodging pedestrian. Jill is on her way, Alan. But—but where to? Where to?" Tears came suddenly to Jane's eyes, concealing from her John Henry's good-enoughness. "My little girl," she was heard to murmur faintly.

Alan was not much of a help. He really had no illuminating ideas on any subject and gave only shop-worn advice. But since he admired Jane more than he admired Jill, he was indefinably comforting.

"I'm Meant," Said Lucy, Turning Herself Complacently About Before John Henry's Winking Eyes, "to Represent Jill's Early Youth, to Which She Is About to Say Good-By Today"

"Just what now—let's be definite, dear lady—just what is wrong with Jill?"

"I've been telling you. Everything."

"No. No. Be more specific."

"The clothes—don't go, John Henry. I really want you to hear all this. After all, though distant, you are Jill's cousin, and if you are to be about this winter, you should be warned—the clothes, Alan, she insists upon buying and wearing. The boys and girls she plays with. Her theories of life, religion, love."

"You mean—now, don't say you mean companionate marriage? That sort of horrid thing?"

"Y-yes. Yes, I do. Not quite so definite, but y-yes, that sort of horrid thing."

A rather ghastly silence followed. John Henry cleared his throat. Jane laughed in a nervous way.

"Not that she says anything."

"It's what she ——"

"It's what she doesn't say. I talk before her constantly, with my own friends and relatives, about these questions, trying—indirectly, you see—to reëducate her, to resurrect, to sustain the old ideals. I'm not narrow-minded, I'm not old-fashioned, but I insist upon clinging to—well, to moral self-preservation."

Alan said, "Of course. Of course," set down his teacup and chose, with a deceptive air of indifference to material distractions, the nicest of the few remaining cakes. "You're not naturally afraid of any lack of that in Jill?"

"Lack of what?" asked Jane, lost.

"Of moral self-preservation?"

"But of course I am. . . . No, no, you really must not go yet, John Henry. Jill will be in any minute now and I want her to meet you. . . . But of course I am, Alan. Boys. Hip flasks. Motor rides. Uncertain whereabouts. I can't know really ever where she is. Distances, Alan—distances. They can go from one end of the world to the other while one visits one's dentist or takes one's beauty sleep. They go up and down like the evil one. Why, they're even in the air. No holding them. No watching them. No knowing anything about them. A wicked fairy has given them the cloak of invisibility and the seven-leagued boots. . . . Oh, there's Jill now." Her tone faltered, shook, established itself on a key of artificial self-assurance: "Darling, please come in and tell us all about the game."

Jill dismissed someone in a low and laughing key, with an accompanying sound which was not speech, and came in.

She was tall and, wrapped in a little gray coat with fur, looked like a silver eel. She wore a sort of metallic helmet over one eye. The other was very large and bright, and did not look as though it were made to see with, but to be seen. Her mouth was beautiful, but of a color quite divorced from reality. She had two lovely long twin legs which looked nude, but were not, and her shoes had glittering buckles. She kissed her mother and smiled fleetingly at Alan Brisbee with an effect of phosphorescence. The unexpected existence of John Henry May, introduced as "one of my Southern cousins, dear," she acknowledged with a negligence which held somewhere a core of speculative warmth.

"Any more cakes?" she asked, and ate all three that were left, instantly. "It wasn't so good—the game. Yes, we won."

"You went with Charlie?" asked Jane timidly.

"No. Dick. Charlie turned up boiled. Fenn joined us, mother. That was Fenn I was saying good-by to in the hall. Handsome, but good to his mother. Oh, there he is again. . . . Nitwit, why didn't you go? Now you'll have to stop and be polite. . . . Mother, Fenn Chester. Mr. Brisbee and Mr. May, one of mother's cousins from the South."

Fenn said—after he'd been exquisitely polite and had eaten the cake crumbs—"Anita Craig-Loveratt's outside. She says she's picking me up, but she isn't."

Jill's face turned alive and pink.

"Anita? Not honestly, Fenn? Why outside? Oh, mummy, it's Mrs. Craig-Loveratt, you know. She's wonderful. . . . Fenn, bring her in. Fenn, let's go out and get her."

As they went, "Not the Anita Craig-Loveratt, surely?" whispered Alan Brisbee.

During the suspenseful, brief pause that followed—John Henry standing patiently, Alan trying to bite an unattainable mustache, Jane wondering how to forbid the "Craig-Loveratt person" admittance into her home, or failing that, how to escape any real introduction to her—a fourth figure crept from an enormous chair of concealment in a distant corner of the room. It hovered timidly now on the extreme fringe of the situation. This was one of these tall little girls of fourteen, whose beauty, disorganized, indefinite, prophetic of some impossible degree of perfection, takes the breath. Audibly John Henry's breath was taken.

"Lucy!" cried her mother, but at the instant of the cry, meant to chastise, to warn and to dismiss, Anita Craig-Loveratt drifted forward into the center of the room.

Brilliant in the magpie black and white of Paris, a queen snake to Jill's silver eel, painted artfully and artfully husky of voice, Anita acknowledged, vaguely, her young friend's swift, excited introductions.

Jill's face had been restored to almost eight-year-old mobility. It glowed and shone, opening and shutting upon her inner illumination like a flickering lamp before an altar. And this woman—this notorious woman—was Jill's divinity. Jane's eyes contracted with the contraction of her jealous heart. There had been a time when Jill's face had swung this open-and-shut flame of worship at Jane's own altar.

"I'm afraid the tea is cold," said Jane. "I'll ring."

"Please, no. I've had tea, cocktails—everything. I'll smoke, if you don't mind."

"Why should I, after all?" Jane murmured.

"Try one of my cigarettes, Jill darling. Something different. Amusing. Such a quaint Russian—Prince Podowskoff—first introduced them to me. They were his

princess' favorite kind. He said all three of his ——" She paused; her eyes had fallen upon little Lucy, standing open-lipped, and she raised her plucked eyebrows and smiled with the dexterity of a machine created only for that purpose.

Jill was heard to hiss in an aside, rather of the serpent than of the eel: "Get out of here, Lucy, at once."

And the exquisite, touseled, ruby-lipped, deep-eyed listener obeyed, sliding away and closing a door reluctantly upon Anita Craig-Loveratt's description of the Podowskoff's complicated family history.

Jill, feeling, one surmised, like a young princess attending the Czarina, smoked one of the fantastically long and narrow cigarettes and listened breathlessly. She took off her helmet the more readily to listen, but having forgotten to smooth her ruffled hair, she looked rather incongruously innocent, boyish and Anglo-Saxon.

Jane's face burned. Alan pulled his mustache, vainly trying to draw it across the enjoyment which betrayed him at his mouth corners. But John Henry looked down at the carpet, because he did not want to forget the vision of little Lucy as she crept wistfully away.

John Henry was born to be a confidant. It was impossible for any burdened soul to resist his willingness to listen, to sympathize, to help. And he had been given the honorable eyes and the smile that are perilous to all reserve.

"It's like those horrid legends about vampires and demons," said poor Jane Ambrose later in the winter, confiding to John Henry, who was so infinitely sweeter, so infinitely more understanding than Alan Brisbee would have been. "Once you invite them across your threshold, they've the right to come and go as they will. My poor little Jill is possessed, not only by one demon but by a legion—that horrible Craig-Loveratt woman and her followers. To think that once I objected to dear Dick James and little Betty Welsh!"

It was true that Jill had been possessed. One could see it in her hardening young face, in the new method of her hair dressing, in the way she wore her clothes, in her movements, her eyelids and her curiously immobile lips. Anita Craig-Loveratt's livery was fixed upon her. She had become, was becoming more visibly every day, Anita's young familiar. Even her voice began to acquire that huskiness. To Jane this daughter was horrible, a changeling.

Gradually the Dicks and Fenns and Charlies—now, with their clean, joyous wildness, so unattainably to be desired—the Bettys and Pattys and Barbaras—once so alarming to Jane—drifted or fled away. There appeared men and women of an older or of a prematurely riper breed. "Interesting people, amusing people, people of the great world," said Jill. At last it was only John Henry of her own generation, her own tradition, who remained. For some reason, not comprehensible to her helpless mother, John Henry was tolerated. Perhaps only because, being so much more simple even than the Dicks and Charlies, he provided just the right flavor of contrast to her social fare. Then, too, he was a cousin. Jane was vague about "my cousins from the South." There had always been great numbers of them. She rarely knew just where the cousinship came in. John Henry's mother, Mrs. Rapolla May, had been beautiful; a widow, Jane happened to remember, before her marriage with "poor Rapolla." Very little money, but all the breeding, all the culture in the world. To John Henry's influence, the last slender link to bind Jill to the traditions of her youth and wholesomeness, did Jane prayerfully commend her daughter.

"Be with her as much as you can, John Henry. Take her to these horrible parties, please, oh, please! And bring her home. I can't forbid her now, you know. The day for that's gone by. I can't take her to Europe this winter. If she were Lucy —— But, please bring her home."

"The only real difficulty about that, Cousin Jane," John Henry murmured, "is that I don't get asked to the parties. Mrs. Craig-Loveratt doesn't seem to like me very much."

"But she loathes him," Jill frankly confessed, when, that evening, during a brief instant in Jane's bedroom before its long, last-aid mirror of consultation, her mother questioned her. "She loathes him when she doesn't laugh at him. A slimy little Babbitt, she calls him; a half-baked Southern simpleton."

"And you allow her to use such terms toward your cousin, Jill?"

"Now, mother! As if anyone defended their relatives nowadays. Why should I worry? After all, mummy, you know yourself he is really a terribly distant cousin and he is—of a simplicity!"

Jane gazed at her. It was a sad look enough, if Jill had given herself the trouble to analyze its helplessness and its timidity.

"But, Jill precious, you like him?"

"Me?" said Jill, stretching up suddenly her long white arms above her head in a gesture, mysterious to the observer, of a slave girl lifting up the long weight of her chains. "Me? I adore him. Why not?"

And she ran downstairs to the hall where John Henry waited to wrap her cloak about her. He looked, to Jane's eyes above, as to Jill's eyes below, adorable enough in his evening black and white; a figure of keen young distinction There was something a little exotic in the grace that informed this keenness. Clearly it was absurd to associate Babbittry in any of its aspects with this son of Marian Ambrose and Rapolla May.

"Mother's right. You're sweet. I can't see why Anita won't annex you. It couldn't possibly hurt her and it might do you some good."

This she said to John Henry in the limousine—in flight, as it were. Jill's life was certainly not a static one. As Jane had said, though with a figurative meaning, she was always on her way. As far as the door of one of Anita's famous cocktail parties, John Henry was tonight her escort. Afterward, she was to go to a dinner and then to a show somewhere, and then dancing, somewhere else.

"You dance divinely, John Henry, and after all, the dancing part of the evening won't be Anita's; it'll be—let's see"—she made a sudden grimace of disgust—"it'll be Charmion's. Won't you join us at—oh, you know, that hunting sort of café; waiters in pink coats ——"

"I haven't the honor of Mr. Charmion's acquaintance."

"Oh, 'you haven't the honor'? Precious little honor to be got that way. As if it mattered. I'll introduce you. We always want another dancing boy."

She was leaning back, limp as a rag doll, in her corner. In this disjointed way she seemed to get what rest she needed. There were, however, shadows under the eyes above her lightly painted cheeks. She closed the eyes. The car's smooth motion gave her a tremulous look.

"Maybe you're right," she murmured, not huskily; almost, it seemed to John Henry, brokenly.

"Right?"

"Not to go in for any of it. After all, you're sweeter as you are. Lavender," she said.

John Henry's face was visible only in flashes. Perhaps these flying lights were responsible for a queer contortion, half seen by Jill's half-closed eyes.

"That's what Anita calls you in her softer moments."

"Lavender? Gosh-a-mighty!" This was sometimes his quaint expletive. "I must be just too sweet for words."

She laid her negligent, long hand across one of his.

"Do you know what I wish, John Henry? I wish you'd save yourself for Lucy." His hand jerked. "In two or three years," Jill

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Her Eyes Had Fallen Upon Little Lucy, Standing Open-Lipped, and She Raised Her Plucked Eyebrows and Smiled With the Dexterity of a Machine Created Only for That Purpose

HELLO, SUCKER!

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

Making Hey-Hey While the Moonshines

EVEN though allowing for the difference in daylight-saving time, it is too early to say that the day of the night club is past. However, the industry is losing weight rapidly in a Turkish bath of Federal padlocks. But even if the Government had not gone into the hardware business, it was apparent that the racket was diminishing, for the urban boobster and the rural clover kickers had become tired of studying in a night school whose only diploma was an oversize check.

You are out of the poultry business when you kill the goose that laid the golden egg or the gander that coughed up the nugget. The boys who ran the night tracks made insomnia too costly and it required only one look at your monthly bank statement to realize that the bubble called happiness was really a blister.

It will always be a question as to who furnished the motive power for the flea bags, drums, man traps and creep joints of the Roaring Forties. The New Yorker claims the out-of-towner supplied the light and heat. Yet the tourist patronized the midnight drums in order to see the New Yorker in his native habitat, leaping from table to table and uttering the quaint cries of his species.

The writer's residence in New York has already consumed twelve leases of his allotted three score and ten. And a dozen years in Manhattan whittles your conscience to that fine point where you admit that the only disgrace possible is to be run over by a hoss-and-wagon. Everything else goes like a roof in a tornado. There was a time when we thought the night club was quite similar to the United States Army in 1917—a place where a young man must be seen. But when we visit them now we feel as uncomfortable as Cinderella in glass slippers.

Hard-Hitting Virtuosos

FIRST of all, visualize several hundred people jammed into a room so small that a humming bird would have to check its wings at the door. The tables are packed against one another so tightly that your neighbor's elbows are always going into executive session with the back of your neck. The low ceiling is made lower by a decorative canopy, enabling you to get your legal pro rata of an atmosphere composed of equal parts of gin-kissed exhalations, dandruff and spots before the eyes. A hot orchestra starts up a rumbling orchestration of stuttering saxophones and moaning banjos and the several hundred people move their traffic jam out onto a dance floor about the size of a biscuit. Nobody can dance in the allotted space.

It was this syncopated jostling that made night clubs popular. In less than fifty years we have refined the rhythmical postures of Delsarte into a mere succession of capillary tremors. It is this same mugging and hugging that may help to mark the finish of the bandbox night club, for the younger set now pull and tug on the spacious floors of numerous dance halls which have sprung up over New York and are coining money at the rate of ten cents per fling.

The night club is the American idea of the French cabaret sped up to the boiling point. The *thé dansant*, the supper dance and the midnight frolic are all offshoots of the Parisian plan of furnishing vaudeville with the meal. One of the saddest things in life is the sight of a freshly fed octogenarian skipping around the floor with an aged wife whose gyrations resemble those of the *première danseuse* of St. Vitus Academy. Dancing with your wife is bad enough. But why add a dozen oysters to it?

Our end of the entertainment gag may be traced back to the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, to New Orleans, or even further, to the Bowery, where the singing waiter trebled through waxed mustachios at a time when the citizens of Chicago's Loop were still playing the childhood game of Run, Sheepie, Run with the plains Indians. The singing waiter was the possessor of two voices—one for his customers and one for his art. He was capable of juggling twelve steins of beer in each hand while making change with his thumbs. He warbled of mother, home, the flag, the baby and you, in a silvery voice strengthened with a nasal alloy. He could go straight from the highest register of Juanita, Juanita, let me linger at thy side, to a Græco-Roman tussle with a belligerent customer without losing the theme song of the picture. He was a twin virtuoso, skilled with both melody and fists. He could give you either the glad hand of arrival or the sad foot of departure. He failed to move uptown with the Bowery, but his place was amply filled by sleek-looking gentlemen in Tuxedos who asked nothing more of a souse than that he make the mistake of leading with his right.

The entertainment in the night clubs of today consists mostly of young ladies clad as lightly as a spider in a web. They cavort around the limited floor space in an amazing state of dishabille. Even though you have never been in a night club, you can get the effect by imagining all the passengers of a Pullman car dancing in the aisle while the porter makes up their berths. The male talent consists of the table singer and the master of ceremonies, who also sings, gags, dances and fills in stage waits.

The table singer is summed up in the person of Tommy Lyman, who sang for years in Jimmy Kelly's joint in Hester Street. He is in much demand in Park Avenue, but exceedingly temperamental. When he moved up to the Padlock Zone he accelerated his income by singing for private affairs. He demanded strict attention while singing. Having accepted a five-hundred-dollar fee to perform at a midnight snack in Park Avenue, he walked in to find the guests eating, tooth, nail and fork.

A Song Between Oysters

WHEN the hostess requested Tommy to start chirping he tossed the money into the caviar and walked out, saying, "I am not a cafeteria singer."

The table singer is just that. If you have a party of six or eight you request him to join it. He draws up a chair and warbles in a low voice for you alone. Ballads, the blues or even Frankie and Johnnie are yours for the requesting. The last must be sung in a low voice and it is astonishing to observe a corporal's squad of debutantes listening to this amusing but erotic operetta.

The table singer is not to be ransomed with pennies in the tambourine. Ten, fifty or even a hundred dollars is his portion from a delighted table. Whether he splits this extra baksheesh up with the proprietor, head waiter or orchestra depends upon arrangements made in advance. He usually carries his own piano player, who can accompany him at fifty feet with the rest of the room in an uproar. This accompaniment is the most remarkable feature of the performance. Damon Runyon and myself have often tried to figure out the method employed by the instrumentalist in keeping tempo with the vocalist through a barrage of conversation. Like the writer's, Runyon's trips to night clubs are always for science and research.

Gone are the days when the genial head waiter welcomed the celebrity at the door with a gutta-percha smile and a papier-mâché hand of greeting. The tabloid newspapers have made celebrities of everybody and the head waiters are fed up. You're welcome if you stay and you will not be missed if you leave. Tex Guinan capitalized the idea by making everybody a celeb, win or lose.

Tex knew there was a sucker born every minute and she wanted to be the timekeeper for them all. She came to New York from the west coast to become the first mistress

of ceremonies and was perfectly correct when she saw the bank-roll-clipping possibilities of the night club.

"Hello, sucker," was her established greeting as you skidded inside the pearly gates of Tex's upholstered igloo. "Hello, sucker," was her secondary estimation of your mental status as she tapped you playfully over the head with a wrought-iron fan. And when we say that her palatial wigwam was exclusive we mean exclusive; for admission was to those only who could prove that at one time in their family histories they had an ancestor who owned a toothbrush.

Tex quickly discovered that if you allow a sucker to make noise during his interim of office in your cloistered garage he would make less noise after he received the bad news. The bad news is often called the check. So she supplied the suckers with little wooden mallets and encouraged them to bang on the tables at frequent intervals. And oft in the silly night the island of Peter Stuyvesant was rocked to its hinges by the thundering chorus of midget hammers in the hands of carefree Thors.

And Tex also thought of the bright idea of grabbing applause before it was earned. She would escort a beautiful maiden out on the floor and say, "Give this little girl a big hand."

That's how that started. And they would give the little girlie the mitt of Goliath. After the applause simmered down Tex would say, "She is a good little girl."

There would be a tremendous outburst for the good little girl.

"She never goes any place without her mother."

Another big hand for the mother.

"But her mother will go anywhere."

A terrific medley of rasping palms for the good little girl who wouldn't go any place without her mother and the mother who would go anywhere.

From Cellar to Roof

THEN the little girl would do a Charleston or a tap dance while Tex would beam all over like a harvest moon in the great old days of rye and barley. There would be more introductions and more applause, and by the time the evening had worn down to a whisper Tex and her mob would all be one large family. Then the checks would arrive and there might be an argument or two. But the night hath a thousand eyes, even though some of them are black and blue.

Tex stampeded society with her Grade A audacity. People actually fought to get into her place. Any protest over the size of the check brought the reply: "You had fun, didn't you?"

Picking up a two or three hundred dollar check is not fun for a man who can sprain his wrist in an automat. But the boys paid the checks, sometimes with cash and sometimes with other checks that proved to be fine examples in domestic wall paper.

We have left Tex's place now and moved to another night club. A couple of dapper youths have spent the evening there, sampling the contraband beverages and soaking up the atmosphere. At three o'clock in the morning a husky waiter has added up the check via the multiplication table and he pokes it under the noses of the snappy young men. They look as astonished as if they had heard a Frankfurter bark. The waiter waggles the check around and finally one of the lads takes it. He looks at it upside down and then passes it to his friend, who examines it backward. The merrymakers have had drink and food for themselves. Also food and refreshments for several lady entertainers whose business is to see that guests enjoy the eating society of the hostesses. The girls who manage to horn into parties always get a percentage of the total bill.

This time there is a bill, but no total. The brace of gentlemen have no money on them. Their watches assay about a dime a ton and a couple of signet rings do not improve the betting. But they will write a check very cheerfully, and they do. Then they depart rejoicing, for the check is of the variety that an entomologist catches in a net. It's a butterfly.

Check writing, or hanging paper, is a dangerous pastime in quite a few midnight institutions. Failure to produce cash results in a splendid beating for the guest. The waiters kick him around until the fourth period and finally drop him for a goal from field. The management knows it has no redress on bad checks given for wildcat champagne and takes its vengeance while the subject is still under consideration. There are some men-about-tables whose signatures are good in the soft-and-lows. But the proprietors never feel happy until the paper has cleared. They usually rush it down to the bank before the guest wakes up in the morning. We know one violator of the Eighteenth Amendment who had a better scheme than that. He had a creep joint in the basement of a private building. Incidentally, he is a good example of an expert padlock dodger. His basement was raided by the Federal dragoons. He moved to the first floor and was raided again—which didn't stop him from going to the second floor and running until the next raid occurred six months later. Then he switched to the third and top floor, and when I met him on the street last week and asked him how his place was going he said, "It's a roof garden now."

He is not listed in Hooch's Hooch, being a jovial individual who could talk himself out of a peace conference. One of his taxicab scouts brought him in a prospect who was much the worse for bootleg. The taxicabber had picked him up at Grand Central Station—which is another angle of the mushroom night club. The cruising taxi chauffeurs get 10 per cent of the bills of all customers they steer into the midnight drums.

This prospect was young and well dressed, but was immediately given the collegian test. Three or four hostesses were seated at his table and he ordered wine for everybody with a sweeping gesture that took in more territory than that covered by a national campaign committee. The proprietor was at the next table and gave the waiter the high sign. The waiter handed the boss a check and a loud conversation ensued over the waiter's inability to change a twenty-dollar bill.

After this dialogue was planted sufficiently the waiter stepped up to the prospect's table, begged his pardon and asked him if he had change for the twenty. He did. He pulled out a roll of bills that would have choked all the Mauretania's funnels. That's all the proprietor wanted to know. The champagne was served. If the prospect could not have changed the twenty-dollar bill he would have been thrown out on his ear.

This is an easy way of finding out in advance if your man has any money. New York is no incubator for prep-school bank rolls.

Cheap at Half the Price

THIS customer turned out to be a pip. He not only spent all his cash that evening but dished out a check for over three thousand dollars. He also sobbed out his history. He had come to New York to get married, had quarreled with his sweetie and didn't care what became of him. He was going to stay in this place for the rest of his life. The proprietor took him home with him early in the morning, put him to bed, locked him in and went to the bank to see if the check was good. It was. The same thing happened the next evening and the next. At the end of the week the customer had spent nineteen thousand dollars in an effort to assuage his sorrows. In return for this the proprietor furnished him with razor blades, clean linen and once spent a dollar to have his clothes pressed. They parted the best of friends and the guest departed for home not knowing that he had actually been kidnaped and held incommunicado until his paper had been cashed. How's that for a racket?

Let's see what he received for his money. He had imbibed some very fine bathtub gin and some rye that had been aged in the wood alcohol. His champagne was Rhine wine spiked with alkie or just plain cider hyped up with bicarb to give it a fizz. His mineral water cost him one-fifty a bottle. Though the bottle bore the label of authorized agents, it was filled from a siphon containing Seltzer that cost eight cents. If he ordered a popular brand of a still water he got a carafe sparkling with elixir of the nearest spigot. He ate chow mein at two dollars a throw, bacon and eggs at one dollar and seventy-five and steak sandwiches at one-fifty a toss. The

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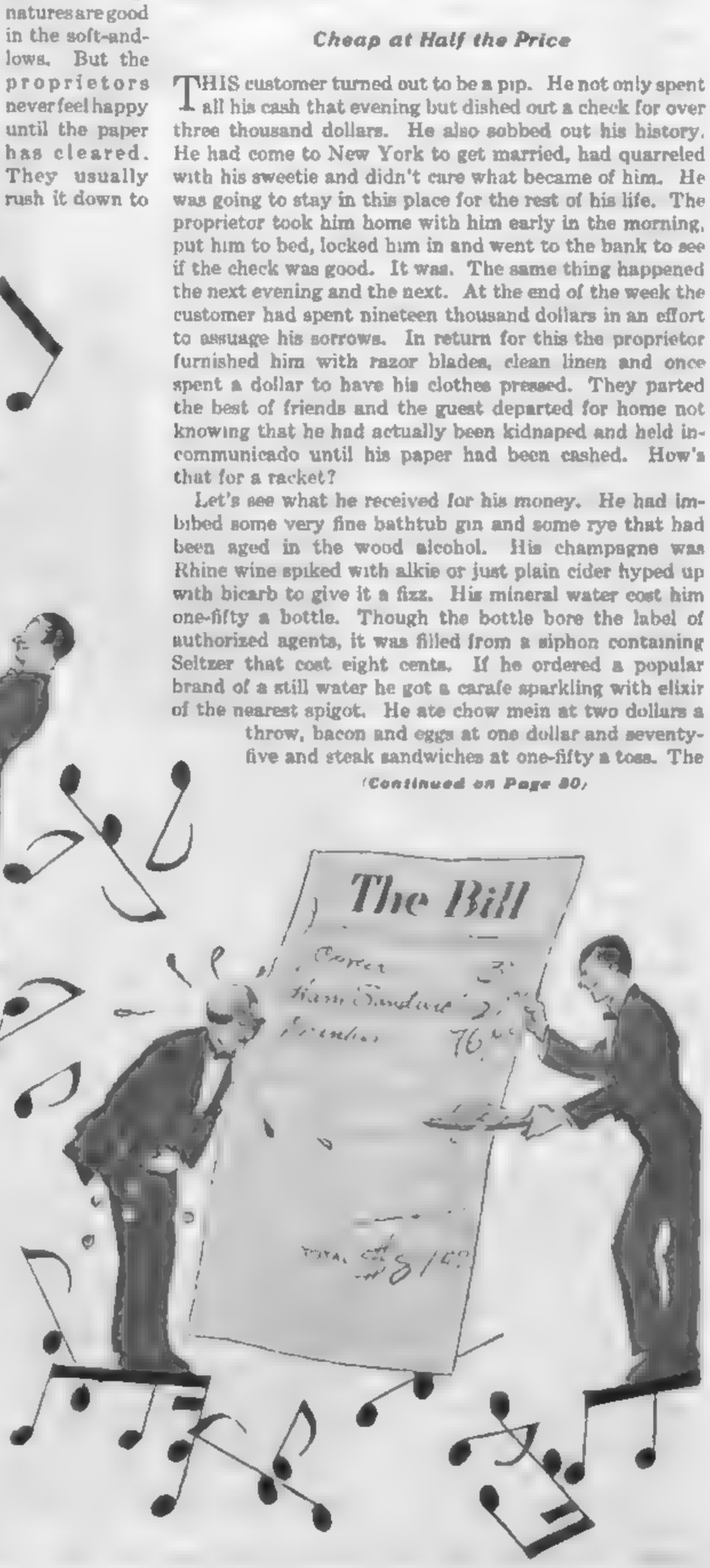


CRY-BABY

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE woman reached through the bars of the cell and timidly patted the boy's hand. She was about fifty years old, plump, shabbily dressed. He was eighteen or nineteen, tall and lithe, dressed nicely in a neat gray suit, hose and tie matched, brown hair with a gentle wave in place. Mother and son, they were.

"If you'd only tell me, Danny," the woman pleaded, "maybe I could help." The boy brushed her hand away. He stood rigid, tense, staring with unseeing brown eyes into a brick wall twenty feet in front of his cell.

"There ain't nothing wrong, ma," he told her shortly. "I've told you a hundred times you couldn't help. You'll be doing me a favor if you don't come back."

He turned his back on her, sat down on the hard prison cot and picked up a book. He could feel her eyes on him for a minute—worried, wistful eyes trying to dig deep into his soul. And then she left, saying no word.

He was glad she had gone. All the time she was there he had a lump in his throat. He tried to swallow it but couldn't. It kept getting bigger and bigger, swelling all the time. He must not cry, he told himself over and over. He must get a grip on himself, a tight, firm grip, and keep it. He knew that. If he let go now all the planning he had done, all the suffering he had gone through would be for nothing. If for one brief minute he let a single soul see the emotions that were raging inside him, in his heart, in his brain, all the world would know. If he let go of himself, a thousand newsboys on a thousand busy street corners would tell on him. At the top of their healthy lungs they would tell a cynical world that Cry-baby Hinton was really a cry-baby after all. All the guys around Doggie Rogers' pool cave would read about it and laugh. They had been expecting him to break down, he knew. So had Dorothy O'Shea. They would all remember that as a kid tears came to him too easily, that he always was a chicken-hearted little punk, always ready to burst into tears. But he wouldn't cry. He'd see everybody dead before he'd shed a single tear.

He hated his monniker anyway! Cry-baby! He'd carried that monniker since he was a kid. Cry-baby! The monniker had gotten him into this jam. But for the fact that Dorothy O'Shea had called him a cry-baby in front of the bunch he would have been on the outside now, maybe holding down a good job, instead of being in the dance hall of the Big House. But Dorothy had called him a cry-baby! Publicly. Of course, the gang took it up; it became his monniker. And here he was—in the Big House dance hall, waiting for the hot seat.

He shuddered and sank down on his cot. Dance hall! What crazy fool invented that name for the death cell? He could imagine how it came to be named that. But they didn't hang guys any more. A guy couldn't dance strapped to the hot seat. Which was just as well, he reasoned.

He heard the pad-pad of the guard's feet coming down the range. Why did that old guy have to hang around anyway? Why couldn't he have been a hard-boiled, cold-blooded, bloodthirsty screw like the ones Doggie always talked about? Doggie had done time, and to hear him tell it all the guards were brutal guys who took every little opportunity to beat up prisoners. Why couldn't this old guy have been like one of Doggie's screws? he wondered. Then he could hate him. But how could a guy hate an old, stoop-shouldered man with snow-white hair who was kind and gentle and considerate, who was always bringing little sacks of fruit and candy and shoving them between the bars?

The guard stopped and leaned against the bars of the cell. Twenty years as a death-house screw had made a good man of old Pop Martin. Which was a wonder, because most men would harden under a similar experience.

"Feeling better, son?" he asked gently. The Cry-baby sat rigid on his cot, sullen, silent, staring at the wall. The old guard slipped a sack between the bars.

"A guy give me some fruit," he explained, "but I can't eat it. Gives me indigestion." He was lying. He had bought the fruit across the street for the Cry-baby.

And Then Little Bit Had Taunted Him. She Pretended to Believe Striker Had Offered Him a Job Driving a Beer Truck and He Was Afraid of the Job

The Cry-baby was groping for a wise crack. He wanted to say something flippant, something funny, maybe; something old Pop could tell the newspaper boys. The Cry-baby had never been good at wise cracks. And now—now they came hard. A guy's brain can't think up funny cracks with death only two days away. Right now he couldn't think of a single wise crack. He'd have to curse at the old man. And he hated that. He sort of liked old Pop Martin. But he couldn't weaken.

"Take your apples and beat it, old man," he snarled. He got up and kicked at the sack old Pop had slipped through the bars. The old guard shook his head as he walked away. The apples lay scattered on the range in front of the Cry-baby's cell. His mouth watered. Those apples sure looked good.

The Cry-baby sank back limp on his cot. He did not look hard. He had nice eyes. His face was very white, and thin and gaunt from months of worry. But he did not look hard. Not like a killer. Nor like an ungrateful rat who would snarl at an old man who had brought him some apples and tried to be kind to him. In his neat suit he looked like anything—anything but what he was. He might have been a college boy or a clerk or a salesman.

Cry-baby Hinton. Young gun killer. Waiting to die in the hot seat. Defiant. Mocking. The newspapers had played him up, made him a reputation, like they made Gerald Chapman and Bum Rogers reputations, and a lot of other guns not half as good as the newspapers made them out to be. Everything he said went on the front page. He couldn't weaken now. He'd cut off his right arm rather than shed a single tear—in public.

He sure would like to give the newspapers something really hot, he thought. What if he—the cry-baby killer—crushed out of the dance hall, made a clean lam, on the very night he was to go to the chair. Tomorrow night! He shuddered. He thought of Lucky Tommy Brady, who had crushed out three hours before he was to hang. And Tony Femmanella, whose mob had stormed the jail and got him while the sheriff was oiling the noose. They had torn down the very gallows that Tony was to swing from and used the beams to scale the walls.

The Cry-baby looked around him. Hostile steel walls leered down at him, a small, weak figure on a hard prison cot. Even from where he sat he could see two gates that would have to swing open before he could even begin a crush-out—his own cell gate and the range gate. There were seven more gates between him and freedom, he knew. Nine steel barriers between him and sunlight. Some of them were of chilled steel that even a diamond-bit saw would not touch. Two of them were made of a copper-steel formula and would hold up even a good torch for hours. He knew about these bars and gates. There was one set of bars of soft steel that a diamond blade would rip through easily enough. But inside these bars were rollers. The blade would go just so far and then it would come to a roller. And the best blade can't touch a roller that turns with the blade. A very modern stir, this one.

The Cry-baby laughed, a low, mirthless, bitter laugh. Lucky Tommy Brady had plenty of money and friends else he never could have made it, the Cry-baby knew. And Tony Femmanella had the Ridgeway mob behind him. The Cry-baby laughed again, genuinely amused. He didn't have a dime in the world, and he was laughing at the idea of the guys around Doggie's joint coming in to take him. Why, they wouldn't have guts enough to spring him from a single cop with a pair of handcuffs, let alone from the Big House from behind nine steel barriers.

He hoped his mother wouldn't come to see him many more times. He was afraid to have her come. When she came he had a hard time keeping the tears back. It hurt her, him pretending to be hard. She knew he was faking, and she couldn't understand. She'd beg him with tears in her old eyes to tell her what it was. And he couldn't, simply couldn't. Once he'd had to snarl at her in front of the guards. That was hard. He wanted to throw himself in her arms and cry his eyes out, but he couldn't. A guy had to go through with a thing once he started it. A single tear right now would ruin him. He hoped she wouldn't come tomorrow, the last day.

He wondered about Dorothy O'Shea. He felt a little bitter about Dorothy. There was a girl who could have made a man out of him, he thought. Instead, she had sent him into the Big House dance hall. He guessed his mother had been right. She had warned him time and again. Yes, he guessed his mother had been right. But Dorothy was a pretty little devil and a good sport. The guys all called her Little Bit. A little red-headed trick with blue eyes that laughed all the time, and a dimple in her left cheek. She smoked cigarettes from the time she was ten years old. Sometimes she got half drunk and then she was cutest. And shoot dice! Little Bit could make a set of dice talk. He guessed, though, his mother had been right about her being tough. And about Hazel Russell too. His mother liked Hazel. She was a good girl, not like Little Bit at all. But not so pretty, nor so entertaining.

He remembered the time he got his monniker. Little Bit gave it to him. He was fifteen and going with Hazel. Crazy about her too. Hazel was still going to school. Little Bit had quit school and was working in Whitey Morris' cabaret. Always a smart girl, Little Bit. She was about seventeen when she went to work at Whitey's. A little older than he was.

Little Bit happened to be passing the corner while he and Buster Faye were having a scrap. It didn't amount to much. They made a few passes at each other and Buster gave him a shiner. Then somebody separated them. One of the guys held him while another one led Buster off down the street. The shiner didn't bother him. He had had many a one before. But he was raging way down deep inside, and the guy holding him while Buster got away made him hotter. So he started crying. It had always been that way.

When he got real mad he always cried. He wasn't so very big, not much of a fighter, so nearly always he got licked. And him bawling made it look bad. But he'd swear on a stack of Bibles it wasn't grief or fear made him cry. Just a terrible anger down inside him coupled with a sense of shame at his physical inferiority. Little Bit watched the scrap from across the street. Then she came over and stood in front of him and laughed. She cocked her little red head to one side and laughed and laughed. The gang was watching.

"Our date's off, cry-baby," she said. "I'd be afraid to go out with you, Danny Hinton. Somebody might boo at you, and you'd start bawling and run off and leave me."

Ever since that day he'd been the Cry-baby to the guys around Doggie's joint. He swore he'd get her, make her love him, make her take back what she had said. Well, he hadn't got her. She had got him. Here he was in the dance hall, waiting on the hot seat.

Funny what a monniker will do to a guy. Ever since the day nearly four years ago when Little Bit had called him a cry-baby he'd been trying to live down his monniker. If ever a guy wanted to be chicken-hearted, wanted to shed tears, to cry out loud, to let people sympathize with him, help him bear his troubles, it was now—right now. And here he was pretending to be cold and hard, spurning proffered sympathies and offers of help, scorning friendships, snarling at old guards who brought him apples. And all because of a monniker. Well, he wouldn't cry. He'd see everybody in hell before he'd shed a single tear. He'd walk from the dance hall to the hot seat with a sneer on his face. He'd show the world he wasn't a cry-baby.

Even the judge took account of his monniker. "I note your alias is the Cry-baby," the judge said coldly. "Usually there is some good reason for such a nickname. Well, I will simply say that you can expect little sympathy from this court. You have taken the life of an officer of the law. Crying and whining now will do you no good. A jury of your peers has found you guilty of murder. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

The judge expected the Cry-baby to break down and weep. All because of this monniker. Well, maybe he would have if it hadn't been for Abe Levi, his lawyer. He certainly felt like it. He was guilty all right. He had croaked this cop. But not intentionally. He was shooting to kill, right enough. But not at the cop. That was really an accident. He had expected to be found guilty, but he could tell by the judge's hostile attitude he wasn't going to be lucky and get life. Abe Levi, the shyster lip, sensed what was coming too.

"Get tough with him, Danny," Abe whispered. "He's going to give you the chair anyway. Do what I tell you—get tough with him. Say something smart."

Abe Levi was a sweet little shyster lip. He knew his business. The Cry-baby didn't know what it was all about, but he figured he'd better follow instructions. So when he rose to be sentenced he was the picture of defiance, a half-amused sneer on his face.

"Let's have the happy tidings, judge," he said flippantly. "They may have called me the Cry-baby, but that ain't no sign I can't take my whippings like a man. Come on, give me the chair, judge. The Cry-baby's gonna cry if he don't get the chair."

The newspaper boys grabbed at that. Cry-baby Bandit Sneers at Death—Cry-baby Killer Taunts Judge—Cry-baby's Eyes Dry as Death Beckons—were some of the headlines. And ever since that day the reporters had played him up as a sort of freak. All because he refused to weep, refused to live up to his monniker. There had been other cases since his, more thrilling, more spectacular, more interesting, but the newspapers seemed to like the phrase "the Cry-baby." Every day there was something—Cry-baby Spurns Offers of Prayer—Cry-baby Killer Scorns Sweetheart's Aid—Cry-baby Killer Laughs as Death Draws Near. Every day a Cry-baby headline on the front page. Well, he'd play along with the newspaper boys. He'd sure give a lot to hear what the boys around Doggie's had to say. And Little Bit. She had fought shy of him since he got into trouble. It was Hazel who had come to see him, offering him aid. She was married now. Her husband had come along with her. A nice little guy. And a lucky little guy. Hazel was pretty now. Much prettier than Little Bit, who had lived hard and showed it. If only he hadn't quit Hazel for Little Bit. She was sweet and good, Hazel. The more he thought about Little Bit the more he hated her. She certainly had made a chump out of him. From the very day she called him a cry-baby and he resolved to show her he was a man, a big strong he man, he started down. And now here he was in the dance hall, waiting for the hot seat.

The hot seat! He remembered how the guys in Doggie's used to talk. Brave talk, but just talk. He knew that now. They'd talk big about how they could take it when their time came, how they wouldn't be afraid to die in the hot seat. It was a joke to them—and him—then. They were pulling little jobs then, little loft burglaries and drunk stickups. Doggie talked big too. He told yarns about the Big House and professed to know most of the big-time guns personally. The Cry-baby thought about Sharper Shell, the champ pool-cave hustler. He admired Sharper. Made a sort of hero out of him. Looking back now he could see that the whole bunch was cheap, a bunch of pee-wee hustlers. They were broke half the time, didn't eat regularly, slept half their nights in the Turkish-bath fifty-cent beds because they couldn't pay rent with any consistency. And even when they organized the mob and started out after the big money they were always broke, he remembered.

He had been a wise guy? Wise guy! He had been a chump. He had done more work keeping out of work than any man who slaved in a factory. Looking back now he could see where the life of even a high-class gun is really hard. He remembered long nights of hard driving, of hours spent hidden in a damp basement, of days, weeks even, spent in an attic, hiding from the law. Cold nights. Hungry days. Wise guy? He was a chump. Any kid who goes on the make is a chump, he figured.

He hated the gang at Doggie's! He hated Little Bit! She'd gotten him into this trouble. Sort of scornful, Little Bit always was. Scornful of him and his attentions. Always poking fun at him, always pretending she thought him still a little boy, a little boy who wept at the slightest provocation. He knew now her scorn was part of the game. She knew it made him wild, kept him interested in her. And, oh, what a terrible chump she had made out of him! Damn her and the whole outfit! He wished to God the whole gang at Doggie's—yes, and Little Bit too—were in the dance hall and could feel the crushing weight of these steel walls.

Little Bit had introduced him to the uptown mob Striker Keeno's mob. Fast boys, that uptown bunch. He'd give them credit. He was working then. Had a good job at the Lofton plant. He had just about quit hanging out at Doggie's, realizing he was playing a losing game. Hazel's husband talked to him a lot. He got the Cry-baby the job. Good little guy Hazel had married.

Striker Keeno propositioned him right away. Well, he wasn't a saint, but he hadn't figured on taking up crime as a profession. He told Striker that. And then Little Bit had taunted him. She pretended to believe Striker had offered him a job driving a beer truck and he was afraid of the job. She knew exactly what Striker wanted, he knew now. Chump! Striker wanted some information about the Lofton plant pay roll. He got it. The Cry-baby was to cut an eighth of the Lofton stickup. It amounted to nearly three grand. Which was sweet, easy dough, at that, the Cry-baby reflected. But he never would have gone in with Striker if Little Bit hadn't taunted him, laughed at him, called him yellow. He laughed at himself for being a fool. He had actually believed her when she told him they would get married and leave town after the Lofton job.

What a chump! Striker paid off, all right. Two hours after they pulled the job he drove to the south end of town and met the Cry-baby at Doggie's, handing him his eighth. And an hour later Little Bit had two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars—the Cry-baby's cut—in her stocking. What a chump!

He wanted to see a sick pal who lived up on Louise Street before he left—before he and Little Bit got married and left town. He was to meet her at Whitey's cabaret at six o'clock. They were to get married and catch the nine o'clock train for Chicago.

The Cry-baby snorted as he thought of it all, the bitter injustice of the whole thing. He got up and took a drink. He snorted again. What a chump! And all his life he had scorned a chump as the lowest thing on earth, a guy who couldn't take care of himself.

Little Bit stood him up. He might have known, should have

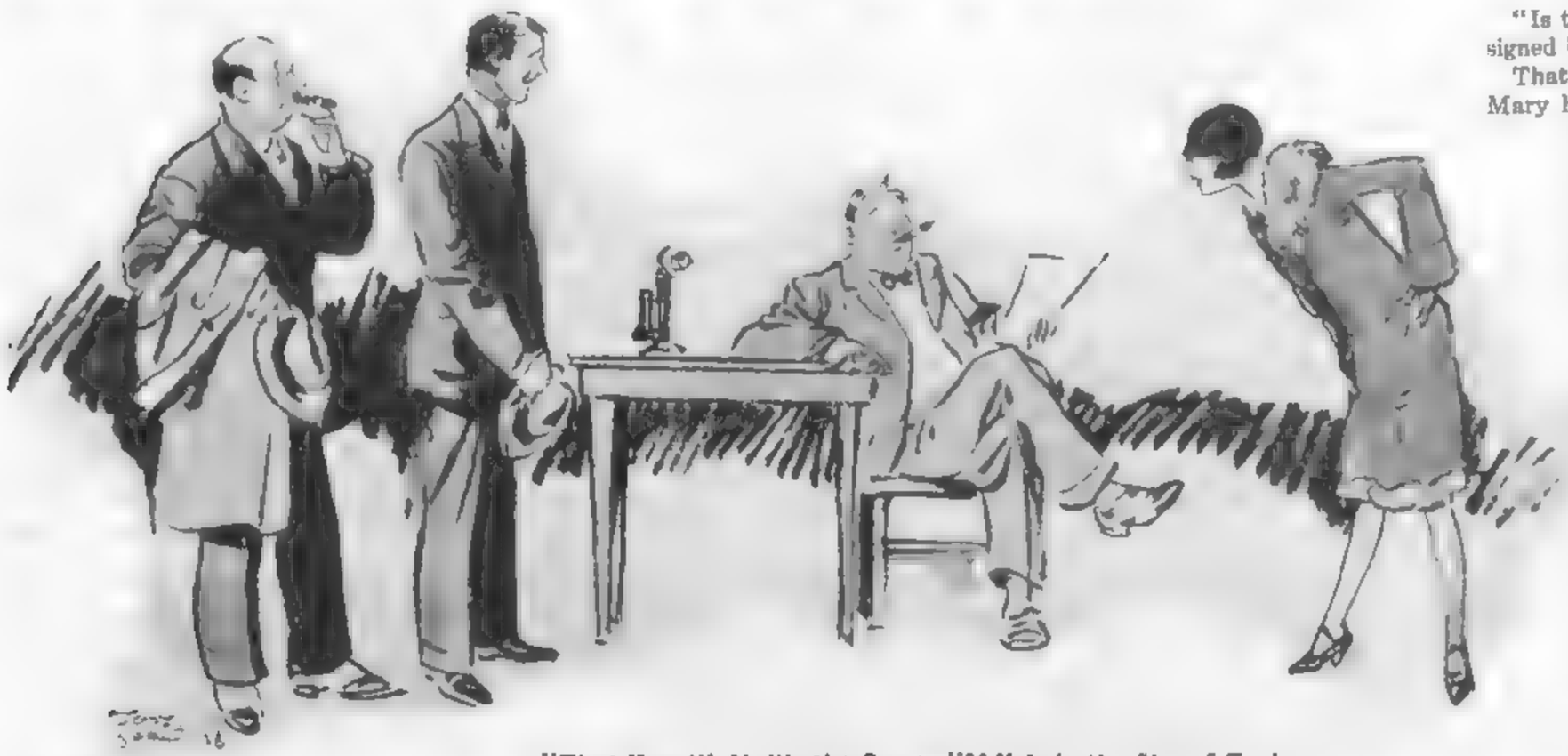
(Continued on Page 78)

"If You'd Only Tell Me, Danny," the Woman Pleaded, "Maybe I Could Help"

HEAVY SUGAR

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"That Ham!" Shrills the Onyx. "If He's in the Show I Tack On My Rubber Heels and Walk"

BEING a well-bred palooka, I listens to Joe Harvey's hoopla with polite interest, though I could have left my ears in my other suit and easy caught his drift. He's trying to make me rich. For years he's been trying.

"Tell it to Sweeney's maiden aunt," I suggests finally. "I'm not buying any Perhaps Preferred today."

"Perhaps, my eye," comes back Joe. "I could go down to the Federal Reserve Bank on a Sunday and borrow money on this."

"Why don't you?" I inquires.

"I wouldn't do 'em the good," returns Harvey with simple dignity. "When I get a cake from home I cut my friends in on it. Five grand will get you fifty in six months. It's in the bag."

"Peanuts," says I, "come that way, too, but they're a shell game. What do I know about the show business?"

"What's that got to do with it?" snaps Joe, indignant. "What do you have to know? Guys get rich every day in oil who aren't sure whether it grows on trees or is taken off the backs of sheep. There's jack in the theater, isn't there?"

"Well," I replies, "I have heard that Lee Shubert eats regularly and that Flo Ziegfeld's been seen in two different shirts, but ——"

"Both of 'em," cuts in Harvey, "would give a right arm for a piece of Heavy Sugar."

"Each other's, probably," says I. "Heavy Sugar the name of your knock-out?"

"Yeh," answers Joe, "and I ask you—is it a wow of a title or is it? Why, just that monniker in electrics would make mothers abandon their children and husbands leave their dying wives to crash the show."

"It may be," I admits, "as you so conservatively put it, but you're working on a cold fish, feller. I wouldn't invest a Canadian quarter in a production of the Exodus with the original cast."

"Now listen," begs Harvey. "This play of Dan Malloy's ——"

"Malloy?" I interrupts. "Isn't he the lad who wrote Come on, Cave Man, that ran two whole nights last year?"

"He is," says Joe, "and it was a darn good show even if it did finish out the season in the warehouse. Dan just didn't get the breaks. Cave Man was spotted in a jinx house down on Thirty-ninth Street, they were blasting a subway underneath, the dramatic critics were sore at him, the star showed up for the opening with a bun on, the ingénue walked, the scene shifters went on a strike and ——"

"Holy hot cakes!" I exclaims. "And you want me to gamble on a bird with that kind of luck!"

"There's no rule in indoor tennis, is there," growls Harvey, "that makes a guy's luck stay bad? Anyhow, there isn't enough hard luck in the world to faze Heavy Sugar. You could stage it in Manhattan Transfer and blast a subway on the stage without nicking the net."

"If any," I adds encouragingly. "What's this opus all about, or don't you care?"

"First," comes back Joe, "let me ask you this: What plays are making the big coin on Broadway this year?"

"The ones selling out," I hazards at a wild venture.

"Underworld and night-club rackets," says Harvey. "Also the newspaper and courtroom hoke. Also English parlor comedies, light operettas and mystery stuff. Also ——"

"Which of 'em," I asks, "is Heavy Sugar?"

"All of 'em," returns Harvey, taking a triumphant stance. "If it's been a draw on the hardened artery this season, it's in Dan Malloy's piece."

"What is it?" I inquires. "An English parlor comedy set to music and having to do with a mysterious murder in a cabaret solved by a newspaperman during the trial of the tenor? Who are you casting for Eliza?"

"Eliza?" puzzles Joe.

"Sure," says I. "You're not overlooking the Uncle Tom angle, are you?"

"We have some negro spirituals," discloses Harvey—"All God's Chillun Got Feet and such like. They been going good, and what's been going good we got. How can a show with nothing in it but proved box-office wows possibly flop?"

"It might flop," I suggests, "because a chappie who likes stewed tripe and ornamental brickwork and round golf balls might not care to have 'em served in the same dish. Why don't you call it Hot Hash instead of Heavy Sugar?"

"Talking about 'hot,'" interjects Joe, "you ought to see the love scenes Dan's burned into the script. Take Cleopatra plus Camille, add a load of sex appeal, and what do you get?"

"A raid, in all probability," says I.

"We'll have a raid all right," assents Harvey, "but it'll be conducted by cash customers on the box office. After the first night I'm not going to have an S. R. O. sign hung out—I'm going to have it chiseled into the stone front."

"That S. R. O. goes for me, too," I announces. "Suckers Remain Out—and that's just what this gay and handsome sucker intends doing. Any sap that'd stick his piasters in a game he knows nothing about ought to have his head examined by a vacuum-cleaning company."

"Sap, eh?" snorts Joe. "Does your side-kick Hank Ritter get that rating? Well, he's in Heavy Sugar for five grand."

"Hank!" I exclaims. "Is true?"

"Is true," nods Harvey, and flashes a check signed by Ritter to prove it.

That goals me. I can easier imagine Queen Mary buying an interest in an Akron, Ohio, shooting gallery than Hank falling for a slice of Broadway turkey. Not that the old boy's a tight-pocket, but when it comes to investments he's a Scotch Armenian who wouldn't buy a United States bond unless it was guaranteed by three other governments and a first mortgage on the mint.

"Does it make any difference to you," inquires Joe, "now that your little playmate's in?"

"Why should it?" I snaps. "His common sense and mine don't take their vacations together. However, I'll think it over and let you know tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," says Harvey, "is the today you were talking about yesterday. Come on. Take it now. You may wake up dead in the morning."

"That," I points out shrewdly, "would be your tough luck, not mine. I'd merely become an angel without paying a speculator's price for the privilege."

I finally makes my escape from Joe and goes to hunt up Ritter. I've just got to find out how that bozo happened to let himself get hooked into a gamble compared to which a bet that there are more blondes than brunettes in Africa is a sure thing. Oh, yes, there's big dough to be made in the show business, but not with Harvey. Twenty years on Broadway and he still half-soles his shoes.

"It's all very simple," says Hank, when I corners him and puts the question. "The frau's got a niece who's goofy to go on the stage. I part with some mazuma and she gets a part. In short, to purchase a little peace at home I take a piece of Joe's show."

"Can the gal act?" I asks.

"If she can," returns Ritter, "I'm the best female quartet in Upper Silesia, but it's worth five thousand to me to convince her that she's playing hooky from the kitchen sink."

"From what Harvey tells me," says I, "even that's in the play."

"I don't care what's in it," comes back Hank. "Heavy Sugar can be a cross between East Lynne and Macbeth and they can cast Ethel in anything from the Seven Sutherland Sisters to a deep silence offstage as far as I'm concerned. I'm giving her a chance to do a Duse and that fills up my quota. Anyhow," he goes on, "Joe's had a lot of trouble lately and I sort of wanted to lend him a hand."

"Good Grief!" I Gasps. "The Wife!"

"You'll never even get a finger back," I warns him.

"I don't expect to," says Ritter. "The five falls under the head of charity and this charity has the advantage of beginning at home. . . . Has Harvey been after you?"

"He has," I replies, "and it almost broke me up to turn him down. But what could I do? I have no niece woe is me!"

"That's all right," grins Hank. "She doesn't have to be your own. Many a lad's helped another man's niece to get from hither to yon in the show game."

"Be your blood pressure," I growls. "Do I look like a big-chip man from Saratoga?"

"Well," says Ritter. "I remember the time when you'd give more than the soles off your spats for a frolic with a Fifi or — "

"Maybe," I cuts in, "but that part of my future is behind me. The other day I found a gray hair over my ear and since then I've only been happy with my dogs and books."

"That's fine," applauds Hank, "but why not become a patron of the arts as a side line? . . . Come on, burn your fingers with me. It ought to be fun watching 'em whip a show together, and you never can tell—the thing may click."

"Not with Joe's luck," says I. "He's the rabbit that lost the foot. That bimbo was born under a ladder with a bottle of red ink in each hand. Wherever he goes nowadays they blast a Subway under him. Did he tell you what his play was about?"

"Not exactly," returns Ritter, "but I gather from a few diffident remarks he dropped that it's something ——"

"Don't you believe it," I interrupts. "Harvey's just skimmed the cream off of every pay-off in town and churned it into a —— You know what you get, don't you, when you churn up cream? A piece of cheese."

"Even so," says Hank, "a suggestion of fromage has never been considered a drawback around Forty-second Street and Sap Avenue. Madame Camembert has done much more for the New York drama than Shakspere or Harvard's English 34. There ought to be a statue to the old gal in Longacre Square."

While I think I got a better chance of becoming the late Lady Mayoress of Skaneateles than Joe has of ringing the ding-dong on the Main Stem, the idea of stringing along with Ritter just for the ride appeals to me and I finally agrees to fall for a set of wings. On the way home that evening I barges into Harvey's office and gets myself a piece of Heavy Sugar for five thousand dollars and no sense.

"Great!" enthuses Joe when I passes over the negotiable. "I can now go ahead with the casting."

"Yeh," says I, "and don't forget to bill me as the Unknown Sucker."

II

A WEEK or so later Hank and I drops in on Harvey to find out what progress he's making with his show. Squatting with Joe's a pillowy blonde who, from her pose, must have mistaken us for a pair of ship-news photographers with a nose for knees.

"Meet Miss Onyx," says the producer. "You've heard of Olivia Onyx, of course?"

"As who has not," I returns gallantly. "One of the Onyxes of Okmulgee, I presume."

"Pour yourself another think, big boy," comes back the perox. "Your foot's asleep. When last heard of in private life I was at least two of the Delehantys of Brooklyn."

"Miss Onyx," explains Harvey, "plays Lady Godiva in Heavy Sugar."

She Knocked Down a Section of the Scenery While Supposed to be Dying, and Otherwise Conducted Herself Like a High-School Amateur With a Busted Garter

"Lady Godiva!" I exclaims. "How does that baggage break into an opera about cabarets, night-club bump-offs and the rest of your merry mucilage?"

"On a horse," replies Joe. "Remember, sweetheart, the classical stuff's been going good this season, and whatever's been going good we got to have."

"Why," inquires Ritter gently, "don't you work General Motors and Anaconda Copper into the piece? They've been going good."

"If I recall my solid geometry correctly," says I, "Lady Godiva rode through Coventry or Chillicothe covered with her golden hair. I yield to no man or set of men in my admiration for Miss Onyx's boyish bob, but—er—after all—er—that is ——"

"Don't you Jaspers worry about my part fitting in," interrupts the *née* Delehanty of the knees. "When I breeze on it'll make no difference to the five-fifties out in front whether I'm supposed to be Old Man Godiva's girl or seven miles of bad road in the Texas Panhandle. Whatever I do I ace 'em. Did you lads happen to get a load of me in Married Mothers?"

"No," says I regretfully; "but if I'd known you were infesting it I'd have swum the river in my light gray suit to get there."

"Not the light gray suit with the blue stripes!" gasps Hank.

"Perhaps," suggests Harvey, switching the conversation back to the main line, "you boys'd like me to give you a sort of outline of Heavy Sugar."

"Go ahead," invites Ritter. "I've even had wisdom teeth pulled without an anæsthetic."

"The play," begins Joe, "opens up at the country home of Sir David Willoughby—pronounced Willoughby—at Coventry. I'm casting Hal Stephens in the ——"

"That ham!" shrills the Onyx. "If he's in the show I tack on my rubber heels and walk."

"What's the matter with him?" growls the producer.

"Everything and also," snaps the Godiva-elect. "He's just a wet smack."

"Olivia's all wrong," says Harvey. "Stephens may not be the greatest thesp in the world, but he's a hundred aces all in spades doing the drawing-room stuff in dear old Surrey. When he drapes himself over a chunk of Chippendale and mixes himself a whisky-and-soda, you think of the Battle of Waterloo, the grouse shooting in Dumbshire and ——"

"—— the nearest exit," finishes Miss Onyx. "Don't walk. Run and try to overtake your neighbor."

"And don't forget, dearie," goes on Joe, "that with all the actors in this here whistling station, you can count on your pink toes the lads who can walk into a parlor without giving an imitation of a truck driver falling over a pile of horseshoes in a blacksmith shop."

"What happens after the beautiful hemstitcher's thrown down the coal shaft by the Iron Duke?" asks Hank.

"Like I told you," says Harvey, "we open up at Sir David's home near Coventry. It seems it's the anniversary of his marriage to Tottie Tevis, a former show girl ——"

"'It seems'?" I interrupts. "Is there any doubt about it?"

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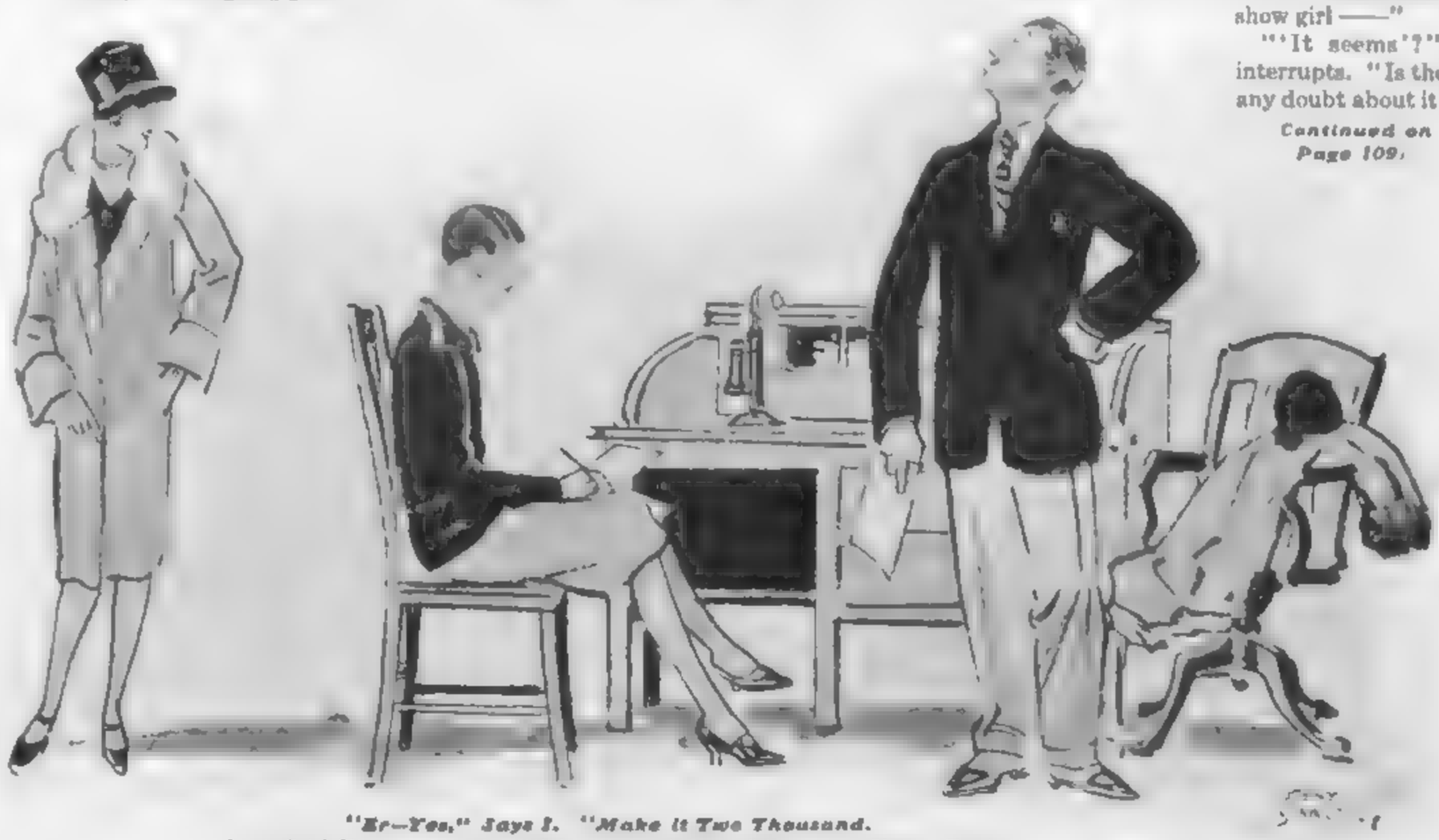


"Er—Yes," Says I. "Make It Two Thousand. Just Add That a Check Will be Mailed This Afternoon, Yours Truly"

ANTIQUES ABROAD

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

A Mahogany Love Seat. English, 1745

WE DID not find conditions in England quite so bad as my friend, the vindictive glass collector in New York, declared them to be. I cannot say that I saw as many antique shops there as I have visited at home in my years of antiquing, but the essential trade differences in the two countries were too marked not to be perceived at the first glance.

For one thing, the better class of shops in England, in the country as well as in the larger towns and in London, impressed a lover of antiques more favorably than shops of similar grade in the United States. There was stronger evidence that the selection, purchase and arrangement of the goods were carried out by persons who were aware of the subtler qualities of antiques—that is, by people who had studied the special character of their merchandise with more pains than they would give to staples. To use the jargon of art students, they seemed to manipulate their values better—without the slightest obtrusion of sham altruism. With us it is only recently that the importance of the proper display of the stock and the recognition of the difference in the psychology of buyers of antiques compared with buyers of other goods have been stressed. Antique furniture is not merely furniture. It is much more. By the same token, there was less of the offensive intrusion of junk. You did not see a Jacobite toasting glass worth twenty guineas beside a dozen mid-Victorian goblets worth sixpence each, and ugly besides.

The Ages of Antiquity

GOOD shops did not handle such trash and the small shops did not keep the unusual pieces long enough for unpleasant contrasts, whereas at home, even in good shops, particularly in the country, you are apt to see a fine South Jersey piece insulted by the late Sandwich sugar bowl alongside, and a good chair beside a bad sofa. More than one dealer in New England has answered me: "I know it! I hate the stuff, but I simply have to keep it. People call for it. The junk pays the rent." And, of course, every American knows the shops where he cannot move without brushing off something from overlittered tables.

That this is not so in England may be because their buyers are more discriminating or because there are more genuine collectors and fewer silly people with money to spend on fads. This is not to say that you cannot encounter ignorance among English buyers or knowledge among ours. But you cannot blink the fact that the English have been the world's greatest collectors of antiques of all kinds for at least two centuries. No country or race has a monopoly of good taste or specialized knowledge, and really discriminating collectors are cosmopolitan. But collecting in England has been practiced as a fine art for so long that antiques are part of the compulsory curriculum of English society, while it is still only an elective with us. Where the requisite knowledge of antiques is more widely diffused, the love of them should be more widespread; and the English are a tradition-loving people.

Another difference is that everywhere in England an antique is an antique; it is really old. In the United States the age of an antique, so far as the better shops go, appears to depend upon the locality. In Massachusetts it must be Colonial; in Pennsylvania at least Revolutionary. The farther west you go the less antique an antique needs to be in order to be a genuine antique.

By the time you reach the Rocky Mountains, Civil War relics are old enough to be treated reverently. Gray-haired men there will speak in low tones of family heirlooms *stat* eighty years. A grandfather means lineage, but lineage calls for tangible evidence in the shape of family pieces in black walnut with carved fruit on the chair backs.

There is also the difference in the dealers, especially the smaller ones, who everywhere are the most numerous. With us any discontented lady, wide-awake high-school principal or enterprising undertaker can always better the family fortunes by dealing in antiques on the side. Not having a regular shop, they do not have to be professional—that is, commercially responsible. They are and remain traders. Everything they buy or sell is to them a genuine antique, because they buy from people whose only evidence of the antiquity of a piece is their assertion that it is "more than 100 years old." They often tell you that of objects that are plainly marked "Patd. 1884."

In England these untrained side-line dealers are the exception. You can deal with firms that have been doing business for more than 100 years and talk to a third-generation dealer. The World War impoverished a great many well-educated men and women who were suddenly forced to make a living. Many of these have gone into antiques because it was the only business that appealed to them. They knew the merchandise. They had been owners and lovers of old things in their own houses in the days of their affluence. And it required only a little intensive study of the purely commercial side to give them the knowledge they lacked.

A Mahogany Writing Table. English Empire, 1800

Just as, with us, "more than 100 years old" is the universal description of an antique, in England the common phrase is "of the period." That is supposed to convey all that is needed to know about the age of a piece. Nothing is described as a real antique. The chair which interests you is guaranteed to be a Chippendale chair of the period. This should convey to you that the piece, after a design by the great Thomas Chippendale, was made sometime between 1740 and 1780. In this country you might see a Chippendale chair that was made in 1850, and you would be told that it was an "old" Chippendale chair and it would not be a lie.

Archæology

IN MANY of the English country shops the goods were shown by artificial light. We thought at first that this might be a device intended to keep buyers from detecting imperfections, but as a matter of fact, most of these shops were merely rooms in very old houses where the windows were not only always small but almost invariably curtained. This gave a much more homelike air, but it also kept out two-thirds of the scanty light that the apathetic sun diurnally delivers to Albion. In that country of fog and tradition it is safe to buy old furniture by the same kind of light that you will probably see it in in your own home.

If in these, as in the topnotch London shops, the American, familiar with the general run of shops at home, is impressed by the absence of nineteenth-century junk, he notices also the scarcity of the cruder furniture. There must be fashions in antiques as in hats or clothes, but it is to be doubted whether the equivalent of the Early American mania could have flourished in England. The rude and only occasionally quaint home-made furniture of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers appeals to the American patriot because it is associated with the earliest period of his country's history. An Englishman, seeking a piece that meant the same thing to him, would have to look for a specimen of, let us say, Pict furniture. The interest of such a piece for an English collector would be archæological rather than artistic, and valued as such. For daily use in his home he would prefer the Hepplewhite style or the Sheraton.

A Queensware Vase, Wedgwood

The specimens of Early English furniture in homes that I have seen in every case were heirlooms and legitimately belonged where they always had been. The craze that has filled so many antiqued homes in the United States with "Puritan atmosphere" was a form of jingoism expressed in terms of carpenter furniture. When the demand for such antiques was killed by their inherent ugliness and by the ease with which they were faked, the call was once more for really fine furniture.

One could not help noticing in the English antique shops the absence of what we call "pieces in the rough"—that is, antique furniture in a condition of disrepair. In America the amazing increase in wealth and its wide distribution, the higher standards not only of living but of culture, and the popularity of motor touring all have contributed to making a thousand dealers prosper where two had starved before. The universal demand for antiques soon created a serious condition—a greatly decreased supply and consequently higher prices. The rise brought the fakes. Tourists on a holiday, in a mood for spending money on souvenirs of a pleasant trip, who at home would have been afraid to buy from city dealers, looked kindly on the little country dealer who bought his antiques at firsthand from the original owners. They must be genuine! Then the tourists went still further and sought the honest rustic who, after much coaxing, sold Grandfather Perkins' rocker for sixty-five dollars, hoping to lift the mortgage on the old homestead.

The small country dealer in America gradually learned that it did not pay to repair antique furniture. For one

A Walnut Wing Chair. Georgian Style. English, 1730

thing, the city folks did not always like the finish that the country cabinetmakers favored, and, more important, the dealers could not always answer categorically the questions that careful buyers put to them about the amount of repairing or restoring in the finished pieces. A stranger from another state, touring by, could not tell whether the dealer from whom he was buying a butterfly table for one-fifth the city price was as honest as he looked. The only proof possible was to see the piece in the same condition in which the dealer declared he found it in the farmhouse or in the old woodshed.

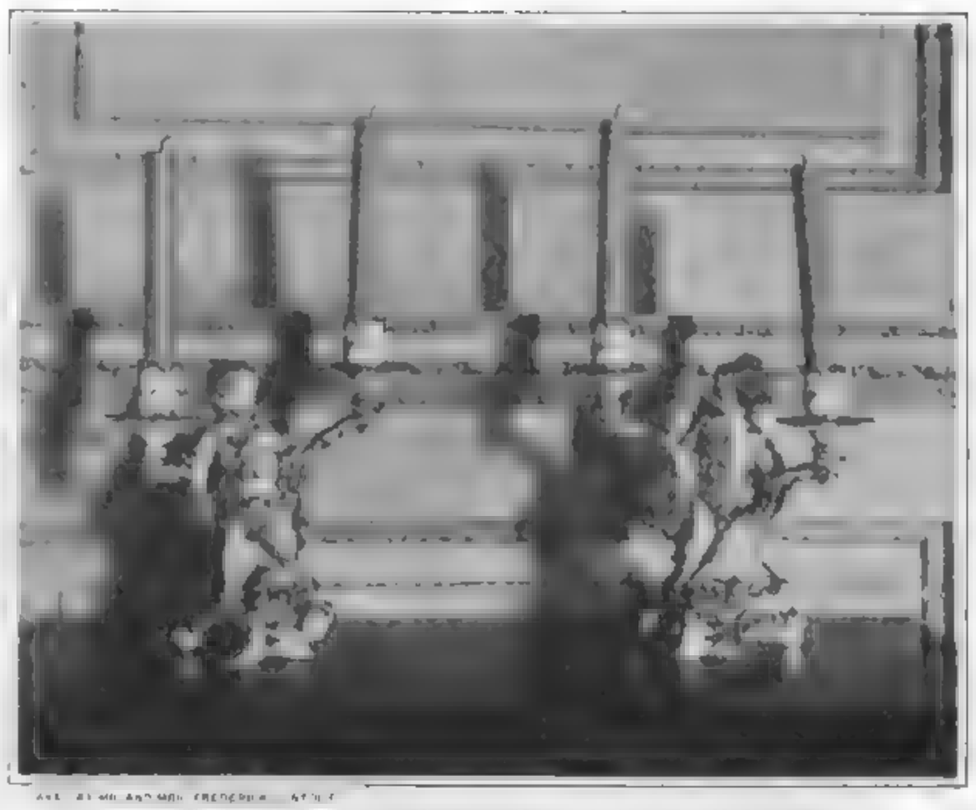
That is why motorists and other buyers asked for pieces in the rough. Dealers who twenty-five years ago would not have dreamed of buying a badly broken piece, today in the United States buy any part of any old piece. The supply no longer comes from the parlors or bedrooms of the better class of homes nor from the houses of formerly wealthy families, but from farm attics and cellars, whither rickety pieces were relegated when they became unsafe to use. The increasing popularity in America of these pieces in the rough—and only too often they literally are pieces—is as logical as the absence in the English shops of antique furniture in disrepair, for in England antique furniture is not sought in attics or haylofts, but in homes where it not only has been in use from the time it was made but has been properly cared for by generations of owners.

Another noticeable difference is that few of the English antique dealers are also cabinetmakers. Over there many dealers have inherited the business. They were born into it and have never known anything else. If you establish friendly relations with them and they learn to trust you they will tell you gravely that it is in the blood—the love and knowledge of antiques. On the other hand, at home I know of very few cabinetmakers in towns and cities, as well as country, who have not become antique dealers.

Shopped Around

MANY were actually forced into it. Beginning as furniture repairers, they soon found that the greater part of their work consisted of mending antique furniture, not only family pieces but the acquisitions of collectors and fans. They learned what prices their customers paid for broken-down bureaus and crippled chairs, and the high esteem in which old-fashioned junk was held, so they also began to hunt for pieces in a state of disrepair to be fixed up at slack times and sold to the silly city folk. Before long they were full-fledged antiquers. That is the reason why so many of our country dealers know well-made furniture but do not know antiques, and why men who have handled hundreds of choice old pieces often have in their own homes modern furniture of good workmanship but of appalling ugliness. In other words, dealing in antiques does not necessarily increase the knowledge or improve the taste of a spoiled cabinetmaker.

The English dealer may not be so well posted on cabinetmaking, but he is apt to be better informed on antique furniture. He is a better judge than most of our country dealers, who may recognize the good piece but not always the exceptional piece. There is or was a beautiful Chippendale fire screen on exhibition at a museum. It was bought in Central New York by a small dealer for seventy-five dollars from a still smaller dealer, who had paid the original owner thirty dollars for it. The second dealer, who lives in a village of about 1500 inhabitants, sold it to a dealer who lives in a near-by city of 40,000 for $125. That dealer in turn sold it to a Massachusetts dealer who lives in a city of 100,000 population for $175. The Massachusetts dealer sold it to a New York City dealer, who knows his onions, for $250. The New York dealer sold it—as a great favor—to a trustee of a museum for $1500. That could not have happened in England. The screen would have gone from the first country dealer to a big London dealer direct. There would not have been five dealers and inadequate profits for the first four.



A Pair of Figures. Chelsea Porcelain. English, 1760

The common practice of American dealers in constantly buying from one another is not so general in England. Those shops that we visited, more than once surprised us because the stock seemed to change almost entirely between visits. At first I thought this meant a rushing trade and yet I never saw a crowded antique shop anywhere in England. Oftener than not we were the only customers in sight.

I did not learn the reason until one of the dealers with whom we had become fairly well acquainted complained of poor business.

"You must be hard to please. The last time I was here you had at least eight rather high-priced pieces. They are gone. You must have made something on them," I said.

"Oh, but they are not sold, sir"

"What has become of them?" I asked.

A Little Spice in the Collector's Life

THEN he explained: "You see, sir, our trade is so well established that we have pretty much the same set of buyers from one year's end to another. They are regular collectors, you know. They drop in every few days. After they have seen a piece two or three times in the shop, they naturally begin to wonder why we can't sell it. In the end they think that there must be something wrong with it or it would have been sold long ago."

"I shouldn't say that is altogether logical or fair," I objected.

"No, sir?" he asked. Most English dealers are eager to hear from American customers anything and everything that might help them to understand American customs.

"No," I told him. "In the United States I have known pieces to remain in a shop for years before they were sold—very good pieces too. They might have been a little large for the majority of houses or the character of the piece limited its use, or there was some other reason that had nothing to do with the excellence of the piece itself"

"Indeed, sir? Well, we think here that furniture is somewhat like people. A piece may outwear its welcome in a place. And then, sir, we have to study our patrons. Ours are mostly collectors. I have noticed that the very first thing they say when they come into my shop is: 'Oh, I say, when did you get this?' I always answer that it has just come in. You see, sir, when I say that, a gentleman naturally concludes that he is ahead of the other collectors, and you know what that means to any collector—to the best of them, sir. It is a pleasure to acquire a good piece, but there is also a great deal in keeping someone else from acquiring it, sir. You see, every collector who comes here knows all the other

(Continued on Page 84

An Inlaid Oak Chest. Tudor Style. English, 1600

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

"It Wouldn't Do—a Young Unmarried Woman Alone With All Those Men—Not in the Orient"

XXVI

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE trip across the continent in Mr. Monteagle's private car began with a disappointment for Harrison Cope, ex-rum runner of Texas, one-time day laborer in Arizona, whose last trip had been made chiefly in flivvers and freight cars.

Luncheon had been announced before they had gone many miles up the Hudson River—a very good luncheon, too, as car-cooked food goes. And Harrison appreciated traveling in comfort far more than his exasperated brother Bob imagined. But except for Doctor Duke, who had been in his stateroom, writing last-minute telegrams and cables, there was not a single scientist aboard the car. The members of his staff were to start a few days later and would join the rest of the party on the steamer at San Francisco.

The strangers to whom Harrison had been introduced after the train started were all members of Mr. Monteagle's own staff—experts in international finance, international law and international courtesy, who knew as little about paleontology in Mongolia as Harrison knew about politics in Peking. The elderly sardonic one, with the Edinburgh Review manner of speech and a cold gray eye, was Mr. Monteagle's legal adviser. The suave, smiling, handsome man with perfect-fitting clothes was an authority on Oriental affairs. He had been in the diplomatic service and seemed to be an old friend of everyone in the Orient. Another was a railroad expert, a civil engineer by profession. He knew a great deal about the natives and told amusing stories about their prejudices against running rails over the graves of their ancestors or through places preëmpted by dragons.

Mr. Monteagle had brought a new and nicer publicity expert along—Wintringer wouldn't do—and also a nice young physician, who announced at luncheon to everyone: "Now remember, while you are out in the East, not one mouthful of uncooked food, not one swallow of unimported water, unless you actually see it boiled yourself. Otherwise you're likely to stay out in the East, buried in quicklime."

Harrison had had no idea of the importance of Mr. Monteagle's mission to the Orient. The old man had been so casual about it. Just like him. He took everything so easily. Even though they were not scientists, Harrison could not help being interested in the men with him. Before the continent was crossed he liked them all—even the elderly lawyer, who no longer seemed sardonic, but benign, and whose gray eye was not cold, but kind. That was because they seemed to like him. He had assumed that they wouldn't. He was to go through life conceiving and shedding prejudices in this way.

From the moment the train pulled out of the station Harrison became aware, despite his grief over the dearth of scientists in the car, that he was traveling with an unknown Evelyn. She seemed to be all hostess now. He had observed the same phenomenon on the yacht.

"That girl has improved and matured," he said to himself. "She's no fool. No wonder her father's crazy about her. She is a help to him now, not a nuisance."

She knew how to make things go, to bring out everyone's best, as it is called, so that her guests not only felt pleased with themselves—plenty of hostesses can do that—but pleased with one another, a much rarer art. He had never appreciated her great social gifts. But she kept it all in the modern note of the new and therefore best generation. She was direct and frank and interested—really interested, not merely gracious and kind.

Harrison was surprised to see how much she knew, not only about former expeditions into Mongolia, when talking to Duke, but about the salt tax and foreign concessions and spheres of influence, when talking to the other experts. Evelyn was good.

He was puzzled by her present attitude toward himself—the frankest and most friendly interest in his ideas and ambitions, without the flicker of an eyelash in regard to the past. You might have thought she had forgotten all about the disquieting scene in the garden. He admired her for that. She was a real person. No longer the self-centered society girl, voracious for admiration at any cost. She was sensible, worthy of his respect now, and oh, such a lovely thing to look at—from afar!

Of course he was not going to fall in love with her, because she could never feel that way about him. . . . (You insignificant little nonentity!) But sometimes he wanted her so badly that he could hardly keep his hands off her. He had to. He would.

They disembarked at several cities en route. Dinners and entertainment had been arranged in honor of Mr. Monteagle's party. When Harrison was placed beside her in motor cars he carefully avoided even the customary convention of throwing a casual arm around her shoulder, the modern rendering of the old-fashioned ceremony of offering an arm to a lady.

They were no longer comfortable or congenial when they found themselves alone together. Each wondered what the other thought. They didn't know how to talk. They planned things to say in advance and then it never turned out that way. Afterward each wondered what the other meant.

"Ah, youth, youth!" the mellifluous voice of the Edinburgh Review said one day to Doctor Duke. "How happy those two young people are, merely at being together in silence!"

They were miserable. They tried to avoid being alone together, and that made them more miserable. The rest of the car became cognizant of something. And then the unhappy pair became aware that the rest of the car were cognizant of something and they were therefore still more self-conscious. Ah, youth, youth! It became intolerable.

"Play the game, my dear!" said Harrison one day. You don't have to avoid me. I'm not trying to marry you or anything."

"What a quaint idea! I haven't been trying to avoid you."

"Oh, haven't you? Everyone else can see it. It's funny you can't."

"I thought you wanted to talk to Doctor Duke. I hate to butt in on your important scientific conferences. I know my limitations."

"All right, one pretext will do as well as another. But you needn't worry. I know my place. I told you I wouldn't bother you any more. I should think you would believe me."

She waited a moment and said, "Oh, I do."

"Then why do you run away from me all the time?"

"Well, I haven't been running very far." Her smile took in the close quarters of the car. She added, "I would have been delighted to have you pursue me." That was the safest note to take, just tell the truth, if you must deceive.

He shot her a look and laughed. "So that's your line again! All right, my dear, go ahead. I ought to be used to it."

She glanced out of the window. "Not if it bores you."

He, too, waited and thought over what he was going to say before he said it. "Eve, you're the only girl I ever met who never bored me."

Such a complacent, masculine remark, and yet it pleased her. She would have been willing to continue on the personal note, even though she knew it would hurt in the end. But he was not willing. He fled from it. He was all science now. He began telling her what the railroad builder had said about fêng-shui, the spirits of the earth, wind and water, which guard burial places in Mongolia.

"When do you begin tutoring me in science?" Mr. Monteagle asked him the first evening at dinner.

The older men glanced at the small young man. They always listened when the chief spoke.

Harrison laughed and felt embarrassed. He did not enjoy the old man's present attitude. He seemed to be having fun with him. Young men like to be taken seriously, just as children do. (What does he think I am—his court jester?) . . . "Oh, I'll tutor you any time you say. What would you like to learn, Mr. Monteagle?" Then he felt as if that sounded fresh and laughed to show that he hadn't meant it that way.

"There are a couple of trunkloads of books forward," said the chief. "You might overhaul them and pick out the elementary ones for my lessons. There's a lot of historical and political stuff there, too, so while you're about it, you might make a catalogue of the whole lot, if you've nothing better to do. We'll appoint you librarian of the outfit. Doctor Duke's going to lecture to us every evening and run off some of his films."

"Yes, sir," said Harrison, and he felt as if he were being reproved for loafing. The rest of the party all had things to do and had begun doing them before the train was out of the Grand Central tunnel. Even Evelyn had gone to work.

"I am on his pay roll now," Harrison said to himself. "I must earn my way." He wanted to.

But as the car rolled on across the continent he felt all the more like a loafer. He had pitched in and done a good job as librarian and outlined a course of rudimentary instruction for his host, but he never had a chance to use it. Mr. Monteagle was too busy.

Harrison had never seen the old man in action before, and was much impressed. Traveling in a private car had always sounded like ease and luxury. It meant privacy for work, not for idleness. Mr. Monteagle's day's labor began while he was dressing for breakfast, when one of his secretaries handed him the night's accumulation of telegrams and cables and took down answers to them while the chief was shaving. By his place at breakfast there were cuttings from the newspapers, held together by a metal clip. That saved him the time required for hunting out such items himself. During the morning he talked things over with the expert on Oriental affairs and the international lawyer, then dictated letters and the drafts of impromptu speeches he was to make at the various stops along the way, where chambers of commerce and prominent citizens were to do him honor.

What impressed the young highbrow most was the smiling grace and humorous ease with which this banker-diplomat took his greatness and got through an enormous amount of work. Harrison saw now that it was all a joke, his talk about his easy hours and long vacations. Even when he walked up and down the platform at stations where the train stopped to change engines, he was likely to be met with more telegrams, or by reporters who wanted to ask about his mission to the Far East and what he thought of "our city."

At some of these stops the division superintendents would board the car and ride with him for a hundred miles or so, like a guard of honor. They would try to bring his attention to the voluptuous beauty of their tracks.

"I see," the old man would say, although he didn't see at all, and would praise the scenery.

Mr. Monteagle appreciated the scenery. He was very fond of scenery and poetry. When he got rid of the bores he usually turned on the radio a while. "A counterirritant," he would say. Or else he read poetry, often aloud, instead of studying the heavy books dealing with the history of China or various modern phases of the Eastern question.

"Look at that lovely grade!" the civil engineer exclaimed one day to Harrison as they were sitting on the observation platform. "And he doesn't give a hang. He stays in there and reads poetry when he could look at curves like this. He couldn't build a railroad to save his life, and yet think how many he controls."

But he was a crank on fresh air and exercise. "Got to keep fit to work," he said, and every time the train stopped to change engines he turned the whole party out upon the platform and made them walk hard. He would not let them stroll, after the manner of most transcontinental travelers. He made them take real exercise. In regard to this, Mr. Monteagle had laid down the law in his jovial but compelling manner on the very first day out from New York.

"Queer thing about the evolution of travel," Duke said to Harrison, during one of these five-minute breathers—"the only means primitive man had for moving about the world were his legs. Now, with modern man, the only things we don't use in travel are legs. Legs will soon become atrophied."

This inside view of the modern big business man increased Harrison's admiration for Mr. Monteagle. Formerly he had merely liked and admired him. Now it was running up almost into awe. He hadn't intended to be awed by a mere business man. He wanted to save that sort of feeling for fellows like Duke. But he felt himself listening to the old man's stories at the dinner table with almost as much smiling eagerness as young Tomlinson displayed—Mr. Monteagle's private secretary—a yes man. Like Tomlinson, he would laugh heartily at the end of the story whether it was a good one or not. Then afterward he would feel like kicking himself, especially as he was sure that the old man would think he was trying to curry favor.

(But I don't want his favor. Why should I? I suppose it's because I'm on his pay roll. I am part of this fellow's entourage, one of his men.)

He didn't want to be anybody's man, nor any woman's either. He wanted to belong to himself.

She Sank Down Upon the Exposed Root of the Cypress, Her Head Back Against the Trunk

XXVII

WHEN Mr. Monteagle arrived with his party at the Oakland pier, across the bay from San Francisco, he was met by the same delegation of big business men that had gathered to welcome him at other important stops. At least they seemed the same to the young would-be scientist, who was not interested in big business. There was the same respectfully smiling attitude, with tinges of shyness among some of the prominent citizens and obtrusions of pomposity in others. The amusing attitude of the merely rich toward the vastly rich.

(Continued on Page 49)

ALL IN A DAY'S DICTATION

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"I Won't Do It!" He Shouted. "I'll Fight You Through Every Court in the Land! I ——"

"PRIDE," observed Mr. Morris Bloom, president of the Bloom Company, Insurance in All its Branches, as he finished reading the final letter on the pile before him, "is a terrible thing. A terrible handicap. In business a man should better have pimples or halis—or something. But maybe you didn't read this letter, Miss Kane, eh?"

The girl at his elbow nodded. "I think so. The one from Mr. Connolly tendering his resignation?"

"The one where he says," said Mr. Bloom with heavy sarcasm, "that he is leaving because he feels things are too easy here because of our connections." Mr. Bloom snorted. "Easy! As if a man in his right mind, y'understand, should kick because he is workin' for a company that knows its way around."

The girl regarded Mr. Bloom with calm gray eyes. "Maybe he doesn't care for that sort of business," she suggested. "Perhaps he feels that while he may earn less for the present, he will do better in the future, by getting business through his own perseverance and salesmanship, rather than through your—connections."

"He might be that silly," admitted her employer.

"Is it silly, Mr. Bloom?"

Mr. Bloom regarded his secretary in frank astonishment. "Is all this silly?" His black cigar described a smoking arc which took in everything from the gleaming mahogany desk with its onyx and gold clock which ticked away the precious moments of commerce, to the magnificent Sarouk which swam beneath his feet, only to ebb away into the shadows enriched by more gleaming mahogany, soft blue-green leather and restful tapestry. "Is all this silly?"

"I mean, for him," explained the girl. "After all, this don't belong to him. He—he just helped to make it possible. The Bloom Company earns thousands of dollars in commissions every year, not—not because Mr. Connolly and the—the rest of the salesmen are really selling insurance but because you are the bosom friend of the political boss of this city and—and everybody knows it."

"Maybe he thinks," Mr. Bloom pointed out with a trace of bitterness, "that people shouldn't be friends in business. Maybe he thinks it ain't right to be friends in business. Maybe he thinks because two men, y'understand, was friends together when they didn't have a dime, they shouldn't speak to each other after they get the price of a haircut. Maybe he could tell me why, if friendship cuts no ice in business—why do they build more golf grounds every year? Huh?"

"I am sure Mr. Connolly ——"

"Maybe," pursued her employer with increasing vigor, "he thinks that I am a grafter, eh? A thief!"

"I know he doesn't," said Miss Kane warmly.

"Maybe," went on her employer indignantly, "he thinks I get more for a policy or a surety bond than somebody else does because I got some friends, heh?"

"No, he ——"

Mr. Bloom was a dramatic man. He brought a heavy fist down on the tab blotter before him with a crash. "What does he mean, then?"

Miss Kane was used to such dramatic moments. She fingered one of the row of pencils before her speculatively.

"What would happen to our—your business," she wondered, "if Mr. Hurlman died?"

"Connolly should live that long," said Mr. Bloom shortly.

But Miss Kane pursued her line of thought. "Would we still get the business we're getting today from Mr. Hurlman if—if you should—die?"

Mr. Bloom, about to answer dramatically, shifted his bulk uneasily. "You—you've been here for five years," he said finally.

"Of course I have," said Miss Kane quietly, "and so has Mr. Connolly. Don't you see, Mr. Bloom? It—it's the thing a young man with ambition should do. Mr. Connolly wants to do what you did. He wants to build for the future. Surely you can't blame him for that. You did it. You've become rich and successful. Ja—Mr. Connolly wants to do the same thing."

Mr. Bloom lit a fresh cigar—the big, black cigar of capitalism.

"Don't you believe it," he advised. "A girl like you don't get the idee. It's more like a the-ayter or moving show to you—all this ambition an' everything is. It—it sounds like soft music or something."

Miss Kane flushed, but her gray eyes remained steady. She said nothing.

"It's just the same old thing over again," diagnosed her employer with a paternal nod. "Just because a fella gets along here, y'understand, he thinks he is ready to go out an' have his name painted on a door somewhere. It's just like I've said before, Miss Kane. A thousand times. The thing that we should look out for is pride. If we don't look out, it, believe me—it always upsets the wagon. It's a terrible thing! In business a man should better —— Never mind. Take a answer. 'Dear Mr. Connolly: I get a letter this morning which says that you are quitting. Believe me, Mr. Connolly, you will find out when you get out of here that you haven't got the world as much by the tail as you think you have. I know a lotta young fellas like you, Mr. Connolly, that think that all they have to do is to have their name painted on some door, y'understand, an' everything else should take care of itself. You will find out that all this fine monkey business don't pay the rent or buy the groceries. I always liked you, Mr. Connolly, and believe me, I know what I am talkin' about when I say that for a little pride you should be so much of a fool. Yours truly.'"

"Anything else, Mr. Bloom?"

"Take a letter to Mr. Clawson, Clawson The-ayters, Inc. 'Dear Mr. Clawson: I am handed this morning a note by the record clerk which says that the favored business which we had from you last year will be up for renewal next week. Believe me, Mr. Clawson, when I say that this favored business is greatly appreciated by us and that, furthermore, we should always wish that our clients would consider that in giving us this favored business they are not hurting themselves either. I would not be writing this letter myself except that the young man what has been handling it is now out of this company entirely and I am personally looking after it until we have somebody else to take his place, because, believe me, Mr. Clawson, we don't just talk about service in this company, y'understand – we give it, believe me. Very truly yours.'"

As his secretary reached the door leading to the outer office, Mr. Bloom leaned back and, removing his cigar, cleared his throat noisily.

"I suppose you think, Miss Kane," Mr. Bloom announced, "that I get too excited because somebody like just a salesman quits, eh?"

Miss Kane halted in the doorway, one competent white hand on the knob of the door, two calm gray eyes surveying her employer's face, with its heavy series of chins, its good-natured eyes staring truculently into her own, the thinning dark hair so carefully arranged to camouflage its scarcity.

"Of course I don't," she said quietly. "I think I understand how it happens."

"How? Why?"

"Pride," said Miss Kane swiftly. "Pride in ——"

Mr. Bloom laughed loudly.

"After what I said. I should sound so silly to myself. In the first place, y'understand, what have I got to be proud about? I come over to this country even without knowing a word of English, didn't I? Did you ever hear me deny it? Did I change my name to Blue or something? Did I talk about Russia an' my—the things I was raised to look up to, like they was something to be forgotten or—worse yet—laughed at? Did I? In the five years that you have been here, did you ever see me act like a czar or something?" Mr. Bloom laughed again loudly. "No, sir! I ain't that way a-tall, Miss Kane. Do the people who work here think I am?"

"Not for a moment," said Miss Kane warmly. "They know you to be kindly and helpful and fair. I—I think we are talking about two different kinds of pride."

"They ain't two kinds of pride," said Mr. Bloom dogmatically. "Pride is either pride or it is something else again." The cigar waved uncertainly. "It—it is something that ain't easy to explain. You know what I mean? Take this fellow Connolly now. He is quitting because he is too proud to go aroun' an' take the business that comes to him on a silver saucer. He don't want to do the easy thing. He thinks he's pretty good. He says, like the prize fighter, that the harder they are the bigger he knocks them down. That's pride, Miss Kane, an' pride is a terrible thing. Better a man should have —— Never mind. I should be wasting your good time an' mine. When the letters get finished bring them in."

An hour later the results of Mr. Bloom's morning of dictation lay before him. He lit a fresh cigar and read the letter which topped the pile with a nod of approval. It was

Miss Patricia Kane Sat at Her Desk and Awaited Two Calls Which She Knew Were Coming

addressed to Mr. Wilson B. Clawson Theaters, Inc. It read as follows:

My dear Mr. Clawson: Owing to the fact that Mr. Connolly, who handled your account for us, is no longer connected with the company, the matter of your insurance in behalf of Clawson Theaters, Inc., has been brought to my attention.

I am taking the liberty of hoping that the service which we have rendered you merits your further patronage. With the idea of service primarily in mind, I am therefore taking the liberty of having all of your various policies for next year prepared, so that you need not give yourself a moment's concern about the matter.

It goes without saying that we appreciate this business and the good will it represents very much. Within a few days Mr. Connolly's successor will reëstablish the personal contact which we believe is so essential to real insurance service.

Very truly yours.

He signed it with a flourish. The second letter was addressed to Mr. John Connolly, Office. It read:

Dear Mr. Connolly: I read with deep regret that you have decided to sever your connection with this company. I know that you appreciate how deeply I am indebted to your diligence and loyalty. And because of your long and faithful service I cannot let the opportunity pass to point out to you that in going into business for yourself you are taking on responsibilities which may seem light to a young man. I know that you will appreciate, rather than deprecate, this friendly little note of warning, and I only write it because responsibility is such an easy thing to assume and such a difficult thing to shed.

You have my heartiest good wishes in your new venture.

Sincerely yours.

Once more Mr. Bloom affixed his signature, but with less of a flourish.

II

MR. JOHN CONNOLLY was a robust young man, and so it was perfectly natural for him to celebrate any event worth celebrating in robust fashion. He said so to the waiter in spurning the little card which presented to view the dishes composing the two-dollar table d'hôte for Thursday evening at the Hotel Trevert.

"Tonight," he informed the little man bowing at his shoulder, "the young lady and I do not choose to dally with the little bits of provender that come in your cute little silver dishes. Parleyvoo? We would have food instead of feed. We would have steak—a tender, juicy one from the most contented animal in your cooler—and a silver dish full of butter and paprika, with just enough baked potato to season, and two plates of hollandaise sauce covered with broccoli and hearts-of-palm salad, with plenty of the little red-pepper doodads, and coffee with the dinner and ——"

"Oh, Jack!"

But there was laughter as well as protest in the calm gray eyes of the young lady as she exclaimed, "We couldn't! We can't possibly ——"

The young man was instantly contrite. "Of course we couldn't," he apologized, "but I did. It was human of me to forget and it was divine of you to remember. Cotuits, waiter. And on the flat shell. You can celebrate a big event with oysters on the half shell. And a thin soup and a plateful of those little round things that nobody can pronounce. Parleyvoo? I mean the little black things piled on little pieces of toast and everything."

"Jack! Stop!"

"But ——"

"We can't possibly — "

The waiter had departed, serenely content with the big young man with the wide blue eyes and the happy grin.

"That's what they told me when I left Bloom's," he cut in joyously. "That is, everybody but you. It can't possibly! It can't possibly! It can't possibly! And yet here it is! Only three days out and the first whale harpooned. The scuppers filled to overflowing and a juicy bit of contented beef in prospect. Who says there isn't anything to salesmanship?"

"Please!"

Mr. Connolly tapped his water glass with a spoon. "The chair recognizes Miss Patricia Kane," he announced gravely. "Miss Kane."

Miss Patricia Kane smiled as she took the floor. "Mr. Chairman, I demand to know the purpose of this meeting. I have been kept waiting long enough. Ever since you called me this afternoon I've been wondering and wondering, and now, instead of telling me right off, you talk about contented cows and ——"

"Contented is the heart that thinks about a contented cow," quoted Mr. Connolly lightly.

"Meaning me, Mr. Chairman?"—coldly.

"Meaning the juicy steak in the kitchen, Miss Kane. The little steak that will prepare your little stomach for the big news. If, on the other hand, you stand upon a point of order and insist ——"

"I do insist," said Miss Kane firmly. "Two points of order if necessary. I won't have you going on this way, when, after all ——"

"When, after all, my flinging down the gage of battle to Sir Bloom was your idea. Right. I concede the point. I "

Miss Kane flushed. It wasn't exactly competent, but it was becoming.

"Anyone can think of something," she said softly, "but sometimes it takes courage and ambition to carry that something out."

Young Mr. Connolly's reply was lightly phrased, but his eyes were tender. So were the girl's. He said: "Those are all ten-thousand-dollar words. I'm glad I didn't order a two-dollar dinner to go with them."

Miss Kane lost more of her competence, but added immeasurably to her charm. "I meant them," she said. "Now tell me all about the wonderful news. It's your first piece of business, of course."

Young Mr. Connolly nodded. "The first piece of business, of course," he repeated slowly. "Are you ready? Are you grasping the edge of the table so tightly that the blood has fled your knuckles? Right? Good. Here it is. Hold your breath. At 3:35 this afternoon, after fifty-five minutes of intensive salesmanship, I procured from Mr. Wilson B. Clawson of Clawson Theaters, Inc., a definite promise of all their insurance business for next year—everything. Fire, liability, surety bonds—everything. Does that sound like a start?"

"Oh, Jack! How wonderful! You ——"

"Your knuckles are white," said Mr. Connolly accusingly.

Miss Kane looked down at the hand that grasped her water glass and laughed. "Oh, Jack ——" she began.

And then came the waiter, smiling like an archbishop.

"I wonder what Mr. Bloom will say," she wondered after he had departed. Her face was sober, her hands suddenly competent.

"What can he say? Didn't he take the business away from Perdue & Wilson?"

"I—I wasn't thinking so much of that."

"You—you mean that maybe he will feel that I stole the business, or something, and try to crack the whip over Clawson? Something like that?"

"Something like that," assented Miss Kane calmly.

"I don't think he'd do that. We were always real friendly. Just look at that letter he wrote me the other day when I sent in my resignation. Friendly, almost fatherly—about watching my step and everything."

"Yes, I know, but"—Miss Kane looked deep into her water glass—"that's just it. That's what I'm afraid of, Jack. He's so proud and—and you were one of the things he was proud of—like his gold clock and his Oriental rug. When you left, it was a good deal like the clock or the rug walking off. If he realized that, he wouldn't hurt you for the world. He's honest and kind and awfully fair according to his lights. If—if he thought you left because you were too proud to work for him any more or—or because of something else, he might think he would be doing you a friendly act—in the end, I mean—by taking some of the pride out of you. Teaching you that business doesn't just mean having your name on a door and—and things like that. That's what I'm afraid of. Do you see?"

(Continued on Page 43)

"Miss Kane," He Said in a Voice of Ominous Calm, "Maybe You Have Seen This Letter?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 19, 1929

The State Drink Sale Campaign

ON THE issue against prohibition, Governor Smith ran as an independent. The independent party thus, in effect, set up by Governor Smith might have been termed the State Drink Sale Party. Patching together the various expressions used by Governor Smith and his wet supporters, there were four planks in the platform of the wet party: Firstly, under constitutional authorization, each state would have the right to hold a referendum to determine whether alcoholic beverages of stated concentration should be sold in the state. Secondly, if the state turned wet, the retail sale of alcoholic beverages would be conducted by the state. Thirdly, for such states as voted dry, the Federal Government would aid in their protection against their wet neighbors. Fourthly, the definition of what constitutes an alcoholic beverage would be based on medical opinion.

Just how the referendum would be set up for the voters of each state and the issue be defined was not described, but that is a matter of detail. Just how the wet state would engage in the sale and control of alcoholic beverages was not specified—whether by a dispensary system similar to that once in effect in South Carolina, by regulations corresponding to those in effect in some of the provinces of Canada, or by an organization comparable to that set up in Soviet Russia, was not made clear. The methods by which the dry states would be shielded from the wet states, and interstate bootlegging eliminated, were left unstated. We take it that a wet state would have the right to import liquors from abroad as well as to manufacture them at home. Let one imagine Maryland voting wet and Virginia voting dry. This would leave the coast of Maryland open to normal import of alcoholic liquors and the coast of Virginia closed to the same import. The more one undertakes to picture to oneself the possible mechanism and regulations of state sale, state control and state protection, the more intangible becomes the entire proposition. Early experiences with local option could hardly be used as precedents.

But it was in his appeal to medical opinion that Governor Smith assumed what must be regarded as an extreme position. It was apparently left to be inferred that there is a representative and concordant medical opinion favoring or tolerating the beverage use of alcohol. Governor Smith apparently believed that a congress of American physicians could set up a "sane and sensible definition of what constitutes an alcoholic beverage." This inference is without foundation in medical history and practice.

As far as we are aware, medical opinion in the United States and abroad has nowhere gone on record in defining a permissible allowance of alcohol. Indeed, there was grave difference of opinion among American physicians as to whether alcohol ought to be regarded as a drug. Let it be granted that it is a drug in the hands of physicians. Since it is burned in the body, let it be granted that it may be used on occasion to furnish heat to the body; though it is not to be regarded as a food in the proper sense. We understand that it is current opinion among physiologists that alcohol acts as a narcotic and not as a stimulant. Since well persons need no alcohol as a source of heat, the general use of alcohol resolves itself into the question of a permissible or negligible allowance in the use of a narcotic. This would imply a standardization of individuals on the basis of tolerance for alcohol.

It has been frequently remarked that a man who has had one drink is one-drink drunk. This may be an extreme statement applied to the confirmed drinker; but it is sound when applied to children, to adolescents, and to a large proportion of adult women and men. The difference between a drink and a drunk has always been a problem in individual instances in hospitals, but it is nowadays a continuously recurring question in traffic courts. The mechanization of society in general, and of industry in particular, especially the universal use of the automobile, constitutes the safety-first basis of prohibition. It is impracticable to issue drivers' licenses on the basis of double skill—skill in handling the car and skill in carrying liquor.

Suppose it were to be granted, theoretically, that such a thing often exists as individual tolerance for alcohol, and that free citizens ought to have the right to enjoy it. Would the alcoholic beverage be defined in terms of concentration of alcohol or in terms of amount of alcohol permitted to the individual per day? Incidentally, "the beer that made Milwaukee famous" was not 2.75 per cent beer. It is clear that if one were to accept any tolerance limit for the beverage use of alcohol, the so-called light wines and beer would occupy no preferable position over whisky and brandy, since alcoholic concentration at the time of drinking and volume of alcohol taken during the day are in all cases reducible to a common level.

Viewing alcohol as a narcotic in beverage use, or as a drug, tolerance depends on circumstances. One of these circumstances is body weight. The dosage of drugs and poisons is commonly given in ratios to body weight. Of a certain drug it may be proper for a child of five to be given one-fifth the dose employed with the adult. If one were to regulate the beverage use of alcohol on the basis of medical opinion, it would seem not illogical to set up a classification of permissible alcohol tolerance for different ages; but if alcohol were to be dispensed by the state, it would be unsafe to have it rationed on some such basis.

In short, the appeal to medical opinion carries implications that need to be perceived. Some adults have a high tolerance for alcohol, others have little or none and never acquire tolerance through use of alcoholic beverages. Women commonly have a lower tolerance than men; children have a lower tolerance than adults. In attempting, through state sale and regulation, on the basis of medical opinion, to provide alcoholic beverages for the people of a commonwealth, to what part of the population should regulation be addressed? To those who bear alcohol relatively well or to those who tolerate it badly? If rationed for those who bear alcohol well, how would the susceptible be protected and society safeguarded from their excesses? If rationed for those who tolerate alcohol poorly, would the permitted use be satisfactory to those inured to heavy doses?

It is futile to propose the sale of alcoholic beverages by the state on the basis of medical opinion. There is no sociology of poisons, mild or strong. The state ought not to act as schoolmistress in the use of narcotics. The medical profession is in no position to furnish a textbook. If prohibition cannot be enforced, then let us return to price control of the supply and police control of the results. But the first thing to do is to make a trial of real enforcement.

The Veins of Civilization

JUST as the human body fails when its veins and arteries become clogged, so the town or city is useless without an adequate street system. This may seem trite, but the results of general indifference to the moot points of construction and maintenance are serious enough. As traffic expands and the parking problem presses for solution, the street looms up more and more in the scale of human values.

Unfortunately, much street work has been carried on with a lack of foresight and coördination that has proved costly and wasteful. New construction undertaken in 1927 indicated a total expenditure of more than $400,000,000 for street, roadway and alley paving.

A newly organized city officials' division of the American Road Builders' Association is studying the situation, and Capt. H. C. Whithurst, president of the division, has said:

"Some cities have records of labor and materials, but only a few can give accurate cost data of various operations. Without these, how can we compare methods, how can we say we are operating economically? If such records were available over a period of years and the repairs of a certain type were costing twice as much in one city as in another, the engineers would want to know why. Without such figures we go pounding on in the dark."

But aside from the question of comparative municipal costs and methods, we have the dismal fact that in numerous cities there is something like anarchy in the laying, or at least in the tearing up, of streets. Consider a city of half a million population, where presumably the conditions are less intense than in those places with one or two millions. There are eleven or twelve different agencies or utilities which have the right to lay or tear up streets. Each is independent of and separate from the others. In addition, plumbers also make cuts for abutting property owners.

It is not uncommon for a newly paved street to be cut within a few days or even hours of its completion by a utility which wishes to make improvements or extensions. Frequently the back fills are not so carefully attended to as was the original construction. Materials are not tamped back and weak spots soon develop. The lack of coördination has been little short of disgraceful. The various classes of utility work can be fitted in, far more than in the past, with the general schedule of highway construction and repair.

Efforts are being made to remedy this condition. In one city it is proposed to appoint a coördinating officer, who, though having no authority or engineering oversight in regard to the separate projects, shall have absolute authority over the schedule of their carrying out. On the whole, the situation reflects no credit upon the competency of municipal government.

But the individual citizen is not entirely blameless. The street problem would be simplified if there were no selfish citizens. There is the motorist, in surprising numbers, who removes barriers from freshly paved streets when he knows no policeman or highway employe is nearby. There is the truck owner who allows his employes to use streets which would hold up for years under light traffic and which promptly go to pieces under heavy trucks. There are bus operators guilty of the same selfish practice.

We need municipal officials competent enough to coördinate street work. But we also need public opinion strong enough to support a real zoning of streets according to use and the weight and type of vehicle. No trunk-line railroad is so insane as regularly to operate its heaviest trains and locomotives over branch line and side tracks. Yet that is precisely what we are doing with our streets and highways. No railroad is rich enough to build all its tracks for maximum use, and no state or city can continue the practice without ultimate ruin. Selfish interests prefer unlimited freedom of use, but someone must look ahead and, by suitable adaptation of streets to function, prevent the useless and dangerous piling up of debt and taxes.

An Open Letter to the American Taxpayer

By Henry Herrick Bond

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

THE other day Mr. Average Taxpayer was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue. He had just learned how the Board of Tax Appeals had decided his case. "They tell me that, after all, I owe the Government only $1200 instead of the $5300 the Government claimed. But," he continued wistfully, "I've been figuring over the whole thing, and if I add what I have paid my accountant, my attorney, the railroad fares and hotel bills here, and anything at all for my own time, it has cost me more than the Government claimed at the outset. And the reason is that when the revenue agent came to my office two years ago and went over my books, I didn't think it important enough to take the time to explain matters to him, to find the vouchers that were missing, and so forth. Why, do you know," he concluded, "I can see now that if I had given him the same evidence that convinced the Board of Tax Appeals, I should have saved more than $2000 expense and the time I have lost from my business?"

A typical case.

The administration of the Federal income tax is one of the biggest business enterprises of the country. Every year more than 2,800,000 individuals and corporations are the Government's debtors, and payments on these accounts receivable in recent years are in excess of $2,000,000,000 annually. The income-tax organization is spread from Maine to Hawaii, and it is safe to say no other agency is so intimately acquainted with the industrial life of the country as the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Unfinished Business

IF THE problem of administering this enormous enterprise were confined strictly to the operations of a single year, the burden would be enormous but not insuperable. However, the problem has been vastly complicated until recently by the fact that with many of these debtors the exact amount of their obligations had never been definitely established for prior years, particularly those years from 1917 to 1921, when the World War required special forms of taxation at high rates. At no period since the beginning of the World War have we been able to close our books, to use a commercial expression, and know exactly where we stand on taxes of a particular year. We have always been confronted with this vast accumulation of unsettled problems, which have yielded only gradually to the determined efforts which have been made to eliminate them.

The fact that the end of this accumulation of open accounts is now clearly in sight has permitted the Bureau of Internal Revenue to revise its organization and methods with the aim not only of completing the work already accomplished but more especially of placing the science of income taxation, if we may refer to the problem in this way, on a basis that will be permanent, sound and equitable.

Learning by Bitter Experience

DURING a war period you may demand much from a great mass of citizens in the confident expectation that, stimulated by patriotism, their response will be immediate. We did this in 1917 and again in 1918, when we imposed the war-profits and excess-profits taxes upon the nation, with all the complexities involved in the term "invested capital" as a basis for computing the tax. We have found by bitter experience that these taxes in the form adopted were not possible of satisfactory administration. Gradually we have waded through the great morass of problems that these taxes presented. True, many of them still await determination by the Board of Tax Appeals and the courts, but we are already turning our faces to the future and attempting to create a new spirit, a new method of approach, in our handling of the income-tax problem.

You may wonder just how this affects you as one of those annually on our list of debtors. It is because I believe that it does affect you vitally that I am presenting this very frank statement to you, so that we may understand each other better and so that out of that understanding may come the elimination in large part of the difficulties

(Continued on Page 118)

JACK'S BEAN STALK IS CERTAINLY GIVING HIM A RIDE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

In the Talkies—The Five-Thousand-Dollar Sneeze

Farm Relief

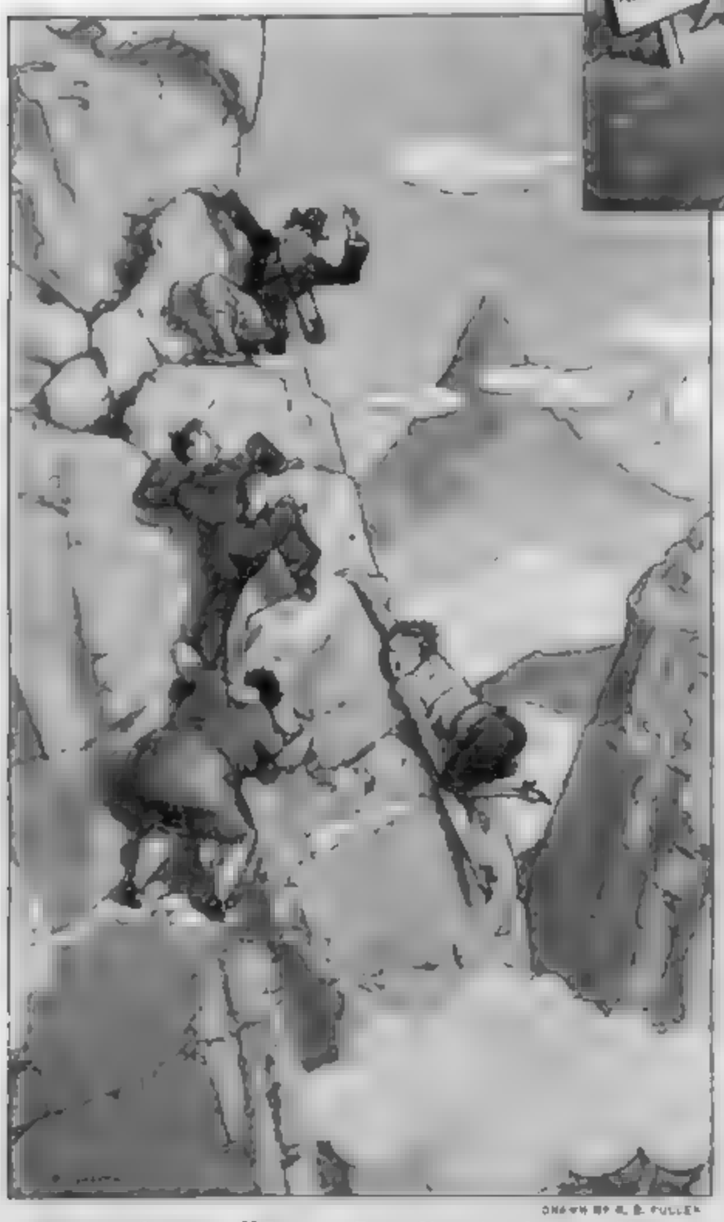
TELL me how about this farming,
Dirck," said I. "It's quite alarming.
You alone among the neighbors
Seem to profit by your labors;
Few among them loaf, if any,
Yet they hardly save a penny
While you prosper every season.
What's the answer? What's the reason!"
Dirck replied, "I tell you true!
When it's time to do, I do.

"There's one time, you got to mind it,
Not before and not behind it,
When a job is ripe and ready;
Then you do it, hard and steady.
When it's what the corn is needing
That's the time to do the weeding;
And you have to be as knowing
With your sowing and your hoeing
And your berry picking too.
When you ought to do, you do.

"Vegetables vegetating
Never let you keep them waiting;
When they're fit for folks to use 'em,
You must take 'em or you lose 'em.
There's a time for orchard spraying
And another time for haying
And to keep the chickens laying.
If your farm is run for paying,
That's the way the whole year through:
When you got to do, you do!"
—Arthur Guiterman.

"Gloria Ge-o-o-rgie! You're a Sight for Sore Eyes!" "Why, if It Isn't May Mooney! Gosh, May, You Look Simply Gra-a-and!"

The Same Old Stench



Nature Lover: "Just a Few Hundred Feet More, and Then—an Eagle's Nest!"

Telling Your Girl Friend About the New Job

SHE: You've got a new job or something, haven't you?

HE: Yeah, I've just started on it.

SHE: Have you really! Isn't that intriguing?

HE: Well, I like it so far all right.

SHE: Do you really?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: Well, tell me about it. Is it something with a future and all?

HE: Yeah, I guess there's a pretty good future in it, all right. You see, this bird I'm in with——

SHE: Oh, you're in with somebody! How priceless!

HE: Well, you see it's a pretty big organization and they control all ——

SHE: Gosh, it must be wonderful being in a really big organization! You weren't in a very big one before, were you?

HE: Well, yeah, I was. It was really too big, you see, so that's why I ——

SHE: I spose they can be too big, can't they?

HE: Yeah, that's the point. You're just a cog in the wheel in a place like——

SHE: I spose you are, aren't you?

HE: Yeah, that's the trouble. You've got to wait for some gink to kick the bucket before you get any promotion.

SHE: Gosh, how poisonous! But you won't have to wait for promotion in this new job, will you?

(Continued on Page 70)

Judge: "But Your Wife Couldn't Have Hurt You Just by Biting Your Arm" Husband: "Your Honor, My Wife Hangs by Her Teeth in a Circus!"

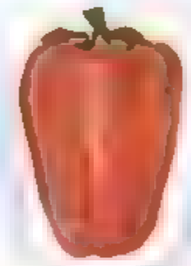
AS A MEAL OR WITH THE
MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Do you know why vegetables are especially beneficial in soup?

It's because the vegetables in well-made soup retain almost all of their healthful, body-building mineral salts.

The water, in which vegetables are so often cooked, absorbs much of their precious mineral content. This water is usually thrown away. Of course, this is saved in soup and you get the full benefit of it.

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup you enjoy the wholesome, blended goodness of 15 choice vegetables. All the richest treasures of Nature's gardens in one delicious, tempting soup!

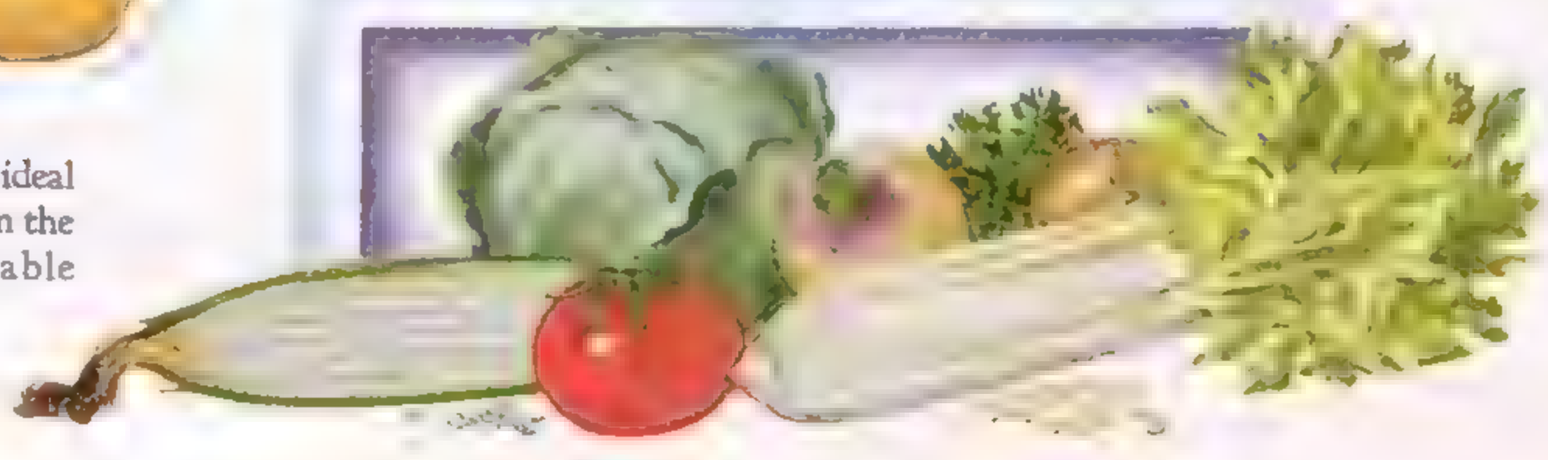


Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so hearty and substantial that it's a luncheon or supper in itself. And so convenient! Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then the soup is all ready—hot, savory and inviting—for your table!

Without these essential vegetable foods, the experts say, perfect health is impossible.

Besides Vegetable Soup there are twenty other soups to add variety to your menu. See full list of soups on every label. Order a supply from your grocer. 12 cents a can.

Soup is an ideal way to obtain the vital vegetable foods.



HOOCH

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Zureta Did Not Move. His Black Eyes Twinkled Greedily. "I Take Dopey's Place," He Said Quietly. "You Furnish Me Booze"

VII

THERE was nothing unusual in the fact that Captain Flenger slept at the station house that night following the banquet. He often did that. Barr before him had done it. It was a common practice among captains, and Paddy relied upon that fact in acting as he did. It was his purpose not to attract any attention to himself, but to be on hand when the body of Dopey Hiller was discovered out there on Ash Avenue. The point where he had ordered the killing done was in his own precinct. He had not forgotten that in issuing his orders to Mitchell and Slenk.

It was, therefore, no great surprise to him when, at four o'clock in the morning, there came a hurried knocking at his door. He responded sleepily, though he actually was wide-awake. The desk lieutenant was there.

"Sorry to bother you, captain," he explained, "but I was dead sure you'd want to be in on this. There's been a bump-off over in the far end of the district. Carroll, the officer on the beat, found the body. He just telephoned in for the wagon."

"Body identified?" Flenger asked, rubbing his eyes as though to open them and drive the shadows of sleep from his brain. "Any suspects picked up?"

"No, sir. Carroll says it's a well-dressed young fellow that looks like he might be a racketeer. Diamond ring, good clothes, money in his pockets."

"Anybody with Carroll?" Paddy queried.

"Perkins, the roundsman, answered a signal and is on his way there now, sir."

"Good! Has the wagon gone yet?"

"No, sir. It's just about to start out."

"Hold it till I'm ready," Paddy ordered. "I'll go along an' take a look at things. . . . You've notified headquarters?"

"Just before wakin' you up, sir."

Flenger turned back and began dressing. Outwardly he was calm as a man could be. Inwardly he found a newly discovered nervous system. It had been axiomatic in the department for years that the one thing a man could not "fix" was a killing. But that was a chance he must take. Surely, he figured, if anyone could beat such a case it would be himself. He was the captain in charge of the investigation. He would know first-hand every development and have ample time to fortify against it.

He tied his shoes hurriedly, jabbed a cigar between his teeth and climbed into his uniform coat. The cap he hooked over his head at something of an angle. Then he hurried out through the reserve room to the rear of the station, where the motor was waiting with three reserve officers. On his way through the cell room where prisoners were held for sunrise court, a drunk called to him for an audience. Paddy disregarded the call and climbed into the truck.

"It ain't very often we get a break like a killin'," one of the officers said. "This is pretty quiet out here, sir."

Flenger did not answer. He sat in the rear of the wagon and cupped his hands around a match while he puffed at his cigar.

The officers watched him and saw his face clearly in the reflection of the flame. The one who had spoken lapsed into sudden silence. It was clear that the captain was not in a talkative mood.

His close-set eyes were cold and hard. His jaw was fixed. The lines that traced themselves from his nose to the outer edges of his mustache were deeper than usual and their kin stretched noticeably across his forehead. It was not a face that invited conversation; it suited better the serious business upon which they were bent.

The officer at the wheel sent the truck over the streets at a lively pace. Constantly the clattering of the bell ripped through the shadows, though the only traffic consisted of an occasional milk wagon, the driver of which was likely to stop in the performance of his duties and follow with his eyes the course of the patrol.

When they turned into Ash Avenue, Flenger spoke his first words. "Where did Carroll find this body?" he queried.

"In one of the lots a bit farther on, air," an officer explained. "We'll be there pretty quick."

"Shot, stabbed or jacked?" Flenger asked. "Did he say?"

"I understood it was a bullet that done the trick, sir."

Flenger grunted and steadied himself for the ordeal of the acting he must do. He had too many times seen murderers faced by their victims not to know that a very decided effect was apt to result. He must steel himself against that. The last time he had seen Dopey alive they had clicked glasses. It would be a lot different to look upon him now.

Soon the sound of a police whistle split the night and the driver of the patrol slowed the vehicle.

Through a screen he called back: "Here we are, sir. Carroll's here in the street, waitin'."

He pulled to the side of the street and Flenger led the group of officers to the sidewalk. He was chewing hard at his cigar, and his finger nails were biting deep into his palms. He cast quick side glances about in an effort to see Dopey and get the worst of it over before he must make a suitable examination of the body.

"Here, sir," Carroll said, surprised to see that the captain himself had answered his call. "It ain't a very nice sight, sir. They certainly done this boy in pretty an' then left him fer the world to see."

He had an electric flash light in his hand, and as he spoke he pressed the button, and a circle of light enhanced the first flush of dawn. Flenger let his gaze remain in the illumination and so travel to the gruesome remains of his erstwhile lieutenant. Carroll walked close to the tree and played the light directly over his exhibit. Flenger bit hard on the cigar. It was not easy—this business.

"They certainly got him," he said thickly.

"They did that," Carroll nodded, just a little proud to have been the man who made the discovery and sounded the alarm. "I looked him over pretty careful, sir. Three shots hit him, an' if I'm any judge any one of 'em would have finished him. All were fired right close up."

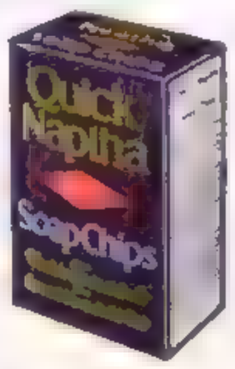
He leaned over and, with the aid of his light and a pointing finger, indicated on Dopey's clothes three distinct powder burns.

"When'd you find him?" Flenger demanded briskly.

Continued on Page 30

THE modern kitchen—gay with its new colored pots and pans and fabrics! Fresh with the new cleanliness of "double action" Sunbrite! Spotless and shining, because Sunbrite scours. Odorless, because Sunbrite purifies. "With Sunbrite around," writes one modern housewife, "my cleaning-time is cut in two. It is economical to use, and I find it so easy on the hands." Order a supply of Sunbrite Cleanser for all your household cleaning. . . . Half the time. Half the work. . . . Try Sunbrite today!

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips to make glass and china glisten.



S W I F T & C O M P A N Y

Continued from Page 28

"It was 3:28, sir. I marked it in my book, fer the record, while I was walkin' to the call box down near that light."

"How long's he been dead? Try his arm there . . . Stiff, is it?"

"Pretty stiff," Carroll admitted after the test. "He's been dead quite a while, I guess."

"You found him at 3:28," Flenger challenged. "What time did you pass here on your last round before that?"

"Right around 2:30, sir," Carroll answered quickly. "I passed here every hour all night."

"An' he wasn't here then?" Paddy asked suspiciously. "That seems strange to me, Carroll. You admit yourself he's been dead quite a long time, yet he'd only been here an hour when you found him."

"That's the truth, sir," the officer defended

"Oh, no doubt," Flenger sneered, knowing full well it was not the truth. "Do you think you could have passed by here at 2:30 an' missed seein' him if he was here?"

Within his own mind Flenger was delighted with the course things had taken. With Carroll ready to swear that the body had not been where he found it so short a time as an hour before the actual discovery, it must be obvious that the murder had taken place elsewhere and the body brought to this spot long after the crime was committed Also, no suspicion could possibly attach to Slenk's car, even though it had been seen in the neighborhood.

"I figger, sir," Carroll went on, "that this man never was bumped here at all. They gave him the works some place a long way off an' waited until early mornin' to dump him here."

"You figger that?" Flenger sneered.

"I been doin' some thinkin' while I was waitin' here for you to come, captain," Carroll explained.

"Well," Paddy grunted, "that explanation is as good as any. It's a cinch this bird is dead. We've got that to go on. An' if what you say is the truth, Carroll ——"

"It is, sir. I'm tellin' the truth. If you think I missed a round here, captain, I'm tellin' you straight that I didn't. I'd stake my life on it that this body was not here at 2:30 an hour before I found it!"

"Well, we'll find out later," Flenger said confidently. "Those things always come out in the wash." He paused a moment, then: "You didn't see any cars around durin' the early hours?"

"Only milkmen," Carroll admitted. "Milkmen an' a feller I know that lives in one of those big houses over three blocks. He come in about two o'clock an' he was tight. But I know him an' know his car. That's all I saw."

"Make a note of those things an' be ready to gimme the details when I want 'em," Paddy ordered tersely. "You, Dole," he ordered one of the reserve officers, "stay here with the body. Cover it with a blanket from the truck there. But see that it ain't disturbed." He turned then to Perkins, the sergeant. "The coroner'll be along pretty soon. After he gets here take your orders from him. Just as soon as they're ready to move the body, see that you git whatever jewelry or identification there is on this man an' bring 'em to me, if the coroner don't mind Tell him I'll take charge an' make a direct report to the district attorney today."

Perkins responded with a nod and salute. "There's nothin' else we can do until we get a chance to go ahead with an identification," Paddy avowed. "I think I know this bird already. If he ain't Dopey Hiller from over in the other end of town, then I'm a heap mistook."

"I was thinkin' that, sir," one of the officers agreed "Sometime ago I was testifyin' in a case an' I seen this Hiller. I'm pretty sure it's him. If it is, the world ain't lost a thing! He was a bad egg, a killer. This looks like somebody had taken him fer a ride, bumped him off somewhere in the country an' figgered this was a good spot to dump him out."

"Carry out your orders," Flenger said to the men he had detailed to remain. "We'll go back to the house."

On the return trip he was pleased with himself. He went over every word that had been said and congratulated himself on the part he had played. After all, what could slip? Nobody would be very much upset about the killing of such a man as Dopey Hiller.

At the station house he called headquarters and made his report. It was a terse affair, punctuated by routine expressions. When he had done he said: "I ain't dead sure, but I think it's that Dopey Hiller."

Zuroto

"I hope so!" the voice came back to him "I never tremble a bit when a bird like that gets the bump"

Half an hour later newspapermen reached the station in a taxicab. To them Flenger told every detail of the story as it had taken place following the discovery of the body. He finished with: "It's a case of gang war that's what it is. Bootleggin' was this Hiller's racket. We'd been watchin' him fer a month past. He probably tried to cross some of his underworld pals an' they slipped him the bump. They're a bad lot. However, we'll git to the bottom of the thing, all right."

The coroner himself stopped at the station on his return from the scene of the crime He intrusted to Flenger the possessions of Dopey Hiller. There was his ring, two watches—one a strap affair that had been around his wrist—cuff links, a gold knife and six hundred dollars in large bills. In addition, there was an imposing clip of keys and a black memorandum book which was half filled with notations Flenger accepted them casually.

"I was just sendin' out fer some breakfast, doctor," he said. "I can double the order as easy as not."

"Thanks, no. I'm in a hurry and have little appetite anyway. The officer out there explained that you thought you knew who the victim was. I've had the body removed to the morgue, where it will be held for autopsy. It'll be there if you want it."

"This'll do, I guess," Paddy explained. "I'll be able to get what I want from checkin' up on these. When I'm done with 'em I'll see that they get to the property clerk."

He let Dopey's possessions fall from his hand onto the oak desk. The ring rolled about the desk top as though it might have been writhing. The trinkets and the roll of money remained before Flenger as he ate his breakfast there on the desk. Now and then he regarded them quizzically and once a sardonic smile played over his features.

It was, he was sure, certain that Dopey's sacrifice had not been in vain. Baer, Dausto, and even Mitchell and Dutch Slenk, could not overlook the fate that Paddy dealt out to those who played a double game with him. He was fairly certain of their loyalty thenceforth. None knew better than they just how thoroughly he meant business!

And another thing—Swinnerton. What would this news mean to the portly alderman? How would the man take it? Flenger thought he knew. Seemed actually to visualize the politician when he got word of the

(Continued on Page 86)

Carroll Walked Close to the Tree and Played the Light Directly Over His Exhibit. Flenger Bit Hard on the Cigar. It Was Not Easy—This Business

The Power Plant — One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter

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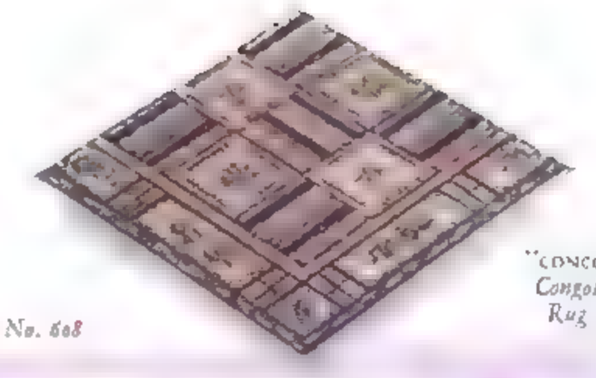

"CONCORD" Congoleum Rug 605

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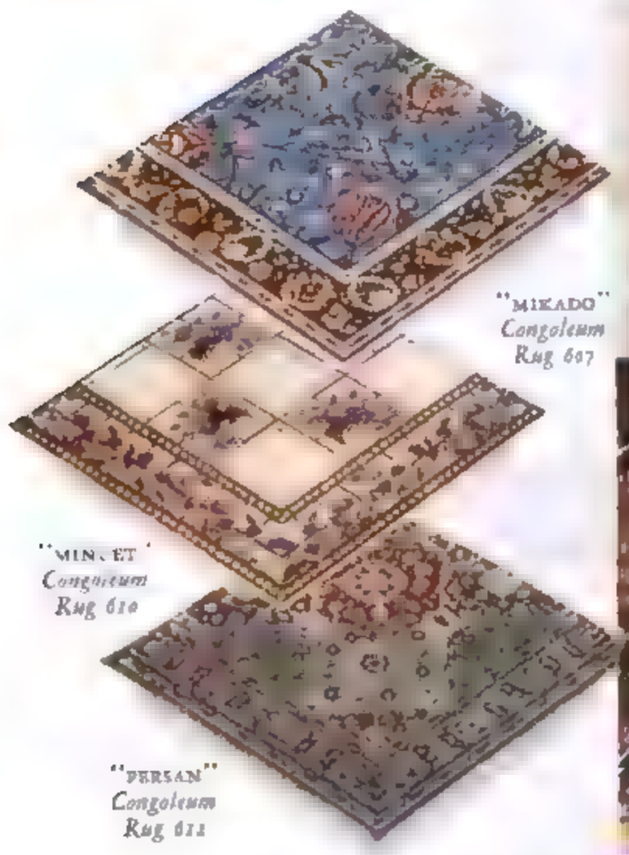

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BEHIND THE CURIO COUNTER

As Told by Mary Ann Frost to Courtney Ryley Cooper

On the Trail of the Elusive Curio

ACCORDING to those who don't know, a curio store is a place where someone stops off on an automobile trip and buys a trinket to send back home, just to show that he has been in a particular country. Perhaps the definition is correct from the standpoint of the buyer, but from that of the seller, this matter of curios takes on a highly different aspect. There it becomes a chase, a hunt and a guessing contest all in one, with riddles which forever seem to defy solution. It is the Business Nobody Knows, not even those who make fortunes in it.

All this is true in spite of the fact that the curio or souvenir craze is one of the oldest things in human history. Biblical warriors brought home souvenirs from the battlefields Ancient excursionists to Rome carried away mementos of their visits. The Crusaders lugged back caravans of reminders from the land of the Saracen, and Napoleon seemingly tried to take home most of Egypt. But to one who has stood for years behind the curio counter, there's little doubt that the eccentricity of the ancients was not one whit different from that of the average person of today who enters a curio store and buys something that has not the slightest reason for selling; meanwhile disdaining other offerings until such time as, by common consent, the entire touring world has decided that nothing but that hitherto neglected article will do. As an example, one may remember the souvenir spoon.

There was a time in souvenir history when a home was lacking in a true essential if it did not possess an array of souvenir spoons. They came from Niagara Falls, from Cedar Rapids, from places of interest and places that weren't interesting; if a person even as much as got off a train for a short walk on a long journey, it was a part of good form to buy a souvenir spoon. There were big ones, little ones, odd-shaped ones, spoons with pictures engraved in the bowls, and others with mottoes, such as: HAPPY REMINDER OF MY TRIP TO HORSESHOE FALLS.

Souvenirs From All the West

THAT was a long time ago. One doesn't see souvenir spoons any more. A serrated thing with Niagara spilling down the handle and foaming into the bowl is no longer considered good etiquette, even at a church tea. Nevertheless ——

A short time ago I happened to visit one of the biggest curio and souvenir supply stores in the world, in Denver, Colorado. In wandering about with the manager, I noticed some curious and carefully packed metal things in a storeroom and inquired about them.

"Souvenir spoon dies," the manager explained.

"And you let them take up room?" I asked. Then jokingly: "I thought you were an up-to-date manager."

"I am," came the reply. "That's just why I am keeping them. Suppose the whole United States should decide tomorrow that the thing it wanted above all else was souvenir spoons. Where would we be if those dies should be destroyed?"

The curio business is exactly like that. Dormant for years, articles leap into favor for no reason whatever: the demand for others disappears as quickly, and no one knows why. Felt pennants once decorated every den in the country, catching more dust than all the vacuum cleaners ever invented. Then they disappeared. Last summer tourists began to ask for pennants and continued to call for them until we could barely supply the demand. Why? I might as well try to answer that as to tell you why canes were as equally unpopular as pennants were in demand. A year before, about one out of every ten persons who went into Yellowstone Park decided that he or she must have a cane in case there was need to climb the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. I couldn't get canes enough, so last season I laid in a sufficient stock to take care of the demand. If anyone cares for a nice job lot of canes, I can supply them. I sold only two canes during the whole season!

Perhaps there should be some differentiation as to exactly what is meant by the curio business. I speak of it entirely in its Western application—the hundreds of stores, each with stocks running heavily into five and sometimes six figures, which abound in all Western tourist countries. Particularly is this true in the regions adjacent to the national parks, and in centers of scenic countries, such as the high Rockies of Colorado, the Indian country of the Southwest, the gold-mining regions of the Black Hills, the various centers of the Western coast. Each region, of course, holds its particular favorite stock in trade: Blankets and baskets for Indian country, Alaskan mementos for the Northwest, covered-wagon curios for the Black Hills country, serapes and Mexican work for the far Southwest. Yet there is a certain intertwining of interest in all of them. More than once, in my store in Cody, Wyoming, I have sold Mexican work to someone who forgot to buy it when he was down on the border, two thousand or more miles away, while in Santa Fé, New Mexico, persons have bought souvenirs of Buffalo Bill because they had neglected to do so when they had passed through Cody before.

One year we had a run on polar-bear skin rugs, ranging in price from four hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a polar bear in the vicinity of Wyoming. Therefore, whether the store be in Douglas, Arizona, or Missoula, Montana, the stock must be of all the West. A call may come for anything typical of life beyond the western boundary of the state of Kansas.

Psychologically the curio business has its foundation in the conqueror returning from the wars and bringing his loot with him. Especially is this true in regard to the West, and the curio business as such seems now to be an essentially Western thing. Eastern and Southern centers have their antique shops, their gift shops and their curiosity stores. But the business of supplying a traveling public with material evidence of visitation is not an outstanding occupation. It thrives, however, in the West, and for a reason.

Back in the old days the West was a land of dangers, of privations and of adventure. It was something to be conquered, and an excursion into its wildness was worth talking about when one reached civilization again. Usually the excursionists were persons of comparative wealth; it cost money to make a trip into the West forty or fifty years ago. The result was that the trophies which were brought back were of an unusual character: Fine old Indian pieces, rare saddles, martingales, pioneer rifles, skins and pelts resultant from pack-train hunting trips which often cost into the thousands of dollars. Persons chose their own curios in those days and made their own curio business. It was not arranged for them, with a selection running anywhere from practically priceless spearhead collections to a pennant.

A Wild Man From the West

BUT even then, nearly fifty years ago, that source of supply was in its beginning. The year was 1881, to be exact, and the beginning the bedazzling barroom of what was then Denver's swank hotel, the Old Windsor.

Behind that bar was a brainy, quick-thinking little man who had come from Philadelphia. He was H. H. Tammen, a name later known, more or less, throughout the entire United States, as the owner of one of the world's biggest curio houses, newspapers, a circus; an eccentric, lovable man who enjoyed nothing so much as making persons believe he was about the crudest, most hard-boiled individual in existence. Nor did everybody believe him, even when he used his wildest efforts at self-defamation.

"I'm the toughest, meanest, second-story, jury-bribing roughneck in the whole West," he said one day after he had reached the millionaire stage. He was in the office of Ogden Armour, the packer, and this was their first meeting. Armour leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Interesting," he said. "Now just what could a tough man like yourself want of me?"

"I'll tell you what I want," said Tammen. "I want that blue-ribbon six-horse team of yours for my circus."

"Very well," answered the packer. "It is yours."

Tammen all but collapsed.

"What?" he asked. "Do you mean you'll let me have that team—after that billing I just put up for myself?"

Armour grinned this time.

"Certainly," he said. "I know that anyone who is as tough as you say you are would be well equipped to give that prize team of mine every possible protection!"

(Continued on Page 103)

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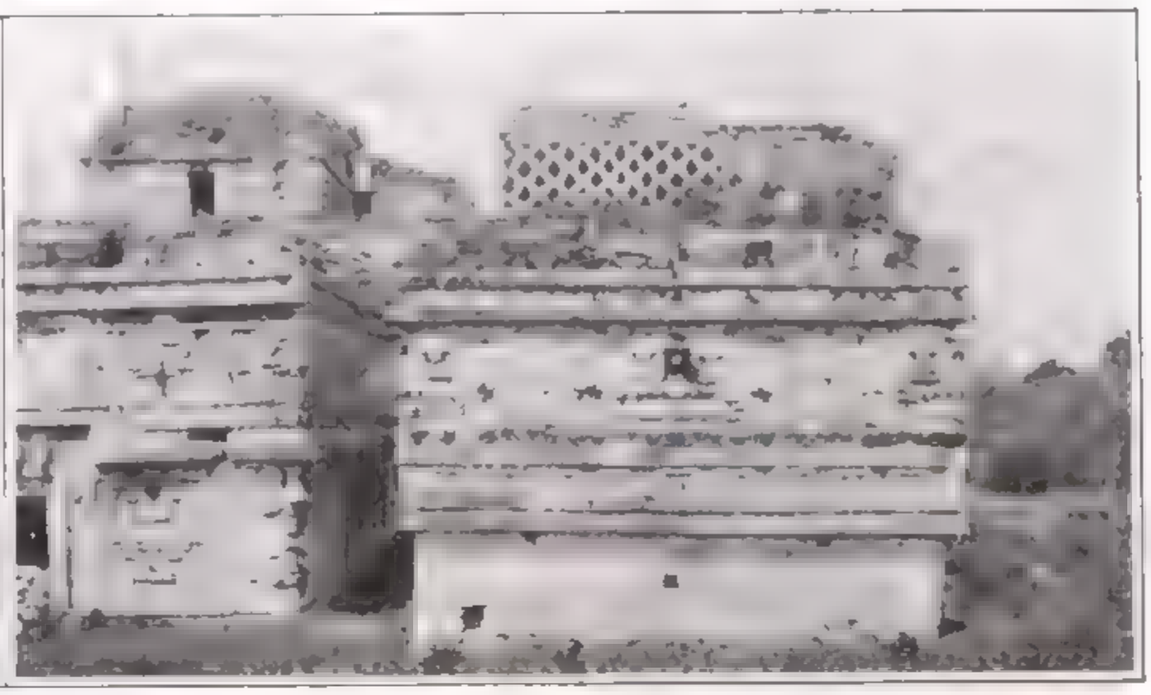

The Chapel and Part of the Nunnery at Chichen Itza, Yucatan

By GREGORY MASON

"AMERICAN archæology is founded on chewing gum," says Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, eminent anthropologist of Harvard.

Doctor Spinden refers to the fact that most of the mysterious ruined cities found in the jungle of Central America are discovered accidentally by men in search of gum. These ruins are remnants of the highest culture ever built up in America before the coming of the white man. This was the culture of the Mayas—the first syllable of this word is pronounced to rime with "buy." This civilization left scores of magnificent cities of limestone scattered through the thick bush of Central America. Annually now for several years from two to a dozen of these lost sites of ancient glory have been rediscovered for our scientists to study. And in most cases the rediscovery of these sites is due to *chicleros*, the men who collect the sap of the wild *sapote* tree. This sap, when boiled until it has hardened, is called chicle, which is the basis of chewing gum.

In other cases the temples and palaces of the "silver cities" of Yucatan and Guatemala are found by agents of other large American and British corporations than those interested in gum—that is, by men clearing the bush to plant bananas or by loggers cruising the primeval forest for mahogany. The wonderful buried past of America is literally being hewed—and chewed—out into daylight, where science may have a look at it.

Sisal Hemp Drying in the Sun

Pottery Found in Caves in British Honduras

The First Cereal Eaters

IT WAS particularly the possession of that extremely accurate calendar and of the highly developed system of chirography in which its important dates and inscriptions relating to matters unknown were cut into stone or painted on the stuccoed pages of books of wood fiber which stamped the Maya civilization as superior even to that of the Aztecs of upland Mexico or that of the Incas of Peru. Doctor Spinden has shown that this calendar took its beginnings from certain celestial events in the seventh century B.C., although it contains evidence that its makers must have had a fairly high civilization for some 2000 or 3000 years before that time. This calendar, which was being used in the sixteenth century by people whom the conquering Spaniards called "barbarians," was more accurate than the Julian calendar which all Europe was using at that time.

Other high lights in the cultural record of a people which most scientists agree was American in origin, and not an offshoot of Egypt or other Old World civilization, were the production of painting and sculpture comparing favorably with the art of Egypt, the invention of zero several centuries before it was independently invented by the Arabs, and the development of an original style of architecture characterized by the dominance of vertical rather than horizontal surfaces—an architecture whose possibilities for the crowded cities of the United States are being utilized by an increasing number of our own architects. Indeed, it is said on high authority that the principle of the set-back—which is very conspicuous in our own skyscrapers—seems to have been originated by the builders of the characteristic pyramidal temples of Middle America.

In many other ways life among the Mayas presented resemblances to life in the United States today. Economic effort was fairly evenly divided among agriculture, manufacturing and commerce. There is little doubt that if agriculture did not have an American origin—as some experts have claimed—it at least had a separate invention here in the misnamed New World. The basis of this agriculture of the First Families of America was corn, which was probably developed from a wild grass in Mexico or Central America or Peru thousands of years before Christ. Familiar as corn is to us today, we forget that it is really an American product, and was the staff of life to more than one American culture developed enough to eat cereals at a time when the inhabitants of the Holy Land were mere nomads, snatching figs from trees.

The Maya Mystery

THE Mayas made excellent pottery, and they manufactured textiles both of cotton and of sisal fiber—which our farmers use today for binder twine. These goods were traded from Yucatan and Guatemala to points at least as far south as Colombia and as far north as what are now our states of New Mexico and Arizona, where the Pueblo Indians were erecting huge apartment houses while the Normans were building cathedrals in England. This trade range compares favorably in extent with the long trade routes of the ancient peoples of Crete, Sumeria and Phenicia.

There is mystery about the abrupt downfall as well as about the obscure origin of the Maya culture. This was at its height about 600 A.D., was enjoying a renaissance some 500 years later, and was on its last legs when Columbus, Córdoba, Grijalva and Cortés appeared off the windy Caribbean coast of Central America in the early sixteenth century. Fascinated by the possibility of helping a little to solve this mystery, many a man or woman of today who is not a professional scientist is finding the Maya riddle a hobby much more engrossing than bridge, cross-word puzzles or antique furniture.

Ruined cities, agricultural terraces, causeways, tombs and other Maya remains are scattered so plentifully over Western Honduras, Guatemala, British Honduras, the states of Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, Yucatan and other southeastern parts of Mexico that one realizes that this area was once probably the most thickly settled region on the globe. However, the Spaniards found that there was more treasure to steal from the Aztecs to the north and from the Incas to the south, and soon after the conquest

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

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I have received so many fine complimentary letters and telegrams from theatre-owners who have shown "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that I feel you might enjoy reading them. I hate to brag, so I let the public and the theatres brag for me. For instance, here's one from C. M. Davie, World Theatre, Omaha:

Arthur Edmund Carew as "George Harris" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' opened to biggest lineup of years in our theatre. Picture enjoyed a marvelous reception. Congratulations to Carl Laemmle for biggest box-office attraction of the year."

Another from Bert R. Williams, Manager Munz Theatrical Enterprises, Detroit—"Greatly impressed with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Thought it the last word as silent picture, but addition of sound puts it in a class by itself. Sincere congratulations."

Lucien Littlefield as "Marks, the Lawyer" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

A third from Pantages Theatre, Memphis, Tenn. "Nearly 30,000 people saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and laughed, cried and cheered. Arranging now for return engagement."

R. J. Stinnett, Capitol Theatre, Dallas, Texas, significantly says: "Judging by the opening of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I expect to make up all summer losses with this picture which is being received with much enthusiasm."

From Bert Silver of the Silver Family Theatre, Greenville, Mich., "'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Special cast 100%. A picture without a flaw—direction wonderful—never received so many fine comments from our patrons on any picture."

Mona Ray as "Topsy" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

These are but a few of scores of splendid messages received and I am heartily in accord with the sentiments they express. What people say of you and your product is more valuable than what you say yourself. Their statements are necessarily unbiased.

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the jungle was allowed to close quietly over practically all the Maya cities which had not been already abandoned from mysterious causes when the first caravels anchored in Western coves. Liberally as such ruins are sprinkled through the bush, however, it is rare for explorers, who generally visit this region only during the few months of the dry season, to stumble on a sleeping city by such a chance as brought Doctor Spinden and me into the ruins of Okop in 1926, after another group of ruins which we had been looking for had proved mythical.

In the bush it is usually impossible to see even a large monastery more than a few feet off the trail. Therefore, if at great labor you hacked your narrow way through the jungle for ten or twenty or thirty miles over a compass route, the chances are you would find nothing very exciting to scientific curiosity. The British geologist, Leslie H. Ower, hewed a compass route sixty miles through the primeval bush of British Honduras three or four years ago, and although ruins were already known in the better-explored areas at each end of his trail, he found not even a single monument en route.

It will be seen then why the archæological explorer in Central America makes his finds chiefly through tips picked up from chicle bleeders and mahogany cutters, who are so incessantly opening new trails in search of the trees they covet that it is inevitable that they often come upon interesting ruins.

The World War did a great deal to open people's eyes to the importance of a fuller knowledge of the past. The mere fact that such a colossal calamity as that war could occur at all was a severe indictment of the civilization which was almost destroyed by it. People began studying the past of that civilization to see what had been wrongly done in the building of it. They began studying older civilizations to see if anything could be learned from them. And they were encouraged to find out, for example, that two early American peoples, the Pueblos of our Southwest and the Mayas of Central America, seem to have been very little concerned with the pomp and splendor and folly of war; and that the little-known archaic culture that preceded the glory that was Maya and the grandeur that was Inca likewise appears to have been organized on a pacific basis, as was the archaic civilization of Eastern Europe and the Near East. Professor Breasted, the distinguished Egyptologist, points out that even the Egypt of the Old Kingdom was fundamentally unwarlike.

Scientists

Those twin sciences, history and archæology, profited greatly by this new interest in the past. Explorers in quest of decaying temples and tombs containing relics of bygone splendor have found it becoming less and less difficult to get their expeditions financed. For there has grown up, particularly in the United States, a type of rich man who is more than a patron of science, who is an amateur scientist himself.

The United States has been fortunate in producing many men of means whose generous support of exploration is not a mere gesture of charity but is part of a zeal to take an active part in man's perpetual quest to find out where he has come from and what it is all about. Thus, Mr. George G. Heye, director and one of the founders of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, is a wealthy man who has done a very considerable amount of valuable field work himself. He is no mere dilettant, but a practical archæologist,

A Chiclero Climbing a Sapote Tree to Bleed it for Chewing Gum

ethnologist and collector, for whom urban civilization in the United States offers no lure which can compete with the thrill of hunting polychrome pottery in Guatemala or ferreting a bit of delicate textile from its hiding place in a Peruvian tomb. When he is in his home town of New York you will generally find him on the top floor of his museum, keeping a watchful eye on the fascinating task of bringing out the original colors of a cinerary urn from the Lower Gila, or on the miracle of reconstituting a Maya vase from a hopeless-looking pile of shards.

The late James Bishop Ford, who financed the many and important expeditions of Prof. Marshall H. Saville in Central and South America, was a great traveler himself and president of the Explorers Club, that interesting group of men with headquarters in New York City, a catalogue of whose exploits in the wilder parts of the world sounds like a sheaf of adventure fiction. Mr. Ford's good friend, the late Harmon Washington Hendricks, not only supported the well-executed excavations conducted by Mr. F. W. Hodge at the ruined pueblo of Hawikuh, New Mexico, but actually swung a pick and shovel with his own hands.

The Remnant of a Door Ornament at Tulum

Of course one of the outstanding examples of the type of wealthy man who has aided exploration by his personal efforts as well as by his purse was the late Charles Pickering Bowditch. Not only was he one of the main supporters of the Peabody Museum of Harvard but at his death Mr. Bowditch was generally recognized as a leading authority on the baffling Maya hieroglyphs, of which only about 30 per cent—and these relating mainly to mathematics and astronomy—can be read to this day. In the front rank of the younger explorers of the Maya field stands Mr. Oliver G. Ricketson, who inherited some of the Carnegie millions. Although he might divide his time between pursuing the polo ball of Meadowbrook and the smaller white globule of Monte Carlo, "Rick," as he is known from Cape Cod to Cape Gracias á Dios, prefers to delve for the contents of Maya tombs, despite the inescapable tick bites and probable malaria to be encountered in such places.

Mention of other men with similar tastes and with the means to enjoy all the luxuries of civilization if they so chose would fill a column or two. However, the case of my friend, Mr. Thomas H. Blodgett, is worth pointing out, because it is typical of the cases of many Americans, not born in the millionaire-philanthropist class, whose interest in exploration came as an accidental result of their dealing in the commercial products of that part of our western tropics which abounds in ruins. Mr. Blodgett, as president of one of the largest corporations in the world concerned with the import of chicle and the manufacture of chewing gum, caught exploration fever, ruined-city mania—in short, "the Maya bug."

Bitten by the Maya Bug

When a man catches this there is no hope for him. The victim may linger on for forty or fifty years—indeed, the disease often seems to prolong life, but it is incurable. I have known ardent baseball fans, men who were crazy about horses, men who would suddenly lose all sense of proportion if you carelessly mentioned tarpon fishing. But the enthusiasm of those who follow such hobbies is tepid compared to the blazing monomania which develops in a victim of the "Maya bug."

When he heard the reports of such finds as pillared temples and a circular stone astronomical observatory which his agents helped Doctor Spinden and me discover, Mr. Blodgett seized the excuse of a desire to make a survey of the chicle situation to go to Central America and traverse the heart of the Maya country by mule and canoe. Of course this only made the fever mount. So, a year ago he generously aided me in organizing my last expedition and enlisted the help of two other "chicle magnates," as the Mexican newspapers called them, Mr. Bartlett Arkell and Mr. Sheldon S. Yates. At the eleventh hour a cruel disappointment overtook Mr. Blodgett when pressure of business forced him to abandon his design to enter the bush with us. However, Mr. Yates, a veteran of the jungle, shared with us the tick bites, alternate soakings and sunburnings, and other tribulations of the field, and

(Continued on Page 40)

DODGE BROTHERS

ANNOUNCE

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A SHAVING CREAM BY

SQUIBB

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(Continued from Page 38)

it was his keen eye that sighted a steep, tree-clad knoll which proved to be the chief temple of the ruins of Ixil, a religious center of Northern Yucatan which probably was flourishing in the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ. One reason for this deduction is that Ixil—pronounced "Eesheel"—is connected by a remarkable stone road four to ten feet high, fifty feet wide and some twenty miles long, with the great city of Coba, in which Carnegie Institution scientists have deciphered dates corresponding to dates within the fourth and fifth centuries of our era by Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley's correlation.

The Maya fever is very contagious. Many of the white residents of Central America exhibit its ravages in the form of a violent partisanship for this or that explorer. I discovered the site of Uculha—Drinking Water—on Cozumel Island, thanks to the favoritism which one of Mr. Arkell's agents, Mr. Moysey Adams, happened to entertain for me. When other explorers were in this neighborhood before me, he deliberately avoided alluding to his knowledge of the whereabouts of this objective of ancient pilgrims, thus saving the discovery of this site for me. Similar information has been held out for explorers representing the Carnegie Institution by Mr. P. W. Shufeldt of Belize, and for the Field Museum of Chicago by Mr. S. C. Williams, who is bossing a mahogany project in Southwestern British Honduras for a big American lumber company. Unfortunate indeed is the explorer who cannot count upon the aid of at least one or two local angels.

Human nature being what it is, explorers themselves tend to develop favoritisms and cliques. A former agent of a large European museum who cannot follow up the clew himself has recently given me an inkling as to the location of a walled city, an unusual type of Maya settlement; for, as has been seen already, the Mayas were not a belligerent people, and evidences of even defensive works are rare in the territory of the sacred serpent. Rumors as to the whereabouts of another large collection of temples and shrines also have recently been put down in my notebook, this thanks to the generosity of Mr. Frans Blom, of Tulane University. Mr. Blom, who is perhaps the ablest explorer among the younger scientists engaged in opening up the wonders of the territory with which this article deals, was prevented by sickness in his party from visiting this medieval American religious center in the course of the expedition from which he has lately returned.

Bargains in City Sites

Frequently information leading to the discovery of ruins is not given away but sold. Doctor Morley used to have a standing advertisement in the chicle camps of "*veinte cinco pesos para un ciudad real*"—twenty-five pesos for a royal city. More than once he paid the reward, which proved a good investment. Two years ago I paid a peso—fifty cents—apiece for temples which a *chiclero* named Agapito Katzim showed me on the east coast of Yucatan. In all, he led Spinden and me to eighteen religious buildings which had been part of the nucleus of a town that had divided its energies between worship of maritime deities and the pursuit of sea-borne commerce. Katzim would have unveiled more ruins, which he said lay behind the thick screen of the bush at this site, which we named Xkaret—pronounced Shkaret, and meaning "Little Harbor"—but a sudden shift in the wind forced us to beat a retreat to our schooner and weigh anchor. Katzim has died, but if you will go to Xkaret it is near Cozumel Island you may find his successor or his son, and discover more temples for fifty cents a temple.

The most interesting site which my last expedition discovered was found through purchased information. The mere outline of this transaction would almost serve as plot for a story of adventure. Through the kindness of Mr. John Ross, of El Cayo, British Honduras, I heard of an old *chiclero*, who was said to know the location of a cave filled with interesting pottery. This *chiclero* proved to be a very taciturn man of some English blood, by name, Alfred August. When hunting deer in the pine ridge country south of Cayo, upwards of thirty years ago, he had come upon an aged Indian who had just been bitten by a very poisonous snake of a kind known locally as a "tommy goff." Now, August is what bushmen call a "snake doctor." He applied his bush remedies and the old Indian recovered. In gratitude the aborigine offered to show August a wonderful cave in the mahogany forest which adjoins this piece of pine ridge on the west. August returned to a rendezvous with the native hunter when the latter had thoroughly recovered. Together they went to this cave, "which opens through a slit in the side of a hill and has many, many rooms, filled with pots—pots everywhere," as August told me.

The Oldest Way and the Best

Although explorers have to be constantly on guard against exaggerations and downright will-o'-the-wisp leads, August's tale sounded convincing to me. He declared that he had told no one else of the cave, until recently mentioning it to Mr. Ross. He was such a taciturn old man that this statement seemed almost credible. Furthermore, although he had never revisited the cave, he thought he could find it, for a consideration. After we had bargained a while over Scotch and ginger in a back room of Cayo's flea-infested hotel, August agreed that he would go and look for the cave and, if successful in finding it, would take me to it for forty dollars. The next morning he rode away on his mule. Three days later he returned, with the curt statement, "Found her."

The cave turned out to be all that August had promised, and more. While we were encamped near its mouth we cast about through the bush and found two others. The second held little of interest except bats, which Oliver L. Austin, Jr., collected and skinned for Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, but the original cave and the third one yielded many ancient artifacts, including jadeite ear plugs and pendants, and several unrecorded variations of old American pottery.

Central America is one field where exploration must still be conducted in the old-fashioned way. My decision not to take a radio outfit on my last expedition was amply justified when the chief of a tribe noted for a tendency to be hostile to white men, said he would not let us pass through his territory unless convinced that we had no wireless magic hidden about our persons. Only a few weeks before our visit, this same potentate, chief of the Tulum Indians, made things very unpleasant for the surveyor employed by a chicle company, because the man had been seen taking star sights.

"We don't want you white men moving our stars around," grumbled the venerable old savage, explaining this matter to me. If the use of radio is often impracticable, the use of the airplane is always so. It has frequently been asked if ruined cities could not be discovered from the air. The answer is an emphatic "No." On his Middle American trip, Lindbergh flew over territory known to be packed with stone vestiges of ancient occupation, but he did not see them. Remember that every building is covered with trees and bushes and grass. Often even the explorer afoot or a-mule is at first puzzled as to whether a knoll before him is a natural mound or a temple half buried by living and dead vegetation. From above, such knolls would be less conspicuous, and it would be impossible for the flyer to distinguish between artificial hills and natural ones. Even if by great luck he caught a glimpse of a limestone wall, dulled from original snow white to dead-wood gray by centuries of weather, what could he do about it? Unless a lake chanced to be near, he could not alight. He could only throw out some sort of marker, make hasty observations, and hope that with these aids the spot could be reached later by men traveling in the usual terrestrial mode. With landing places scarce as drug stores in the Sahara, with Indians ever inclined to take pot shots at him, the birdman above the Central American bush is out of luck. He had best fly quickly, and fairly high—as Lindbergh did.

The mule remains the best "ship of the bush." To get an adequate supply of these annoying but invaluable beasts is the first concern of every expeditionary leader. Here, again, the help or indifference of organized private corporations may mean success or failure to the business of exploration. Most of the mules in this region are owned by mahogany and chicle companies, especially the latter. There is no use going exploring until the sap of the *sapote* tree begins to run slower with the slackening rains, even if you should be such a fool as to want to encounter the worst trails in the world at their muddiest. Fortunately, *chicleros'* mules are becoming idle just when trails are becoming dry—fortunately for the explorer, I mean. How the *chiclero* gets his gum-laden *muladas* through the bush is often a sheer miracle.

A Central American mule is not the big, sleek, proud beast known in the United States Army. In size he is about halfway between this majestic animal and an ordinary Mexican burro. That is, he is a wizened runt, unkempt and covered with sores to boot. His disposition is atrocious, his bad habits ineradicable. He will not stop while his fellows are moving, he will not remain standing for you to mount him when other mules have begun to go ahead. If the trail happens to widen and you wish to speak to a companion, dynamite will not make your mule walk abreast of another. Yet the arrivals at such wider places are regarded by every pack mule as proper occasions for turning and hastening rearward. If you do manage to spur and whip your saddle mule out of a walk, his motion will be mostly up and down. Yet once a year—when you least expect it—he will endanger your very life by bursting into a mad gallop through the menacingly low branches of trees across the trail. Personally I regard the superiority in endurance and sure-footedness which the mule is alleged to enjoy over the horse as much exaggerated. But I am in a minority. Anyhow, the horse is a rarity, the mule is everywhere. Try to see his good points.

A Large Part of the Budget

Mules may be hired at from one to three dollars a day, according to the demand and supply, local custom, weather, proximity of saints' days and other matters. Muleteers cost about the same, plus their food, and you need one *arriero* to every six or seven of the animals with four legs. Two hundred pounds is about the limit load for a mule, one hundred and fifty works better, and on very bad trails with long *jornadas*—daily journeys—one hundred is enough. Twenty miles a day is a fair *jornada*.

Generally it is cheaper to buy mules, even if the sale, when you are finished with them, is made at a great sacrifice. Few explorers are as astute or as lucky as Frans Blom, who bought mules in January, 1928, for forty dollars apiece and sold them in August at $42.50. This purchase price was lower than it would be in many localities, and transportation is likely to be the largest single item in the explorer's budget, especially if he hires mules, as he has to do when dividing up his work with roundabout trips by river or sea from one remote region to another.

The food problem is easy for the man who is willing to subsist on the native staples, beans, rice and *tortillas*—thin cakes of corn flour, purchasable at most Indian settlements. Yet sometimes game is surprisingly difficult to get, and the explorer

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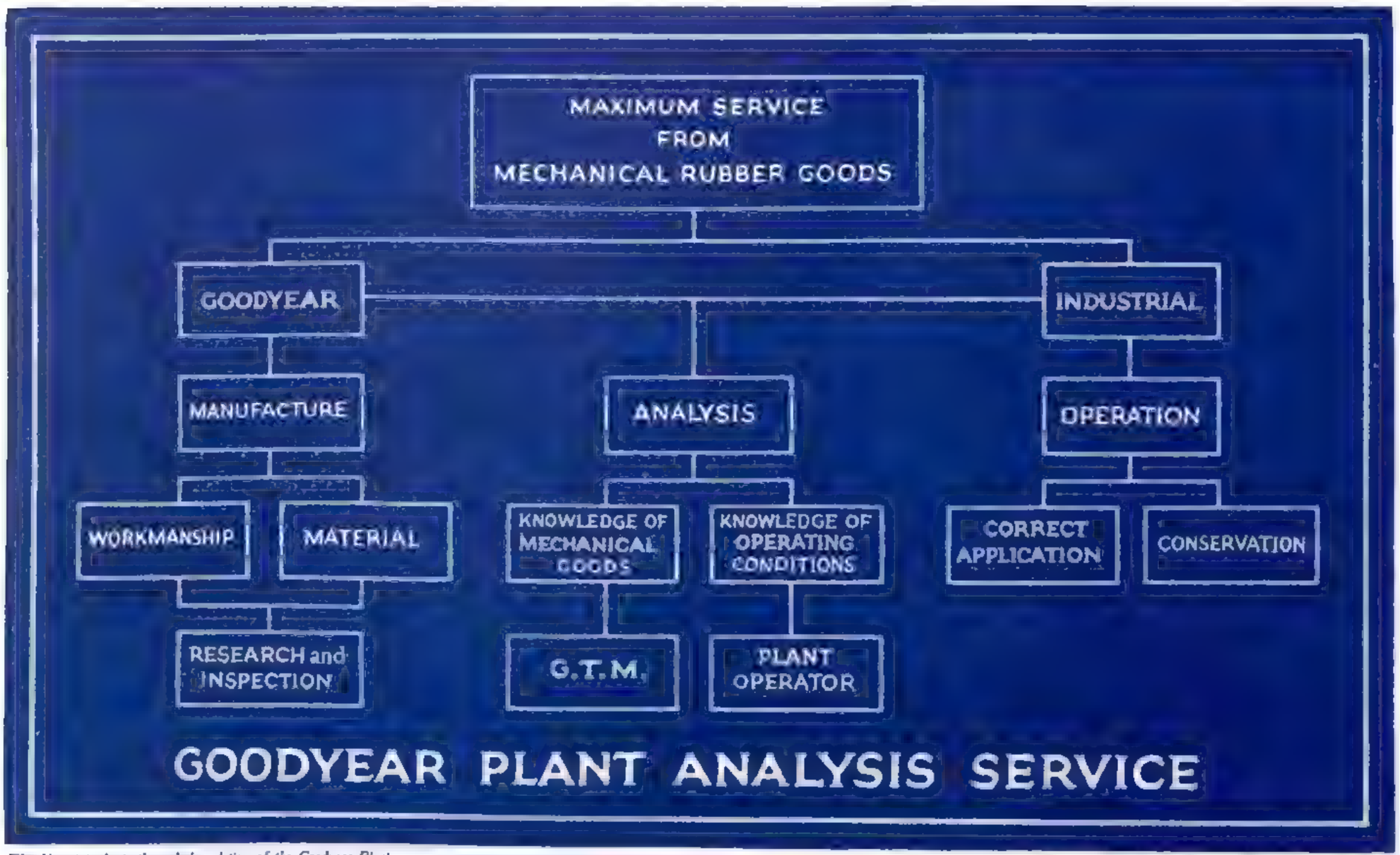

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PLYMOUTH

(Continued from Page 40)

who is sickening of beans and rice boiled in one mess may wish he had brought his wife along to supervise the household economy.

Curiously enough, in dealing with that most important matter, the selection of personnel, the leader of an expedition soon to leave the States for the bush, is apt to receive as many applications from women as he receives from men. Nowadays, the female of the species is as adventurous as the male. Yet, in the field she would be under disadvantages too obvious to need enumeration.

In weighing applications for membership in an expedition the wise leader gives more attention to one qualification than to all others combined, for the lack of it in a single member of the party may mean disaster, and even death for all. This qualification is a combination of courage, patience, good nature, generosity and calm nerves; the man who has it becomes known in the field as a "good sport." No matter how high may be the technical record of your applicant in his particular specialty, shun him as you would a yellow-fever mosquito unless you are convinced that he has this fundamental human qualification. It means not only that he will be brave and cool in a tight place but that he will prove the sort who will smile at sore feet, at an empty stomach, at the maddening agony of insect bites; the sort who will not prove to be the rotter who always seeks for himself the driest seat in the canoe, the best saddle mule in the *mulada*.

The search for ruined cities may be a fascinating hobby for the amateur. But it is best accomplished by the attention to efficiency in every detail which marks the conduct of a successful business. In this sense it is a business, albeit one which seldom yields financial profits. The bank account of the average explorer looks like a commuter's afternoon bridge winnings.

The game is its own reward. That reward is ample if you are one who would exchange the rattle of the town for the peace of the big woods, one to whom keen appetite means more than burnished silver and fine napery. But think twice before you go. For most men who have felt the thrill that comes when a splendid ancient city emerges from the bush under eager axes and machetes, simply have to go back.

ALL IN A DAY'S DICTATION

(Continued from Page 23)

Young Mr. Connolly nodded soberly. Then he leaned across the table. "But he can't do it," he declared earnestly. "I just can't let him. Don't you see, Pat? It means more to me than just this piece of business. I spent just two days figuring out what I would say to Clawson in fifty-five minutes. And I thought straight because I sold him. Don't you see what a terrible kick in the slats it would give me at the kick-off if, just because a man has influence and—and——"

"I know," said Miss Kane softly, "and it mustn't happen. It just mustn't."

And the earnestness of her words took nothing away from the competence of her manner.

III

AT 9:30 on the following morning Mr. Morris Bloom, president, the Bloom Company, Insurance in All its Branches, held up a letter in a hand that trembled with emotion—emotion which was also reflected in the purple which suffused his salmon face and in the convulsive movement, in and out, of his big, black cigar.

"Miss Kane," he said in a voice of ominous calm, "maybe you have seen this letter?"

"What letter, Mr. Bloom?"

"This letter where," as his eyes traveled over it again, Mr. Bloom's voice took on a higher note, "it says that we had this Clawson business stolen from us by a snake in the grass that was fed by my own hand."

"I saw a letter from Mr. Clawson saying that he decided to give Mr.— Mr. Connolly his business for next year in order to help him to a start."

Mr. Bloom sat down heavily. He nodded slowly. "Eggsactly," he assented sarcastically. "You read it like a book. Plainer, even. What a fine joke it is on Morris Bloom, hey? Funnier even than a moving picture where the man gets hit, y'understand, in the face with a custard pie. If I was a proud man I would show that young man"—Mr. Bloom's voice still rose—'what happens sometimes to a good joke."

"But of course, not being a proud man, you won't," said Miss Kane quickly.

"Eggsactly," assented her employer. "Lucky for that young man that I always liked him—him with his tongue hung in the middle. Believe me, he will thank me because, instead of going after him the way I ought to, y'understand, I'm only going to teach him a little lesson about business. That—that it ain't just goin' out an' painting your name on a door, y'understand. When he finds out that things don't fall so easy just because you shake the tree hard, maybe he will thank me for the lesson I'm goin' to teach him."

Mr. Bloom's secretary spoke in a small voice: "What are you going to do, Mr. Bloom?"

Mr. Bloom settled his cigar firmly in the corner of his mouth. "First," he stated, "I am going to write a letter. Take it down, please: 'Dear Mr. Clawson: This morning I got your letter of the other day, an' believe me, I am sorry to think that you should let anybody get you to help them play such a dirty trick. About the business, I don't care. I should worry if a dozen accounts better than yours was stolen. But the principle of the thing is something else again. We have always tried to do the right thing by you and if you think it is all right that we should receive a dirty trick like this, it is all right with me. Very truly yours.' Write it right away, please."

When Miss Kane returned with the typed letter, Mr. Bloom accepted it silently. It read:

My dear Mr. Clawson: We regret to learn, from your letter of yesterday, that you have decided to become a client of Mr. Connolly's instead of continuing with us.

That, of course, is your privilege and we bow to it as gracefully as possible under the circumstances. You can readily understand, however, that we regard the loss of the Clawson account as a tribute to Mr. Connolly's salesmanship rather than a reflection on our agency, believing that you would not countenance, knowingly, the effort of any former employe to undermine our business. Sincerely yours,

Nodding grimly, Mr. Bloom signed the letter with his customary widespreading signature.

"Now then, Miss Kane," he announced resolutely, "we go on to the rest of this young man's lesson. He should do his crowing today, because in a coupla days, anyway, he won't be so proud about himself. Get me Hurlman on the wire, please."

IV

ON TUESDAY afternoon Assistant Building Inspector Wallace called upon Mr. Wilson Clawson, of Clawson Theaters, Inc.

He deposited his one hundred and forty pounds of angularity in Mr. Clawson's easiest chair and accepted, very gravely, as befitted an important city official, the cigar which that gentleman extended with a smile.

"A nice day, Mr. Wallace."

Mr. Wallace nodded solemnly. It was a nice day, he admitted, and gave promise of so continuing. Apparently, from his tone, Mr. Wallace was an authority on impending weather conditions as well as the building code of his fair city. He lit the newly acquired cigar and saw to it, gravely, that the ring of fire was evenly distributed. Then he took a long black notebook from his inner pocket and considered one of its inner pages weightily.

"Mr. Clawson," he said finally, "your company is the owner of the Apollo Theater, situated at the corner of East Seventeenth Street and Superior Avenue, is it not?"

Mr. Clawson admitted ownership on behalf of his company with a nod.

"Just so." Mr. Wallace cleared his throat impressively. "Exactly. Well, I am sorry to say that we find that the fire escape on the south wall of the building is violating"—Mr. Wallace's eyes dived back into his notebook—"Section Four-A of Part Two of the code pertaining to the metropolitan area."

"Well, if it is, it has been violating the code for five years—ever since it was built," Mr. Clawson told him dryly.

"I am referring to the amended code, now in force for less than a year," said Mr. Wallace portentously.

Mr. Clawson lit a pipe. "What is the violation, exactly?" he inquired.

"The fire escape on the south wall of the Apollo Theater extends out over the sidewalk"—once more Mr. Wallace dived back into his record of facts—"exactly two feet, seven inches."

Like many small men, Mr. Clawson was highly excitable. He stood up and pointed his pipe at the municipal representative as the full force of the situation struck him. "We can't do anything about that—the south wall is right up to the sidewalk now—unless we took the fire escape down entirely."

"That, of course, would be quite impossible," said Mr. Wallace coldly.

Mr. Clawson sat down very suddenly. "You mean," he demanded, "that in order to bring that fire escape within the code we will have to move that entire wall back nearly three feet? Do you know what that would cost us? I don't mean just the tearing out and rebuilding, but in loss of revenue?"

"I am only concerned with the law," said Mr. Wallace firmly.

"A hundred thousand dollars," said Mr. Clawson slowly. He repeated the amount with elocution: "A—hundred -thousand dollars."

"The law is the law, Mr. Clawson."

Mr. Clawson jumped up again, and his pipe was extended in rigid defiance. "I won't do it!" he shouted. "I'll fight you through every court in the land! I——"

Mr. Wallace was icy. "My only duty is to serve you with a notice of violation."

"Serve it, then!" shouted the irate president. "Serve it and be damned to you!"

"The notice," pursued Mr. Wallace with infinite dignity, "will come to you in the course of a few days by registered mail. This is merely an informal notice. Good day."

Ten minutes later the legal representative of Clawson Theaters, Inc., was listening to the story of Assistant Building Inspector Wallace's visit over the telephone.

"This is something we'll have to get to Hurlman on," he said at the conclusion of the tale of municipal care. "But hold on! There is an easier way than that. Don't we take out all our insurance through Morris Bloom?"

"We did," his client informed him, "up to this week. I just made a change. A young fellow from Bloom's office went into business for himself. I gave him the business to give him a start. A fine young chap. I——"

"Write Bloom a letter right away and tell him you have reconsidered," the legal representative cut in. And then, with a touch of impatience: "I wish you wouldn't make changes involving—er—things of policy without letting me know. This situation need never to have arisen. Of course your letter will settle the matter, but——"

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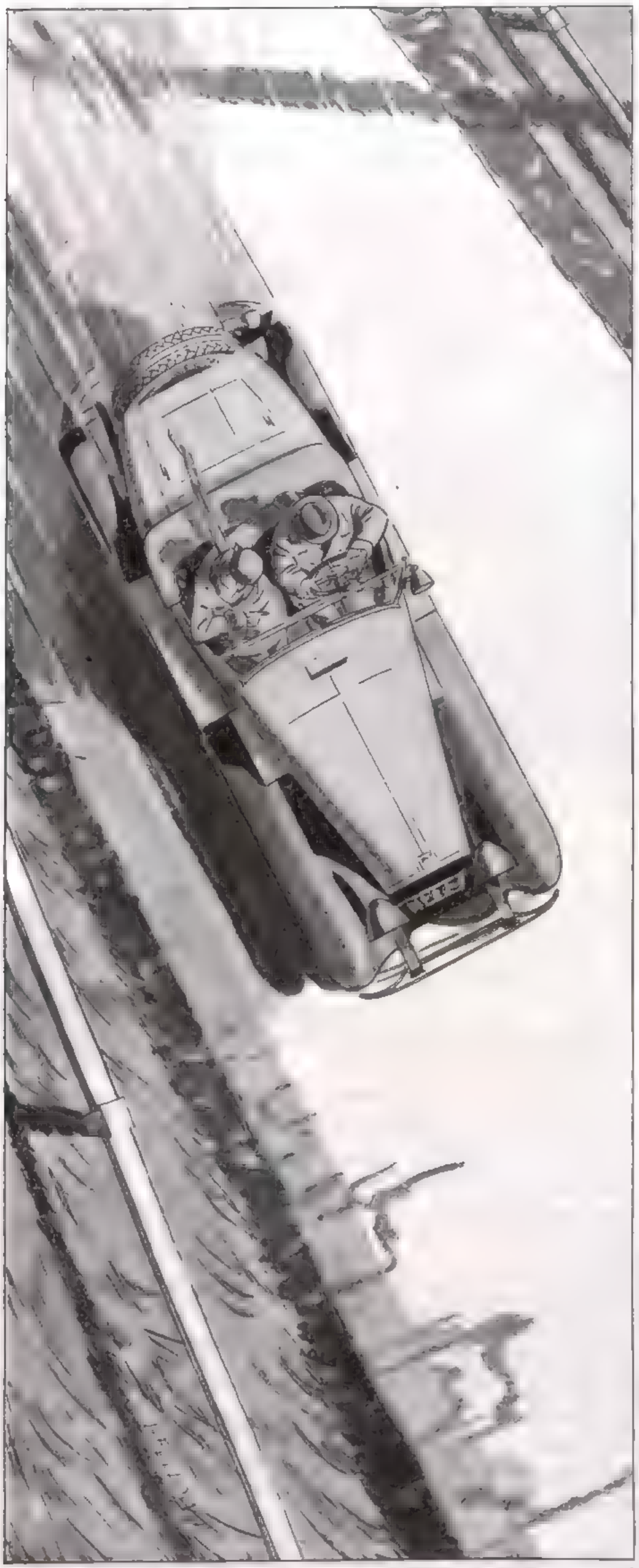

"Better slow down, George; you're doing close to sixty, and there are some mean looking ditches along here. If one of your tires should blow—!"

"I guess you're right, Harriet; I'll ease her down. But don't worry about tires—mine are all Kelly-Springfields."

"But it won't be written!" shouted his client into the receiver. "I won't be blackmailed! I said that when you suggested Bloom last year. This young fellow I'm giving the business to needs the confidence my business will put into him. I was young once myself and I know. I ——"

"You could afford to give him a check for twenty-five thousand dollars," the receiver informed Mr. Clawson coldly, "and still come out a mere seventy-five thousand ahead."

"That isn't what he needs, Hemphill. He needs the confidence in his own ability to sell ——"

"You write that letter, as I advised you."

"We can go to court! We can ——"

"We can have the Apollo closed up, too, while we spend a year or two getting up to the Supreme Court."

"I tell you, Hemphill, it makes me feel like a dirty dog after the way I ——"

But Mr. Hemphill was a busy man. "See you Friday," he cut in. "Good-by. Forget the gonfalon. Remember the stockholders."

And remembering the stockholders, Mr. Clawson rang for his stenographer.

V

MISS PATRICIA KANE sat at her desk and awaited two calls which she knew were coming. One competent white hand was closed firmly about her collection of pencils, the other held her notebook resolutely.

The telephone at her side jangled abruptly.

"Hello."

"Pat? This is Jack. He did it. I just got a letter from Clawson. A nice letter, but I lose the business."

"I know," said Miss Kane briefly. "I've just taken a letter from him to Mr. Bloom."

"It—it is tough." The tone was far from robust, and Miss Kane tightened her lips at the break in the words. "It—it isn't so much just losing the commission. I—I ——"

"I know." Miss Kane's lips crept closer to the black rubber of the mouthpiece; for a moment they seemed almost to caress it. "I know," they repeated softly. "But don't give up the ship. We said we couldn't afford to lose this business, and we won't. We've just lost the first skirmish, dear. Sit tight and wait. I can't talk any more. Mr. Bloom is buzzing for me. I'll call you as soon as I finish with him. I—I—I hope I'll have something to report."

Mr. Bloom was standing before his desk, a letter in his hand and a smile of frank, almost boyish triumph on his heavy face.

"What did I tell you, Miss Kane?" was his boisterous greeting. "Did I tell you, or did I not, that in a few days this fellow Connolly wouldn't be so proud of himself, eh? Here is the letter from Clawson Theayters. I suppose you read it already."

Miss Kane placed her pencils carefully on the desk and then opened her notebook and arranged it conveniently to hand.

"Yes, Mr. Bloom, I did."

"He says here," chortled Mr. Bloom, "that he acted without thinking, y' understand, about how we might feel about it. Believe me, Miss Kane, he don't get the point of why I am doing this a-tall. I want to be a friend to this fella Connolly, too, because I liked him—I do like him—and to take his nose out of the air, y' understand, is a favor that many a young man should have that gets so proud he ain't good enough for my office any more."

Miss Kane sat down and took up a pencil without replying.

Mr. Bloom, still adorning his triumph with sundry little noises of the throat, sat down also.

"Take this letter to Clawson," he commanded. "'Dear Mr. Clawson: Let me assure you positively that it was a pleasure to get your letter an' find out that being fair, y' understand, in business ain't all dead yet. If a young fella like Connolly should have to lose out for a little while, it should do him good in the long run, believe me, because it will help him to find out that being in business ain't just painting your name on the door. You an' me know that, Mr. Clawson. We know that because we learned by bitter experience that in business a stuck-up nose don't get you anywhere. I should also want to say that we appreciate your favored business very much an' that with us, y' understand, a customer is more than a customer. He is a friend, an' we treat him like one. Very truly yours.' Write that down right away, Miss Kane, an' bring it in."

Ten minutes later the president of the Bloom Company, Insurance in All its Branches, found his secretary standing quietly at his desk, a neatly typed letter in her hand.

"Here is the Clawson letter, Mr. Bloom," she said calmly.

"In a minit I should read it an' sign it," said her employer graciously. "Wait."

Then he began to read. The words jumped up in his startled face.

Dear Mr. Clawson: Let me assure you positively that it was a pleasure to get your letter an' find out that being fair, y' understand, in business ain't all dead yet. If a young fella like Connolly should have to lose out for a little while, it should do him good in the long run, believe me, because it will help him to find out that being in business ain't just painting your name on the door.

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Very truly yours.

Mr. Bloom raised his head very slowly from his reading. For well over a minute he regarded his secretary with eyes that gave no hint of the thought behind their steady stare.

"What—what does this mean, Miss Kane?"

If Miss Kane's fingers twitched nervously, her eyes remained calm and competent.

"I don't understand, Mr. Bloom."

"Thi—this letter. It ——"

"It is just as you dictated it, Mr. Bloom. Here are my notes. You may ——"

Mr. Bloom winced. Just for a moment his voice lost its steadiness. "I don't want to see your notes!" he roared. Then, very

(Continued on Page 46)

The Island of Oahu, Hawaii

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Before ball bearings became the accepted answer to problems of reducing friction; the story of transportation and industry was one of excessive wear—overheating—low speeds and waste of power—short machinery life—high upkeep expense. Ball Bearings follow the natural law—*that nothing rolls like a ball.* For nothing is more friction free or nothing is stronger, mass for mass.

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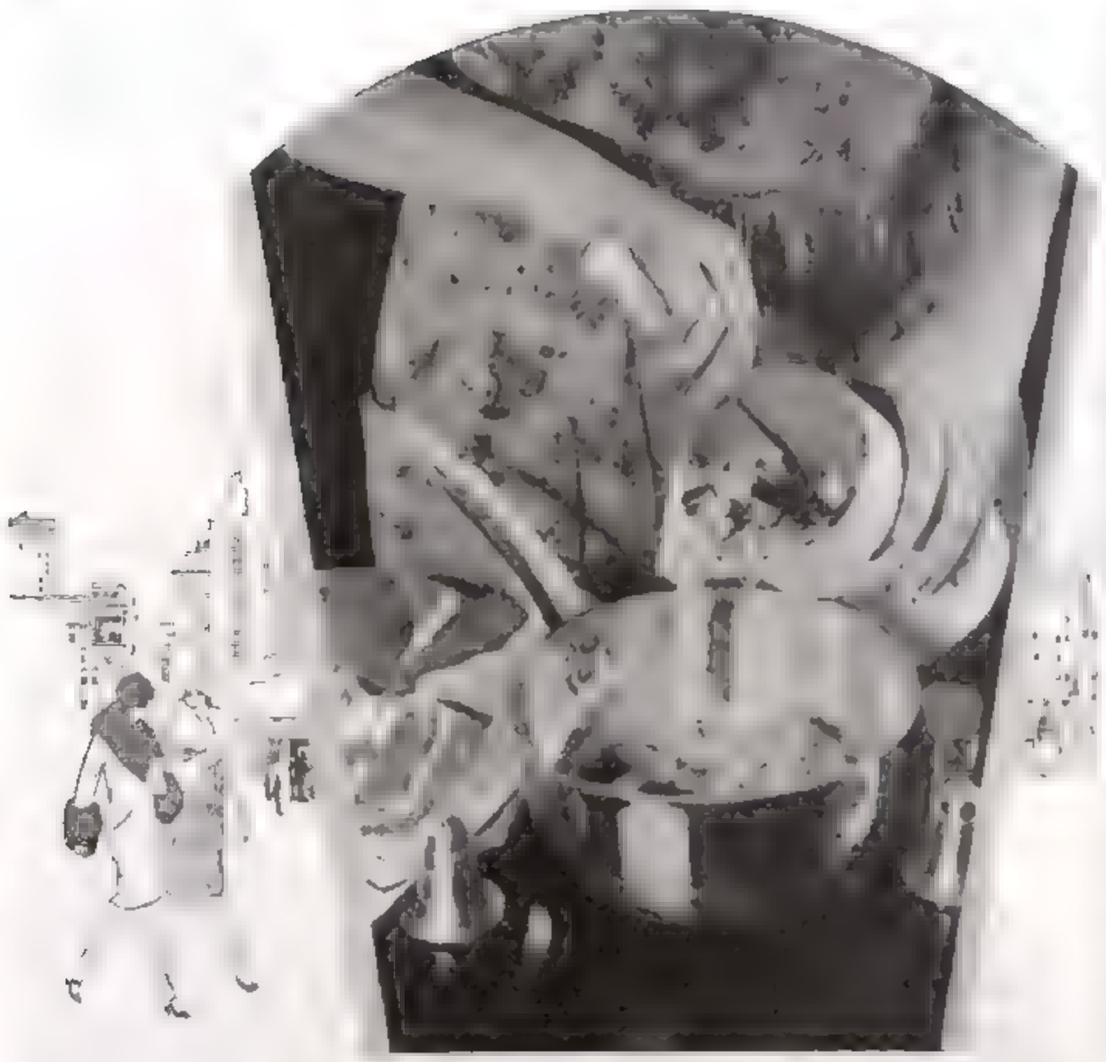

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SEALRIGHT

Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 44)

suddenly, he sank back in his chair. His secretary gathered up her pencils and sat calmly waiting.

Presently Mr. Bloom arose and walked to the window. The cold light seemed to drain his bulk. The girl at the desk suddenly felt very sorry for him. She half arose, and then his voice stopped her. Not the words, but the tone. Then she saw he was smiling.

"Lissen," Mr. Bloom commanded, "on another thought I guess we won't send out that letter to Clawson. Instead, you should first take a letter to Mr. John Connolly: 'Dear Mr. Connolly: In a few minutes I should write a letter to Mr. Clawson saying that as far as I am concerned you should have his business. And furthermore, I should add that I should congratulate you on account of my secretary Miss Kane. She is a wonderful, fine little girl an' you should be very happy ——' What's the matter, Miss Kane? You look surprised I should dictate like that. You are blushing ——"

"Why, I—I—we aren't really. That—that is, we haven't said a word to anyone about —— How did you know, Mr. Bloom, that Jack and I were ——"

Mr. Bloom grinned. It was as if something had suddenly reestablished itself within his ample bosom.

"Oh, I guess we all got our little weaknesses, eh, Miss Kane?" he said.

THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD GAL YET, AL

(Continued from Page 7)

And the following is the reason I gave you:

"Now, Al, if you will send 'em this letter you will look like you are sacrificing yourself, and in '32 they will nominate you by radio; they can't help it, and you will have a united Party. A half-wit knew you all couldent win in '24. Well, it's the same this year; you couldent put on a revival of Thomas Jefferson and get away with it.

"Even if they don't run Coolidge, they will let it be known that his same Cabinet will be retained. It's that Cabinet you can't beat, Al. But they can't stay in there for ever, and Prohibition, at the present rate of enforcement, will be much more of an Issue than it is this time. Let 'em nominate a Dry Democrat. Naturally he will be defeated, not because he is a dry but because he is a Democrat. Then, that will make your policy twice as strong four years from now. Al, don't let those New Yorkers kid you—this country is dry. Listen: If you think this Country ain't wet, you watch 'em drink; and If you think this Country ain't Dry, you watch 'em vote. When they vote, it's counted; but when they drink, it ain't. If you could register the Voter's breath instead of his ballot, it would be different. Besides, you got no Platform, you got no Issue, you can't ask people to throw somebody out just because somebody else wants in. You meet too many Democratic Leaders—that's what's the matter with the Party—these same Leaders not knowing any more about Public Opinion than they do. That's why they are Democratic Leaders."

Not Enough Votes Per Voter

"Then, you New Yorkers get a wrong prospectus of things. The outsider don't care nothing about New York, and if you think Tammany Hall is an asset, you just run and try to carry them with you, and you will find you have been overhandicapped. Now it ain't that you ain't strong, Al; you are strong—you are the strongest thing the Democrats have had in years. No Democrat could come near you—But it's not a Democrat that you meet in the finals; It's a Republican. Everybody is always asking, 'What's the matter with the Democratic Party?' There ain't nothing wrong with it; it's a Dandy old Party. The only thing wrong with it is the law killed it. It won't let a man vote but once, and there just ain't enough voters at one vote each to get it anywhere. You can't lick this Prosperity thing; even the fellow that hasent got any is all excited over the idea. You Politicians have got to look further ahead; you always got a Putter in your hands, when you ought to have a Driver. Now, Al, I am trying to tell you how to be President, Not how to be a Candidate."

But it's all over, and you made a great race—about six million votes better than anyone else in your Party could have done. And you give the Republicans the Durndest scare they had in years. You Had Mr. Hughes running around speaking every night, and any time anything can keep him up after nine o'clock it is a triple threat. And you got nothing to ever feel downhearted over.

Come and Bring Your Friends

Now, Al, I like you Democrats; you are sorter my kind of people, but I am just sick and tired seeing the whole thing mismanaged. So I have decided to take it over and see what we can salvage out of it. But you all got to take my advice from now on. If I see fit not to start an Entry in '32, why we won't start any. I am tired seeing good men killed off for nothing; I am tired seeing one Party that is not One Bit better than the other, Just Continually outsmart us. Those Guys can be beat, but Not with Jeffersonian and Jacksonian speeches. If a national question comes up, there is no sensible reason why we shouldent be on the Popular side, instead of the Right side all the time. Leave our old Political Leaders in the Senate, where they can't do anybody any good or harm, but hide 'em when a Campaign is on; they been making the same speeches since they was weaned. There is absolutely millions of people in this country who are not even half pleased with the way these Republicans run things, but they prefer 'em to the Democrats' old-fashioned ideas. Now, taken out from under the influence of a lot of these old Mossbacks, you are a pretty progressive fellow, Al, and with you and this fellow Roosevelt as a kind of neclus, I think we can, with a lot of help from some Progressive young Democratic governors and senators and congressmen, why, we can make this thing into a Party, instead of a Memory. Get Raskob back on those Chervolets again. He may know what Wall Street is going to do, but none of those Guys have got a vote. We don't need a Financier; we need a Magician. And let Norris and Blaine and the rest of them go back to where they come from—whereever that was. That is one of the strictest rules I will have in the future: "Don't let anybody join us unless he is bringing somebody with him."

Now, I will see you around New York during the winter—unless you run onto something. I will write you more about my plans soon. They are all practical; they are not New, but they are new to the Democrats. With four years to work on, we may land Coolidge. Things won't look so rosy when he has to look at them from the outside.

Well, I must close, Al. Good luck to you and all the Smith tribe. Met your Daughter the other night at a dinner over at Mrs. Chas. Dana Gibson's. Now, Al, while you ain't doing nothing will you do me a favor and work on that pronunciation of "Radio."

Yours,
WILL.

P. S.: Al, I am going to run this thing like Mussolini—that's what these Democrats need. I will even give 'em Castor oil.

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A MESSAGE FOR YOU—
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NAMED on this orange ribbon, are the world's favorite makes of cars. Take your pick of these cars and raise the hood. You'll find each spark plug marked with an AC.

The men who designed and built these cars had just one reason for selecting AC's—*they are better spark plugs.*

Why not take the collective judgment of men so well qualified to judge? Can you think of any better way of selecting spark plugs?

The AC Spark Plugs of today are designed and built for today's engines. They are the choice of more than 200 manufacturers for standard equipment.

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THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 21)

But the results this time were different. They were destined to prove of ominous importance to the career of the young highbrow who was not interested in big business. Strange things had been happening politically in China, and during the past twenty-four hours intimations of the effect had come by cable to Mr. Monteagle's private car when they stopped at Sacramento.

When the great man and his party boarded the ferryboat one of the welcoming committee took him apart and they engaged in earnest and confidential conversation all the way across the bay, instead of looking at the Golden Gate. This gentleman proved to be H. L. Jones, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Monteagle's, who was to act as his host during a few days' interval while waiting for the date of sailing on the Taiyo Maru. Mr. Jones was a great man, too—one of the greatest in the country, as everybody seemed to know except Harrison.

The whole party started that afternoon on a promised visit to the Jones place at Pebble Beach, and Harrison now learned of an important change in Mr. Monteagle's plans. Doctor Duke was to spend the week-end with the others and then return to San Francisco and join his staff on the steamer. Mr. Monteagle, however, would be obliged to wait over for news of further developments in the Orient. But it happened that there were not enough staterooms or comfort on the later steamer for a party of the size and importance of this one.

"Why not take the Aloya?" said Mr. Jones. "I can get her stocked up in a couple of days. As it happens, she's right down there at Pebble Beach, lying in Stillwater Cove. So you can start without a moment's delay, as soon as this complication is cleared up." He assured Mr. Monteagle and also Miss Monteagle that the Aloya was a very comfortable little boat and had made the voyage to the Orient before, so she would know her way over.

Harrison had often observed that those who own yachts like to speak of them as boats. It is more modest. This little boat proved to be two or three hundred feet over all, and had engines something like those of modern battleships. However, since modern battleships and ocean liners are much larger, it was probably all right to refer to her as a little boat.

Well, that was the way it was decided; and as Harrison was apparently a member of Mr. Monteagle's staff instead of Duke's staff, it seemed that he, too, was going to cross the Pacific on Mr. Jones' Aloya.

"Too bad that your god is going to desert you," Evelyn remarked, "but you will join him in heaven. We'll reach Peking in plenty of time to get out to the Gobi."

"Oh, I can bear up," said Harrison. "In fact, I'm getting so in the habit of traveling on private cars and yachts that I don't think I could stand a mere ordinary ocean liner now. On the whole, I like them even better than box cars or hitch-hiking."

He was impressed with the ease and casualness with which the Monteagles and Joneses of this great land of ours met such contingencies as the present one. If you have to change your sailing dates, throw away your reservations, no matter how many or how expensive they may be. If you cannot get suitable accommodations on the next steamer, don't let that worry you—take a yacht—take mine.

All the same, he was disappointed that Duke was not to be with them, and the girl saw it. "Oh, well, it might be worse. I'm glad he's not going with Doctor Duke, at least." She was becoming philosophic—as much so as a girl in love can.

The Joneses' house at Pebble Beach was as big as a country club and was just as Spanish as it could be. More so than any house in Spain. Mrs. Jones called it a plain old Barcelona farmhouse. It had many big bare rooms, cold and white, terribly uncomfortable and correct. Even the rich must make sacrifices for art. A great many of them were doing so all over the beautiful countryside. Most of the places were Spanish. The architects said so, and that gave the owners a pleasing glow to compensate for the cold rooms.

At any rate, the hospitality was warm and worthy of the best tradition of the South and West. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were of Southern extraction and their families were old, not only in the West but in the South. Their grandfathers had arrived in California with the gold rush. They really proved to be awfully nice people—always a surprising discovery to provincial young Easterners who haven't traveled much except with other Easterners.

Doctor Duke enjoyed his week-end thoroughly—he always enjoyed everything thoroughly. And he made some important discoveries in the Jones wine cellar. He had played some very bad golf with Harrison, who was equally bad, on what they both agreed was the most beautiful golf course in the world, situated between the mountains and the sea. He was leaving now for San Francisco because he had a couple of hard days' work ahead of him there before sailing.

But he had a memorable talk with his young protégé when they parted. He had asked Harrison to come to his room. He was packing his things. He never let valets do his packing. He said they never did it right—he could never find things. He was a crank on packing—the result of living so much in camps, traveling in canoes and caravans.

The great scientist waited until he had shut his traveling bag and locked it. Then he lighted his gurgling pipe and delivered this valedictory: "Damn you, kid, I thought you were an observant young man! You don't seem to see anything."

Harrison was accustomed to Duke's scientific phraseology by this time, and so he did not even smile at it.

"What have I done this time?" he asked.

"Nothing—that's the trouble. What do you think you're here for anyway? Why were you taken on the car? Why are you going over on the yacht with the family? You make me sick. The old man has no son, and he likes you. He likes you a lot. He respects your courage and independence. He agrees with me that you have a career ahead of you. But unless I am mistaken, he is not going to stand much more of your shilly-shallying. Why don't you marry the girl and be done with it? Are you waiting for him to ask you to—or for her?"

Harrison was amazed by the suddenness of this attack and shocked by the bad taste of it. "You don't know what you're talking about." He felt the blood rushing into his cheeks.

Doctor Duke laughed and made the electric-light fixtures tremble. "The hell I don't! Everybody knows but yourself, and you'd guess it if it weren't for what your generation is always talking about but never understands—that inferiority complex of yours. Our great legal light, the judge, is on to it. He told me so. Even the mulatto stewards on the car were wise. Everybody approves of it, too, except that turnip-faced English lady's maid. She, of course, wants her mistress to marry a title. Well, maybe she will, at that, if you don't do your duty."

Harrison was still more astounded—too astounded to reply. It wasn't necessary. Doctor Duke never had any inhibitions. He went on talking.

"How do you expect to succeed otherwise? You'll never make a successful beggar like me. Why, there's no limit to what you can do with all that money back of you! The old man is keen on our game now. You were the one that woke his interest. I thought I did, until this trip across the continent opened my eyes. Financing this

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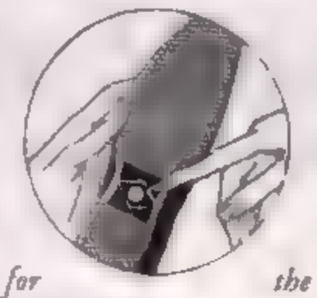

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WORK SHOES · WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS

expedition of mine is only a drop in the bucket to what he wants to do. He's been talking to me about establishing a foundation for explorations. Marry the girl, I tell you, and the world is yours. You owe it to the cause, if you don't want to go through with it for any other reason. Lord, I shouldn't think you'd find it a disagreeable duty! She's a darling. She's the loveliest girl alive. If I were twenty years younger I'd go after her myself—except for the fact that she adores you."

This was too much. The red-faced young scientist had to speak, for her sake if not his own: "Doctor Duke, it doesn't happen to be any of your business, but I think I ought to tell you"—Harrison interrupted himself with an embarrassed laugh—"I did ask her to marry me once and she turned me down."

"Once? Yes, the judge told me about your being engaged to her once, and her breaking it, but why did she insist upon your coming on this trip? You're a fine lover! Don't you know anything about women at all?"

That is always insulting to any man, no matter how young or scientific he may be. "I happen to know a great deal about this one. And —— Well, we're good friends and interested in the same things, but she just doesn't care for me that way. I know what I'm talking about and you don't."

Doctor Duke only laughed at him. "You don't know a thing. Scared out by one refusal! I didn't think you were a coward."

Harrison didn't want anyone to think he was a coward. "Well, if you must know," he said, "there is no girl I admire more, but I don't happen to be in love with her either."

"Love? What's that? Nothing but the biological urge with a little smear of sentimentality over it. You're a biologist—you ought to know. You're a man, too, aren't you? Or are you? You want a woman. Why not take a nice one?"

"Oh, shut up!" Harrison said, and turned away. He hated Duke when he talked about women.

Again the great scientist laughed. "Oh, don't go away mad, kid. I only said that to prove my point, and that proved it. You are what they call in love with the girl, all right, only you don't know it because you are afraid."

XXVIII

HARRISON made up his mind to see the old man at once. He did not like the way Duke talked, but he was always impressed by what the great scientist said.

According to the newspapers, the mighty Monteagle was having a pleasant rest in the country with the eminent Mr. Jones, in the latter's luxurious place on the Seventeen-Mile Drive near Monterey, preliminary to sailing to the Orient to settle the financial destiny of nations. But he was more busy than ever now, with conferences and cables, by reason of the disquieting news from China. Thus far he had had no chance even for a set of tennis on the only grass courts in that part of the United States.

But the persistent young scientist kept after him until finally, as in the case of the strange conference with Doctor Duke, he went to the great man's room just before dinner to make an appointment. Harrison was already dressed. Mr. Monteagle seemed preoccupied and was dressing rapidly.

"All right," he said, "if it's so important tell me about it now."

Mr. Monteagle was in his underclothes and was brushing his hair. It seemed queer to see his patron in underclothes and regrettable to behold an incipient paunch. Harrison modestly looked out of the window at the rolling waves of the Pacific. He never suspected this of Mr. Monteagle. The banker-diplomat had kept it hidden, like his true attitude toward Harrison.

"I must make him keep up his tennis," thought Harrison, feeling concerned and responsible.

"You'll find the cigarettes on the table, Harrison. . . . Now shoot."

"It's about Evelyn," said the young scientist. "That's important." This could not be denied, but Mr. Monteagle kept on brushing his hair. "She's much more attractive to me than she used to be, Mr. Monteagle. In fact, I consider her the finest girl I ever met."

Eve's father picked up the shirt which had been laid out on the bed. "Very kind of you to say so."

"And I don't mean merely because she's been beautified, either." Harrison looked critically at his cigarette. "She's got some sense now. We've become very congenial, Mr. Monteagle. She can speak my language. To be sure, she speaks it with a slight taint of the leisure-class accent. I notice in her talk with these people here, she still seems to think it's rather a joke to take palæontology, for example, as seriously as polo. But she'll get over that. She is learning rapidly."

"Very encouraging, I'm sure," said Mr. Monteagle, picking out a collar. "Go on."

Harrison did not go on. He stopped and looked up reproachfully. "Oh, see here, Mr. Monteagle," he said with an engaging smile, "it really isn't necessary to be sarcastic with me all the time. I'm not trying to be fresh with you—merely frank. Of course you have reached the heights and I am still down at the bottom, but I'm going to get there. I've got it in me. Doctor Duke says so. You believe that yourself, or else you wouldn't be giving me this chance to go out to the Gobi. But merely because I'm a beginner is no reason why I shouldn't recognize a sort of equality between us, is it?"

"Decidedly not," said Mr. Monteagle, buttoning his collar with some difficulty. "I like it." He did too. It was lonely on the heights. So few people treated him like a human being up there. They treated him like a god, and men always become tired of being a god. "Go on," he said. "I'm much interested."

But Harrison still felt the note of amusement in the great man's manner and resented it. "Simply because I'm small and insignificant-looking oughtn't to count with you. You're too big and real to be influenced by ordinary standards."

"You're paying me a great many compliments this evening, Harrison. What does it all mean? Where does Evelyn come in on all this?"

As usual, the banker wanted to drive straight to the point. But he couldn't drive the young highbrow. "Well, then," said Harrison, "pay me the compliment of talking seriously for a change. You used to, before I went down to the Southwest. I don't enjoy being laughed at. After all, I'm not hired to be your jester, but your instructor. I like you better when you treat me with respect. I treat you with respect."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Monteagle, selecting a cravat. "After this talk I promise to treat you with the respect that you deserve. You were saying?"

"Well, it's simply this way: You once did me the honor to intimate that you could stand me as a son-in-law. I take it that you were sincere in that—or was it another of my fool mistakes?"

Mr. Monteagle was tying his cravat now. "Well, what of it?" he asked. He wasn't accustomed to quite so much frankness as this, and yet he was still liking it. He hoped that he could keep on doing so.

"Well, if you approved of me when I was an opinionated young ass and didn't appreciate you or anything else in the real world, I should think you would approve of me more now that I have matured and have had some sense knocked into me and am about to make my name in the scientific world."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Monteagle, patting the ends of his tie into shape. "Go on."

"Now this trip to the Gobi is the dream of my life. I shall probably never have another chance like it. But I don't propose to accept it from you on false pretense. I'm not going to marry your daughter."

(Continued on Page 52)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

The dearest two in the world!

SHE smiled up at you—with your son in her arms! Remember how you nearly wrung the doctor's hand off trying to thank him for bringing these precious two safe out of the shadows of a timeless night?

Medical Science has not yet completely dispelled all danger in child-bearing—perhaps it never will. But around the motherhood of today it has built a powerful protecting fortress of scientific equipment, of asepsis, of anesthesia, of obstetrical skill, of pre-natal and post-natal care.

To provide this modern protection, workers in Medical Science have had to wage an almost incredible struggle against human ignorance, indifference, and prejudice.

The battle against indifference and dogmatism

Less than a century ago, for example, child-bed fever was considered a mysterious "accident" or "act of Providence."

"But it is no accident, this menace that carries off thousands of mothers," said Semmelweiss, a young Hungarian physician, to a skeptical and scoffing world in 1847. "It is an *infection*—and I can tell you how to prevent it!"

Semmelweiss died broken-hearted, crazed by ignorant criticism and opposition—yet not before he had demonstrated the effectiveness of his method. Working in a Vienna maternity ward he was able in a single year to reduce the child-bed fever loss from one in ten to one in a hundred.

Slowly the doctrine of preventable infection gained ground. In America Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—poet, essayist, physician—championed it against violent prejudice. In England, Joseph Lister pursued epoch-making investigations into similar *antiseptic* (germ-killing) methods of controlling infection.

The brilliant discoveries of these and other devoted workers led finally to modern *asepsis*—surgical cleanliness—nowhere of greater value than in the protection it offers to women in childbirth.

Parke, Davis & Company know of no greater responsibility, no greater opportunity to serve humanity, than is offered by the privilege of preparing the medicines required in modern obstetrical practice.

Every needed resource of a vast organization, every measure of precaution known to science is used in our laboratories in making, in testing, and in safeguarding the purity of the Parke-Davis medicines relied upon by physicians in helping to bring new lives into the world.

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs: and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color and so *pure* that it is practically odorless. It is also free from harmful fats, and is so highly refined that it leaves no unpleasant after-taste. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

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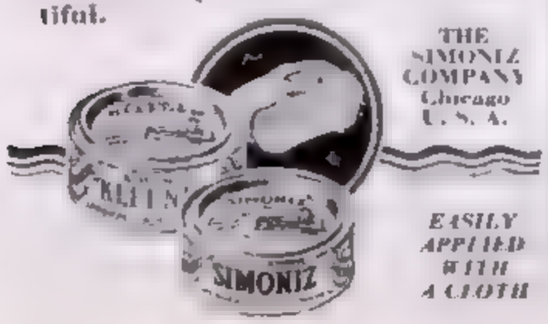
". . . I KNOW SIMONIZ! Every car really should be Simonized before driven very far. As doorman I have watched all makes of cars come and go. Over a period of time the Simonized cars, even after years of driving in all kinds of weather, still look bright and beautiful."

Simoniz makes all finishes more durable, keeps colors from fading and, too, gives immediate protection every car needs to guard the finish against exposure to the ravaging destructive effects of dust, dirt, traffic fumes and all kinds of weather.

Anyone can Simoniz a car. It is easy to get wonderful results with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener.

When finishes are dulled and discolored, Simoniz Kleener quickly removes all grime, scum, blemishes, and restores the luster. Then Simoniz provides a beautiful lasting surface of weather-proof protection.

Insist on Simoniz for your car, and it will always look new and beautiful.



THE SIMONIZ COMPANY Chicago U. S. A.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 50)

Mr. Monteagle's long experience at hiding his hand was very useful at this juncture. He kept on fussing with his tie a moment, and then decided to laugh.

Never, in all his many and varied diplomatic encounters, had the banker dealt with great financiers or statesmen whose moves it was so difficult to anticipate as this mere lad's. He always kept one guessing—because he always said the least expected thing, namely, the truth.

"Well, well, well!" said the banker, subconsciously surprised by his features in the mirror while laughing. "So you think I'm taking you out there with us in the hopes of your marrying Evelyn, do you? Well, of all things!"

"I don't know. That's what I came to find out," said Harrison, with the manner of a scientific investigator searching for truth at its source. "But I thought you ought to understand the situation before too late. You've been so decent to me, Mr. Monteagle. It seemed only fair to you."

"Well, well, well!" Mr. Monteagle repeated as he picked up his dinner coat. "It's awfully kind of you to give me fair warning. So you thought I wanted you to marry my daughter, did you?"

"Yes. I don't see why you should, but you did, didn't you?"

"Well, of all things!" While waiting for something better to say we often repeat what we have already said. "You're the cheekiest, most conceited young man I've ever met."

Harrison thought over this charge for a moment in unblinking silence. Then he shook his head. "I don't believe so," he said finally. "In fact, they tell me that I have an inferiority complex. I never feel it when I'm with you, somehow. You always make me believe in myself. But if you think that my working out there with Eve—the power of propinquity, as your generation calls it—is going to cause a change in our feelings, I ought to warn you that you're mistaken. Falling in love in our case is quite out of the question."

Mr. Monteagle was about to pick up his watch from the dressing table. He stopped abruptly and turned toward the young searcher for truth.

"Oh, so Evelyn feels the same way about it, does she?"

"We agree perfectly in the matter," said Harrison.

"I see. Has she one of these inferiority complexes too?"

Harrison laughed. "Oh, no—far from it. Why should she? She has everything. Beauty, brains, wealth, charm, distinction. Naturally she can never care for me, and as I don't happen to be of the romantic type myself —— Well, that's all there is to it."

"I see," said Mr. Monteagle. "That's all there is to it. Would you say that Evelyn was of the romantic type?"

"Not in the least. That sort of thing doesn't seem to go with our generation."

"Is that so? Well, isn't that interesting? Evelyn knows how you feel about it, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, we've talked it all over. We talk about everything."

"Yes, I suppose you do." He had heard some of their talk. He did not always fancy it.

"Mr. Monteagle, we believe in the truth. We're not afraid of it."

"It must be great to love and understand the truth. Gives you such a sense of peace and superiority, I suppose."

"At any rate we have no illusions about this sex business. What your generation called love is nothing but the biological urge with a little smear of sentimentality over it. We're honest about it at any rate."

Again Mr. Monteagle said "I see," and he added, "It must be a great comfort to Eve to know that you can't fall in love with her."

"Precisely. If I had fallen in love with her, as you call it, she wouldn't have allowed me to come along."

"Why not?"

Harrison's serious scientific expression modulated into the attractive young grin which the older man liked. "Mr. Monteagle, could you imagine a girl like Eve falling for a man like me?"

Mr. Monteagle put his pocketbook in his coat, his change in his trousers pocket, his cigarette case in his waistcoat and looked at his watch.

"Still, even the best of 'em like to be admired," he said, "and like to be told so. It's been known to happen."

"Mr. Monteagle, your daughter is not a flirt," said Harrison. He said it almost reprovingly. "She may have been once, but she has changed. She's a different girl now. Science did it. You've noticed the change yourself."

Mr. Monteagle had noticed the change. "Perhaps we had better go down," he said. "Well, Harrison," he added as he opened the door for him, "if it's any comfort to you to know it, I don't want you to marry Eve at all."

"Good!" said the boy. "Now I can accept this trip with a free mind and you'll never regret it."

So, having fixed everything up pleasantly and honestly, he felt happy and relieved for the first time since his talk with the great scientist.

"What did I tell you?" he said to himself. "I knew that Duke was talking through his hat."

XXIX

THERE was a big dinner that evening in honor of Mr. Monteagle and his party. As the guest of honor, he was placed upon Mrs. Jones' right, Evelyn on the host's left. Harrison was halfway between, next to an internationally famous flapper of whom he had never heard. He admired her brown arms and neck and was willing to tell her so, but she did not seem to care for him.

An important cable in code was handed to Mr. Monteagle on the way in to dinner. It was so important that he asked his hostess' permission to glance over it. It was a long one, and he was not familiar enough with the code book to decipher much of it, but he gathered that the Far Eastern situation was grave. He would have to summon Tomlinson to have the message completely deciphered. Maybe the thing meant another revolution for China. At any rate it meant working late for Mr. Monteagle.

And yet, such is the perversity of human nature, or the persistence of human affections, that the great international banker's attention kept wandering down to the other end of the table, where his adorable daughter was smiling with animated interest at what Jones was telling her. And from there his keen glance darted to the scornful young scientist who looked bored by his bleary-eyed flapper. The old man's thoughts were not centered on the peace and prosperity of four hundred and forty million Chinese, nor even upon the profit which might accrue to the American and foreign banking groups he so ably represented.

They were centered upon Harrison and ran something like this:

"So he thinks he's not romantic, eh? Well, we'll have to see about that. Wonder how a little jealousy would work? . . . No, my child's not that sort. Glad she isn't. To be sure, they still play that game sometimes, but they're not so much given to it as in my day. It's true that they're a more honest lot. Besides, it might only serve to frighten the boy away. Maybe she knows that. How would a little parental rage do for a change?

"Things have been coming too easily for this young man. I'm afraid I haven't paid enough attention to this affair. I've got to take an active hand in it now. As soon as I get time I must bring this matter to a head, get it settled and checked off, one way or the other. I like the boy and I'm willing to buy him for Eve, if she really wants him, but she mustn't want him unless he wants her.

"There! If he had only looked at her then! Why doesn't he look at her? He ought to be shaken and spanked. Can't fall in love, eh? That's what *he* says. It's up to me to find out. To be sure, human nature has changed more than anything else on this planet since life began as primordial ooze, but it doesn't change that much in one generation, even though they do think it's the only generation that ever faced the truth. This postwar brood who think they are making the world safe for sexuality—they're so naïve and amusing to us, and don't know it. . . . Maybe a little dose of separation would be beneficial. Well, we'll see. I'm not crazy about marrying her off, but my girl's got to be happy—she's got to be happy."

Meanwhile Mr. Monteagle seemed to be listening, entranced, to a faded female on his right who was trying to impress him with her social importance in Paris, and as far as she knew, was succeeding admirably. He loved to seem impressed. It did him no harm and women so much good.

While the rest of the guests were playing bridge after dinner, for fear they'd have to talk, the host and the guest of honor were closeted in the library with the judge, the Oriental expert and the rest of Mr. Monteagle's staff. They stayed there most of the night. It looked like war in China.

In the morning Mr. Monteagle took a turn on the terrace with his daughter after breakfast. There was the usual fog from the sea. Eve saw that something was on his mind and wanted to amuse him.

"This is worse than the Maine coast," she said. "Doesn't the sun ever shine in sunny California?"

He smiled, but was not amused. "Well, Eve," he said, "I'll not be able to go out to the desert at all. I'll have to stay in Peking and work. I've got to put this thing through somehow."

The girl was more than distressed—she was alarmed. Hal was working too hard. There was a limit to what even he could stand. She had counted upon his joining the expedition, upon getting him far away from civilization, out of communication with the business world. It would be the only way to give him a real rest, a complete change of interests.

"I hate to go without you, Hal." She patted his arm and looked into his careworn face.

He took her hand and fondled it. (She's awfully nice to me.) . . . "My dear, I'm afraid you can't go either." He shook his head and smiled. "Of course it's absurd, but it wouldn't do—a young unmarried woman alone with all those men—not in the Orient. In my position, I can't afford to ignore their old-fashioned prejudices. Too much is at stake."

This was appalling. She tried a few arguments. Her job, her duty—she was needed, she said.

"You've done the important part of your work already. The rest of it will be carrying out the plans you helped organize. You stay in Peking with me. We can have a lot of fun together there. In fact, these experts tell me you'll have to help me. The social side means everything in dealing with foreign embassies, and you play that game so well when you try."

A servant informed Mr. Monteagle that he was wanted on the long-distance.

Harrison appeared, dressed in flannels. "How can people live in such houses?" he said, with the comforting contempt of the impoverished for the affluent.

"They don't. They merely visit them now and then." The Joneses had six or eight houses in various parts of the world.

"Well, I can't stand this one! Let's capitalize their California climate by walking instead of always talking about it."

She was eager to go but would not let him see it. "Oh, my dear, it isn't done. Legs are for display only. It's vulgar to walk with them."

"Yours are good for both purposes. Change your slippers and come on."

They walked under gnarled cypresses and through the golf links and down a cliff to the strand. A beautiful, scimitar-shaped

(Continued on Page 55)

AGAIN IN 1929 . . . the new year finds Industry not only resolved but prepared, with the Timken Plan, to stop Waste.

Friction is replaced with anti-friction; premature wear, with long life; more power is turned into production and profit. Such a program assumes national proportions and economic importance.

Already, in modern Industry, Transportation, Agriculture and Mining, Timken Bearings are at work on this gigantic plan to conserve time, machinery and money —and Timken looms larger each year.

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

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WOULD you believe the inside of a shoe could be smooth as a dress glove? Let your hand be the judge. Let it explore the *inside* of a Smith Smart Shoe.

The telltale fingertip will reveal in Smith Smart Shoes details of perfection like these: vamp linings which are seamless, leather-lining-edges that are shaved to tissue-thinness, the base of the tongue feather-edged where it joins the vamp, not a rough or unkindly stitch anywhere.

The foot walks in comfort that walks in Smith Smart Shoes, because Smith shoecraft considers even these little things of big importance. This has been so for three generations, which is why Smith Smart Shoes today are perhaps five-dollars-worth-more than most other shoes that you buy for anything like the same money.

TEN DOLLARS

Some Styles to Thirteen Dollars

No style smarter than this customized oxford, aristocratically English . . . No. 206, Tan Calf; No. 406, Black Calf

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of

Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 52)

bay, with rocky headlands at either end. Hard white sand—good for walking.

The fog became ashamed of itself and disappeared. Gorgeous sunshine now, despite the misnamed Pacific Ocean. Blue water, white sand, brown hills and the sound and smell of the sea.

He saw that something was troubling her. There was a time when he would have said, "What the devil is the matter with you today?" He couldn't talk to her so now. It bothered him to see her worried. But he could not even tell her that. He merely wondered.

"God did a very good job out here," he said. That was kind of the Eastern scientist.

"Yes. Too bad man has messed it up."

They walked up through Carmel.

"What sort of place is this?" Harrison asked.

"An artists' colony."

"I see—an attempt to be content with poverty."

"Pebble Beach is an attempt to be content with wealth."

"Neither's successful. Both are self-conscious and each despises the other. Very amusing."

These two young people, it seems, were not so tolerant of human nature as of its Creator.

"Look at those shops," said Harrison, laughing. "We must be quaint. We simply will be quaint. If anyone kindly tells us how to be quainter, we'll do it, by gosh! Let's walk out to that spooky place they were telling us about at dinner."

They walked on out toward Point Lobos. "We must be back in time for that picnic. They are going to Corral de Tierra."

Point Lobos was as advertised. Grandiose rocky cliffs, tortured trees, caverns and canyons. The spray on the rocks below was fine. There was an ominous feeling under the branches of the ancient cypresses. There were shadowy intimations of mysteries here, inanimate memories of demoniac history, mythological occurrences that had left no myths.

"Let's sit down and rest," she said. "Give me a cigarette." Then she made the announcement. "Harrison, father can't go to the Gobi. The political situation will keep him in Peking, fussing with foreign diplomats and the native government." That was all she cared to say about it.

Harrison looked out to sea—in the direction of China. She was watching him. "Well," he said, flicking his freshly lighted cigarette over the cliff, "there goes my job. If your father can't go, then I can't."

She knew that to him it was tragedy, but he was taking it like a good sportsman.

"Neither can I," she said.

He turned and looked at her. Apparently he had not been thinking about her. Apparently he never did.

"And I'll have to stay in Peking with father." She explained why. A young unmarried woman. "Father can't offend their local prejudices. He's such a conspicuous public character."

Harrison had relapsed into silence, still looking out to sea. She wondered what he was thinking about. He had apparently forgotten her presence.

"Eve," he said, still without looking at her, "are you really keen to go in for scientific exploration as a life work, or is it merely a passing fancy? How much do you want to go out to the Gobi?"

"Just as much as you do," she answered, annoyed.

"I doubt it, but I am going to give you a chance to prove it. Are you willing to do something you don't like? Will you make a real sacrifice? You've never in your life done anything you didn't want to do."

She resented it. "I'll make quite as many sacrifices for science as you will."

"This is serious," he said, with a scowl which neatly camouflaged his excitement. "There is only one way you can get out there now, and that is as my wife. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to marry me."

She looked at him to see whether he meant it. He was still gazing out to sea. She gave the benefit of the doubt to jocularity and began to laugh.

"What an entrancing idea!" she said. "You always were an original fellow."

Oh, so she was going to take it that way, was she? He joined in the laughter. "Not at all. It's often done. Now you take, for instance, our parents. They got married."

She also picked up the old note of banter recently abandoned. "True—too true. But not, as I understand it, in quite this way or for any such reason."

"I admit it. Few girls have ever had such a worthy reason for marriage."

She stopped laughing and began poking the ground with the walking stick she had borrowed from Mrs. Jones. "You don't want to marry me in the least. You know you don't."

"For that matter, you don't want to marry me. But you want to go to the Gobi. Well, so do I. United we stand, divided we fall."

She looked up at him, then down again. "I see." She had learned to say that with something of her father's manner.

"Well, Eve, what do you say?"

She said nothing for a while. (She's not laughing at me, anyway.) With her cane she was scratching a design in the dust. She had herself in hand now. "Well, my dear, I appreciate your beautiful scientific spirit of self-sacrifice, but do you think I ought to take advantage of your generosity? It would be so selfish of me."

He sprang to his feet. "You needn't be sarcastic about it. Come on, let's walk."

She rose. "I'm not sarcastic. I simply don't care to marry a man who doesn't care for me."

"Oh, all right, all right. I understand. I apologize for asking you to marry me and we'll say no more about it."

He started down the cliff ahead of her. She wanted him to say some more about it. She followed, but it was with an uncomfortable feeling of pursuing him. There had been times, of late, when she had felt that he was really beginning to care. She was mistaken, it seemed. Perhaps he would have taken a kiss or two now and then if she had permitted, but she wanted the real thing or nothing. She watched him as he nimbly plunged ahead down the rocks. So cool, so self-contained and so maddeningly scornful.

He suddenly stopped, turned and came back to her. "See here, will you be perfectly honest with me about something?" He was looking her straight in the eye now.

She was never honest with him any more, so she said, "I always am."

"Am I distasteful to you?—physically, I mean. Tell me the truth—I can stand it."

She, however, could not stand the look in his eyes. She felt tears coming into her own and had to pretend to tie her shoe.

"What an idea!" she said, trying to laugh. "Why, I've always thought you were quite an attractive young man."

He knelt down to help her with the shoe. She had difficulty keeping her fingers out of his hair.

"No, but honestly, I mean it," he went on. "This is important. Because if you could possibly stand having me around, I honestly and unselfishly advise you to marry me. Think of your career."

"To hell with my career!" she said to herself. "Why can't he just be selfish and want me?"

"Careers are all you ever think about," she said aloud—"all you care about, all you ever want."

"Oh, you're quite wrong. You know how I feel about you, but you never let me say so."

She leaned back against the trunk of a tortured cypress and waited for him to say so.

All he said was, "I've lived up to my bargain pretty well, I think." He looked down into the cavern below.

"Well, that wasn't hard."

"So hard that if you don't agree to marry me I won't answer for the consequences. I don't know whether you're a cold woman or not, but I'm not made of asbestos." He turned and looked at her now.

"Dear me," she said, "I'm so frightened! I'm all a-tremble." She was too—that was why she said it, so he wouldn't see it. Her legs seemed to be giving way. She sank down upon the exposed root of the cypress, her head back against the trunk.

"I asked you to cut out the sarcasm. I know you can't care much for me, but I could show you how I feel about you." He clambered up beside her. She was as sweet and fragrant as a rose on a bed of new-mown hay. (Grab her, grab her, and to hell with the consequences! By gosh, she really is trembling!) He leaned closer.

"No! No!" Her voice was low. It meant "Yes! Yes!" She shut her eyes.

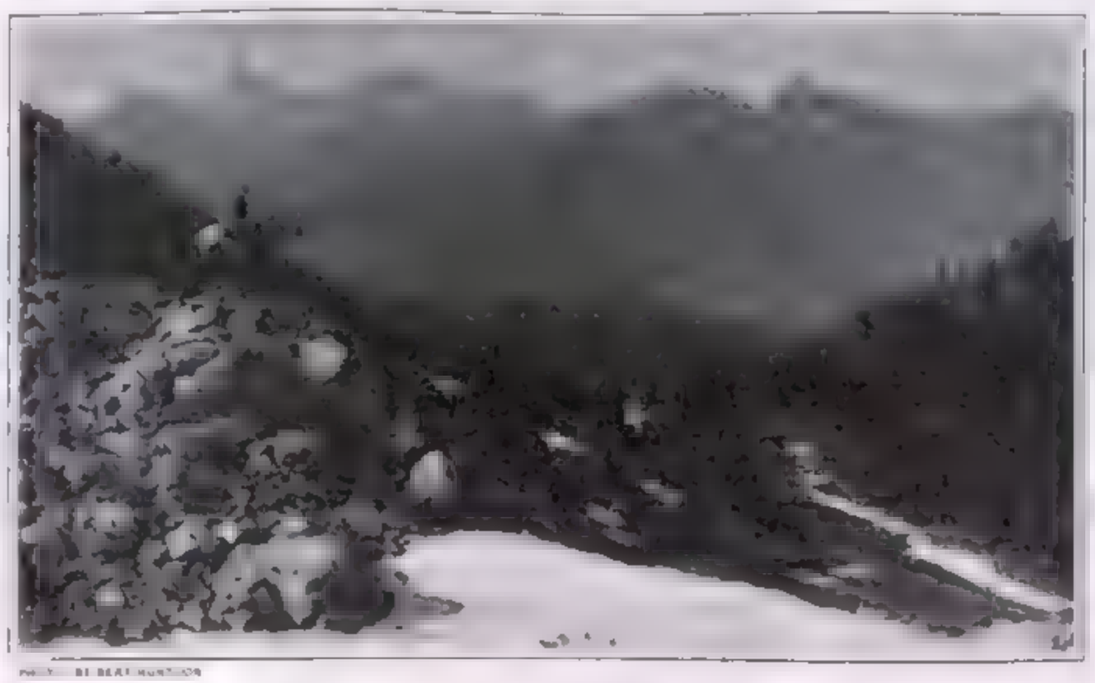
"Bad as that, eh? Can't even stand the sight of me. Well, never fear; you showed me my place that day in the garden."

He wrenched himself away. Such things must be mutual or there's nothing in it. "Come on, let's go home. I'll never annoy you again. . . . Look at those clouds."

They headed for home in silence. Presently he began to laugh. "Did you ever read the introduction to the marriage service in the English prayer book? It says marriage is for those who have not 'the gift of continence.' So marriage is not for us. We've been continent across a whole continent." He had to be witty, just as the Carmel shops had to be quaint. It was a habit, like smoking cigarettes when not really desired. After a while she said, "Besides, you've never been in love with me and never will be."

His answer came back like a slap in the face. "Of course not. No more than you ever could be with me. Well, nothing like having a clear understanding in these matters, anyway."

There was a time when she could have replied to that. She was free then. She was enslaved now. "You don't think it would be right to marry without love, do you?"



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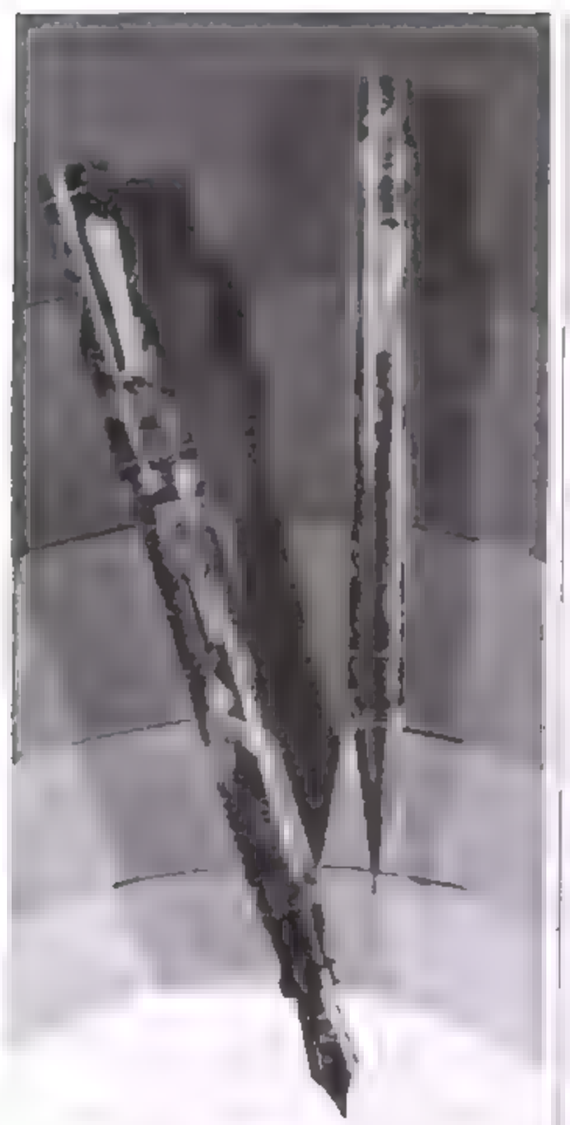

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"Love! What's that? Nothing but the biological urge with a little smear of sentimentality over it. Do you believe in that bunk?"

She believed that it was the most beautiful thing in the world, and the most terrible. (Oh, why can't he care? It's killing me. Loving someone who doesn't love me! Men never know how unhappy they can make us. He fancies me, is even willing to marry me. But I won't let him be kind to me. He must worship me, be wild about me. I'd take love without marriage, but not marriage without love. That would be awful. . . . Better take what you can get, my dear, before too late.)

On the way past the old mission a car drew up beside them. "Give you a lift?" It was a young couple who lived at a place down the coast called the Highlands. They had been dinner guests at the Joneses' the evening before. They could not understand anyone walking for exercise and enjoyment

These two pedestrians had not had much enjoyment, but exercise enough.

"Where are you bound?" Harrison asked.

"Over to Salinas to file a deed." They had mentioned at the dinner table some land they had acquired down the coast. "It's only twenty miles. You'd better jump in. You're too late to get back for lunch anyway. We'll all lunch together over there."

They jumped in. They could come home by way of the picnic in Corral de Tierra.

Salinas was the county seat, they discovered. The young married couple had a great many errands and were delayed. While they were finishing the formality of filing their deed, the other pair explored the courthouse. In the hall they came to a door with a sign on it.

"How would you like to go in there and get married?" said Evelyn.

"Wait till I finish this cigarette," said Harrison. The hand that held it shook.

Then they went in.

xxx

IT WAS after teatime when they returned, and Mr. Monteagle asked them to step into his room a minute. They could tell that he was provoked, by the extremely polite way he made his request.

Mr. Monteagle was awfully rich, so his hostess had given him two rooms. The one on the corner opened upon the balcony above the terrace. That was the one he took them to. It was where he worked. Tomlinson, his secretary, left as they entered.

"Sit down a minute," he said cheerfully. "You'll find the cigarettes over there." There were many documents and letters there too. A traveling file and a lot of newspaper clippings. The desk was not bare and immaculate, like the one in his office at home. Near by, there was a stand with a typewriter on it.

They lighted cigarettes and looked out at the Pacific Ocean framed by old cypresses. The late afternoon sun, reflected from the water, was glaring ferociously, even though Mr. Monteagle did not.

"Eve," he said, "I'm sorry you didn't turn up at the picnic. It was given in your honor, you know."

"Picnics are the worst bore known to civilization," she replied. "Harrison agrees with me in that. We agree in everything." She knew as she said it that this would not soothe her overworked parent, that he had enough to worry him without her displeasing him, but she was excited and couldn't help herself. She, too, had acquired the habit—perhaps from Harrison.

"Yes, picnics are pretty bad, but there's one thing worse—and that is breaking an engagement."

"Oh, but we had a more important engagement this afternoon."

"And what was that?"

"An engagement to be married. You know yourself that marriage is woman's only true career." What a silly way to break it to him! "So we ran over to Salinas to get married."

Mr. Monteagle was no longer provoked—he was outraged, furious. But he would have to control himself. In a crisis, he always could. He said nothing for a moment. They saw his big fist clench. In a low, tense voice, he asked "Why did you do that?" He was looking at Harrison. So the cold-blooded young scientist, despite his declaration of independence, would stop at nothing to reach his goal!

"In order to go to the Gobi," Harrison replied, simply. "I agree with you about a young unmarried woman out there with all those men. So she's going as an old married woman, and that's all there is to it."

"That's not all there is to it, and you know it."

Harrison had the audacity to smile, and he glanced at Eve. "Well, don't worry, Mr. Monteagle—she's not married yet. We ran up against a state law that will keep us single for three days more."

Mr. Monteagle didn't even show his relief. He was still looking at Harrison. His eyes, reflecting the afternoon sun, were boring holes through the highbrow.

"You're not to be married at all," he said.

"Oh, you're quite wrong about that, Hal," said Evelyn. She was still perversely trying to be light and frivolous.

"I'm right about that and you both know it." He kept his eyes upon the young man. "Harrison," he said, "I'd like to have a talk with you later." He turned to his daughter.

Feeling like a scolded schoolboy, the young scientist rose to leave. But the girl did not let him go.

"You can't expect Harrison to be romantic, Hal," she interjected, smiling. "He's a scientist. And I'm going to be a scientist, too—by marriage."

"I don't care whether he is romantic or not—I am," said Mr. Monteagle. "He may be too young to be romantic, but I am not. I'm over fifty."

This interested Harrison and he returned to his seat. Was the old man in earnest, or was he suddenly facetious?

"So you think we're too scientific, Mr. Monteagle?"

"No; you're not scientific enough. Few scientists are. Truth, which you're always talking about, means more than known facts, or even those that are knowable—to us."

When angry, this big business man preferred release in action. But that was too often dangerous. In this case, he had not yet decided what action to take, so he sought relief in talk, meanwhile closely observing the boy.

"You and your biological urge—bah! When science can tell me what life is, then I'll listen to what they have to say about the other two mysteries—love and death. One of them starts and the other terminates a biological episode, but life goes on before and after. Procreation, which you make such a fuss about, is a mere by-product. Why, it's as incidental to love as the dissolution of the physical body is to the phenomenon of death. And yet you, young man, with your little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, have the temerity to assert that certain things are not so, simply because you haven't yet discovered that they are! You even call that the scientific spirit. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Harrison. I didn't think it of you."

Harrison was not ashamed. He was interested. "Why, say, Mr. Monteagle, you're no hard-boiled business man—you're a poet, that's what you are. I'd like to have a long talk with you about this."

"We are going to have a talk, all right," said Eve's father—"a very serious talk. But there's no time now."

Harrison was dismissed. As soon as the door had closed, Eve threw herself in her father's arms and wept as if her heart would break.

"Don't look at me that way!" she cried. "I can't stand it! Forgive me—say that you forgive me!"

"Why did you do such a fool thing?"

"But I want to marry him and he wants to marry me."

"Why does he want to marry you?"

Mr. Monteagle was still thinking of his recent interview with Harrison.

"So I can go in for science—so he can go in for science."

"There's got to be a better reason than that."

She looked at her father and gave him a better reason. "Hal, I love him and can't give him up."

"But does he love you?"

More tears. "I don't know, I don't know."

"Then I am going to find out. Run along now and powder your nose."

Eve, too, was dismissed.

"Not romantic, eh? I'll make him romantic or make him get out. Impertinent puppy! How does he dare not to fall in love with her? I won't have her crying her lovely eyes out. . . . Good Lord, I haven't sent that dispatch to Washington!"

He had drained off some of his indignation by talk. Now for action. He summoned Tomlinson, then kept him waiting for five minutes, pencil poised. His secretary was used to that. Tomlinson remained as motionless as the pencil. Sometimes at the end of one of these trances, without dictating a word, the old man would say, "Thanks. That's all." Tomlinson wondered what was going on back of the absorbed scowl.

Mr. Jones' "little boat," now completely stocked and manned, was ready to sail at a moment's notice. But a pompous young bureaucrat in the State Department at Washington was complicating matters. Instead of sending inside facts in regard to the situation in China, the young whippersnapper kept telegraphing long essays, at the Government's expense, on international precedents to show off his knowledge. The busy, practical man despised bureaucrats. His amused patience was wearing out. Tomlinson knew that the long telegram, drafted this afternoon in consultation with the judge, was calculated to bring results.

Presently Mr. Monteagle looked at his watch, and then, instead of taking up this pressing matter with the State Department, he said, "Get New York on the long-distance. I want to speak to Mr. Alexander Cope. Let's see—Eastern time is three hours ahead of Pacific—better try his house. If he's out leave word to call me here, no matter how late he comes in."

Tomlinson put in the call, and now Mr. Monteagle finished revising his vigorous telegram. It was nearly a thousand words long.

"Gee! This ought to make 'em look up!" thought the immobile Tomlinson.

"Run down to the garage and see if you can borrow a car. I want you to file that message yourself at the Monterey telegraph office."

Long-distance calling. "Mr. Cope is on the wire," said Tomlinson.

It did not require many words to arrange matters to his liking with Mr. Cope. "Aleck, I wonder if we couldn't fix Harrison up with a job—out here in the San Francisco branch. My plans have changed and I'm afraid I can't take him on the trip with me. . . . That's right, but I'd rather not appear in the matter. Would you mind putting this through tomorrow by long-distance? You can catch Donaldson at the California Street office any time after ten—that'll be one o'clock your time. Jam it through somehow before tomorrow night, like a good fellow, and send Harrison a wire at this address. . . . That's it, fine! . . . Oh, she's very well, thank you. My love to Mrs. Cope. Good-by." He hung up and turned to his secretary. "Tomlinson, please see if Harrison is in his room. I'd like to speak to him, if convenient, before dinner."

But Harrison, with Evelyn and some other young people from neighboring places, had made an early start for a place down the coast.

So there was no chance for a show-down until the next morning.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 5)

had needed only a brief glimpse at the McCord guest to grasp the distinction, subtle or not, as it may have been, between him and the men with whom she came daily in contact. A different fish, this—another bird. These suburban men might be college men, as was Veith; they might even, too, indulge themselves in a show of expensiveness; yet in Veith, at the same time, was something they indubitably lacked, a vague yet definite *je ne sais quoi* of what they perhaps crudely would have termed "club life"—a city "club fellow." As to that, though, or however you may choose to look at it, Veith's impressions of life out in the suburbs, if idle, were not the less convinced. Not for him! Not if he could help himself, thank you!

"Really?" his listener had breathed.

"Rather!" he'd returned.

What mildly astonished him now, though, was that she had remembered anything so trivial. All of it, with him, had been merely talk; so much conversation.

"You're going to the dance, I fancy?" she inquired; and Veith nodded. "Oh, yes." She was looking up at him as he spoke; and as if she'd caught the note of idle indifference in his tone, her eyes twitched, and reaching up a slender hand she gave the rim of the sage-green felt a jab. "Must be quite a wrench. For you, I mean," she remarked.

Veith glanced at her quickly. He wondered if by any chance she was trying to spoof him. Then, her air and tone sincere enough, she spoke again:

"D'you know? Funny, but I've been thinking a lot lately about what you said to me that night. You remember, don't you—the time between our dances? I wouldn't wonder in the least if, after all, what you said was right, quite."

"I?"

"You know—when we were out on the clubhouse porch?"

"Oh, then!"

Veith grinned. Talk, idle chatter, was not one of his weaknesses—he had others, well enough—and if there was one thing he derided, despised, it was a damned "egg beater"—some fellow talking his head off over nothing. That night, just the same, he had let himself go; and though all he'd said seemed idle—this froth about suburbs and suburbanites—it still was not without some cause. He'd had something on his mind; his host McCord—McCord's private affairs, to be exact—though no need to mention that now. What Veith had done, in short, was to express himself crisply if casually as to what went on in suburbs; at any rate, a certain phase of what went on there. "Poisonous," "pestilential," were terms he'd dropped into using—terms rather strong, to say the least—but in the midst of it he had broken off sharply.

"I say," he inquired, "by any chance are you laughing at me?"

She had, in fact, tilted back her head. A tinkle of amusement had come from her, its merriment clear. Veith, however, though willing enough to be amusing, had all the young man's fear of becoming an object of amusement, and he had stared

"Well?"

Briefly, the girl had repressed herself. "Why all the high blood pressure? Anyway, why just for Brightwood?"

Veith, without answering, had risen. "Let's dance," he'd said.

"Yes, you do that—better," she'd remarked.

Funny, though, this girl. To use an expression, it somehow was hard to "get" her. Now, as Veith stood there in the ferryhouse and talked to her, he seemed to "get" her less

It was weeks ago the time he'd first met Addie Jessup Somehow, too, the effect of the meeting seemed to have stuck, and that same night he had mentioned their young girl friend to the McCords or it was to McCord's wife, Rita, that he'd said it. Jim McCord, a big, heavily framed man with florid features, had dashed down a final highball and heaved himself off to bed. "Me for the high hay; I'm sunk," he'd yawned; and, left with Rita McCord, Veith had settled himself to do the polite. Rita, however, had seemed in a mood to expect perhaps more, and, her tall, lithe figure draped over the fire bench before the hearth, and her gemmed fingers clasped across her knees, she was gazing meditatively at the wood fire's flames when Veith spoke, his tone light. The pause, to be frank, had grown protracted. It was perhaps, too, as Rita may have intended, provocative; and at Veith's remark she looked up abruptly.

"What?" said Rita

Veith repeated himself: "'Nice little girl,' I said. You know—the one in the pale robin's-egg chiffon."

Over her shoulder Rita McCord's violet eyes fixed themselves indolently on Veith. There was a twist to her lip and she arched an eyebrow.

"Robin's-egg?"

Veith took a sip at the highball he was nursing. "Blue—pale blue. The little Jessup girl, I mean."

"Oh." An affectation of light amusement narrowed Rita's eyes. "You seem to have caught all the minute details, Cartey. Robin's-egg, my word! Did you note her stockings too? They were mine once; I gave them to her. Crêpe," drawled Rita.

"Oh, come, Rita! She just struck me as nice, that's all."

"Yes, 'struck' seems the word," remarked Rita, and she laughed. "You and a village maiden, fancy!" Draping herself into a new posture, she went on in her drawling tone: "Nothing doing up that lane, though, Cartey, my dear—you and your well-known talents."

Veith was annoyed. "I?"

"There's another man," said Rita.

Veith shrugged. "Yes?" His interest, if any, was merely passive, and Rita McCord laughed lightly. "Yes, she's, as they say—what do you call it?—waiting for him; another of what you'd call the submerged masses. They'll marry when they have money enough, if they ever have. Money when, as and if," commented Rita, and she added: "You met him. Don't you remember? He was that solemn, solid goof in the laced patent leathers who came and pried her away from you finally—Walter Brent"

Veith whistled. "That chap?"

"The same, Cartey. Life's drear for us women, isn't it? Think of having nothing ahead of one but something like that—Walter Brent, say—him and matrimony; then maternity. Thank goodness, though, I've escaped a part," said Rita—she meant the maternity, that was evident—"I've escaped a part; only that's just that. Why is it that people without money are so dull, dead—the men especially?"

Veith had laughed. "I say, by any chance are you rubbing it in on me? Dull, eh? You know, when it comes to money, I'm not just what you might call plethoric."

"Oh, you?" Over her shoulder Rita again had glanced at him, lids lowered over her languid eyes

The devastating, cynical finality of Rita McCord's remark got Veith No wonder he had whistled Brent, first thick and slow—or so Veith felt—then that other business—the marriage, maternity stuff Why, Addie was charming! True, his usual taste in girls, women, ran to another type the alert, knowing sort, a different and more *soigné* development and yet, idle as his interest may have been in this chance week-end acquaintance, Addie Jessup, he still felt for her, in what her featureless future involved, a momentary vicarious revolt. Matrimony, then maternity! Gad! Involuntarily he had wished Rita McCord wouldn't be so raw at times.

Rita, from the fire bench, gave him another of her sidelong glances. "Why the 'gad,' Cartey dear?"

He had made no reply. A brief shrug was all

What business was it of his? Rita McCord, though, had smiled, the smile narrow as she reached out a hand for the glass he offered her. "I wouldn't fret about it, Cartey," she purred: "you're so young, so tender-hearted, I'm afraid, for all your side. I must watch you, I fear."

Veith had scowled frankly. "What're you talking about?" he growled.

Rita was peering into the glass she held. "I?" She took a leisurely sip. "Why, you and your new little friend, the village flapper"

"Yes? I thought she was a friend of yours?" he'd retorted.

So Addie Jessup was.

She and Rita were very good friends, too, believe Rita. Just the same, though, in as much as the girl had managed, even if innocently, to wreck what Rita had planned otherwise to be an interesting evening, first at the dance, then afterwards by the fire, Rita must have momentary vent to her spite. Further, Rita was frank enough to say so.

"That's the woman of it, isn't it? I thought you knew women, Cartey. Have a fresh highball, won't you, booful?"

Veith had said no, no Scotch.

"My, what a temper we're in!" remarked Rita. "Anything wrong with the market today? Stocks."

There was nothing wrong—not with stocks. The market still had gone on climbing.

"Thank the Lord for that, anyway!" said Rita piously, and she added: "Jim McCord isn't fit to live with when it isn't." Lithe, velvet-eyed, really beautiful, she shrugged her bare, lovely shoulders. "Oh, damn everything, anyway! Be nice, Cartey, can't you? I wish you knew how I felt at times!"

"Do you?"

She had turned again and was gazing at the fire, a frown in her eyes. Evidently she had quite forgotten by now her momentary spite, this object of it as well.

"Tell me," she said after a moment; "has Jim really the money he says he has, or is he just lying?"

"Lying?" Veith stared.

"He says it's nearly four hundred thousand," said Rita.

Veith still stared.

McCord, however, had not lied. The account he carried at the brokerage office was close to that—the figure named—and Rita sighed, the sigh reflective.

"I wish it were a million. I wish, too, it were mine," she drawled.

Veith had peered at her curiously. "What for, Rita? Why?"

"I?" She laughed briefly. "Why would any woman want it? For myself, of course!"

Veith still was watching her. "But if Jim got it, that would be just the same, wouldn't it?" he ventured, and Rita again had laughed.

"My, but you are stupid!" she'd said.

Stupid or not, Veith hadn't prolonged the topic, and a while afterward he had gone off to bed, leaving Rita still gazing at the fire.

This girl, though—the other, Addie Jessup. Rita McCord, fast enough, might occupy his momentary interest; but somehow Veith had not quite forgotten Rita's little friend. Perhaps it was because she puzzled him. Perhaps, too, it was because the girl was something off the line of the familiar types he knew, these ranging in his somewhat varied experience from the yearly crop of Broadway chorines to Park Avenue's treasured output—the current output of debs. And here now, in her tweeds and the cocky little Allan-a-Dale felt hat, she looked even better, he figured, than in the famous robin's-egg blue.

Her small face earnest, though she was smiling, she gazed up at Veith.

"Right-o! What you said was true, Mr. Veith. I wonder if you knew how true it was"

"Really? And what was it I said?" inquired Veith.

Addie Jessup made a little face; then she laughed.

"Just what you said—that 'small-town stuff,' as you termed it. Remember? 'Poisonous,' 'pestilential'—the side and show people put on in the suburbs, Brightwood among others. I wonder, though," she added, "if it's different anywhere; different even in the city. Of course," she went on hurriedly, "in the city, as you said, you can shut the door, hang the telephone on the hook and lie low till you've caught up—if that was what you meant by 'lying low'—caught up with the rent, the butcher, the baker, and so on. But in a place like Brightwood—my!" She laughed again. "To keep the neighbors off you if you were trying to 'lie low,' in Brightwood you'd have to hang out a quarantine sign: Measles! No Admittance! Only that's not it. What I have in mind were the gyrations people in a place like ours have to go through in order not to be buried—to keep on earth and stay along with the procession. Take the new big house the McCords have just built; I wonder if you guess the uproar that all that has set going in town. I guess not! The last touch was that new butler they have!"

He was a little dazed. She had rattled it at him, jumping from one thing to another, till he had begun to wonder.

"The McCords' butler?"

"Isn't it ridiculous? Half the men down McCord's street, though, are not getting a night's sleep, I'll wager something, because of it. It's the same, you know, as when some one of our women gets a new set of furs, that or a new set of rosebushes, a new sleeping porch or a brand-new car. All the other women have to get one like it—a new car or a better one; a new fur or a set of rosebushes; and if they don't—well, husband, you may make up your mind, will hear from them! . . . Tell me," she asked abruptly; "you're in the Street, aren't you—Wall Street?"

He was, of course; though what had that to do with it? Evidently, as he began now to see, she'd put a different construction on what he'd said that night—the time when he'd made an ass of himself by gabbling. Evidently, too, out of that same piece of silliness she'd made up her mind to something else—something she was reaching out for now. What it was, however, he had yet to learn, and as he still was puzzling she gave her hat another energetic twitch.

"It's wonderful, isn't it? I mean about the McCords!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, they?"

"Yes, indeed—Rita especially. You know," said Addie Jessup, "I've known them ever since they came out here. That was seven years ago; it was when they first were married—a little hatbox for a house, just a patch of ground for a garden, and only a maid of all work for a servant. And now look at them!" she exclaimed; adding, after a brief pause "Thanks to you."

"I beg pardon?" inquired Veith

"You don't have to," she returned, laughing. Then she added, "Rita, I think, should be very happy. At least she should be."

"At least?"

She looked at him slantwise a moment. "Yes, Mr. Veith—at least. She doesn't have to live in a six-room hatbox any more, or keep only a single maid of all work. Have you ever lived in a six-room hatbox or had only a single maid of all work, Mr. Veith? Sounds silly, of course, but if you were a woman, if you were married, you'd begin to see how the world measures the man to whom you're married. Anyway, out in a

(Continued on Page 62)

The 4 Hardest Hours

and what happens to your energy curve

as explained by welfare workers, dieticians and leading educators

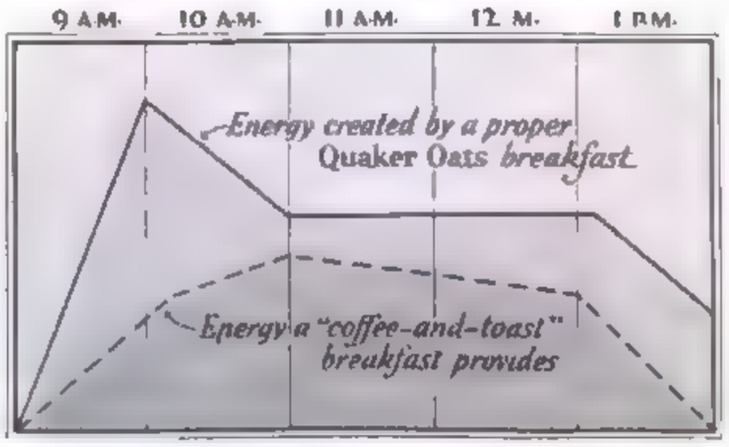
MORNING! Whether you spend it in classroom or office, in housework or outdoor labor, there is a greater tax on your energy during those first four hours than any other part of the day. Statistics and actual tests made in universities, in great business houses, in research laboratories, all show what demands are made upon the average person from 8 to 12 o'clock.

The relation of breakfast to energy

Doctors and nutritionists agree that a hot, stimulating breakfast has a direct effect upon energy. To provide stamina for the day's activity, to keep both physical and mental faculties at their best, thousands now eat a Quaker Oats breakfast every day.

What this hot cereal breakfast does

There is no cereal grown so perfectly balanced as Quaker Oats. Just consider this: 16% protein—the "stamina" element, which builds muscle and replaces waste tissue, which provides "a factor of safety" against disease.



Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

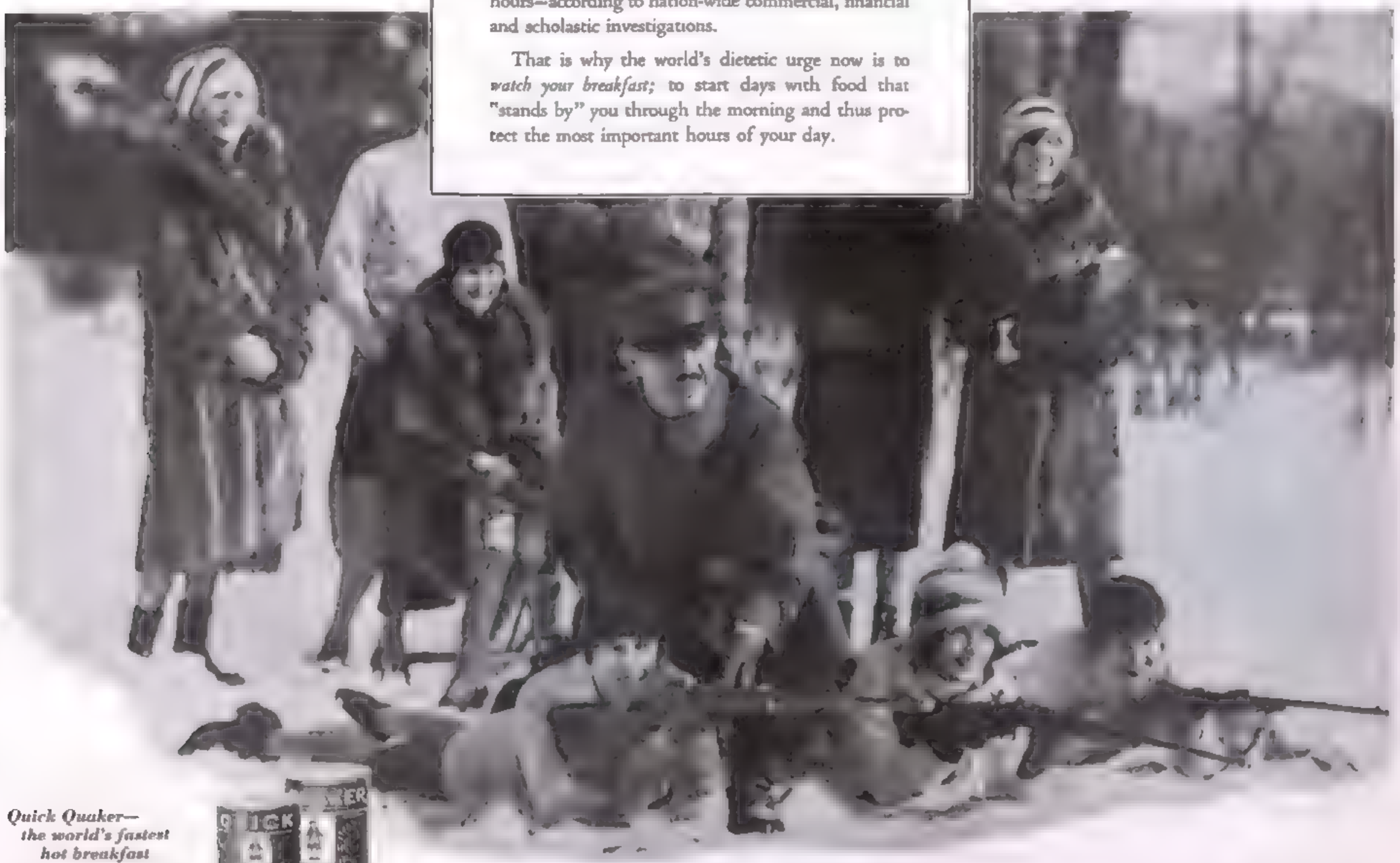
That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more protein than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour; twice as much as rice; 100% more than commeal. It is richer in this element than any other cereal grown.

Carbohydrate, the energy-factor; minerals (calcium, phosphorus, iron); roughage to lessen the need for laxatives; the correct percentage of fat; vitamin B that stimulates appetite—all these are a part of your Quaker Oats, all these contribute to your body's well-being every time you choose this most popular of American breakfasts.

Why not do this: eat a Quaker Oats breakfast for one week and notice the difference in your day's work. Notice, at the same time, how this steaming, richly flavored dish appeals to your morning appetite! That's why millions eat it every day—without even realizing how good it is for them.

Quick Quaker—which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—is now available at your grocer's, as well as the Quaker Oats you already know. In its new form it is the world's fastest hot breakfast.



Marksmanship calls for steady nerves—and that comes from physical fitness. Major Bedell urges hot breakfasts, including Quaker Oats, to his society rifle team, shooting near Tuxedo, N. Y.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

From all over the world come reports of the reliability of the new Ford

You are buying proved performance when you buy the new Ford. You know exactly what it will do. There is nothing of an experiment about it.

Letters from users show a delivered value far beyond expectations. Almost without exception they stress reliability. You sense a feeling of sincere pride in the oft-repeated phrase—"Let me tell you what my new Ford did."

A well-known company, solely to test tires, drove a new Ford more than 90,000 miles in six months. Throughout that time, the car was run day and night, an average of twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four. The entire cost of repair parts was only $38 for the entire 90,000 miles.

Another tire company, making a similar test, drove the new Ford more than 80,000 miles in a short period, at a cost per mile that was fully 60% less than any figure it had previously known.

One of the first of the new Fords was driven from Dearborn, Michigan, to Los Angeles to San Francisco to New York and back to Dearborn—a distance of 8328 miles—in twenty-one days. Through ice and sleet, up mountain peaks, through desert sands, over macadam and deeply rutted dirt roads, it traveled at an average speed of 40.9 miles an hour—the most gruelling, all-conditions test that could possibly be made.

A year's driving in three weeks

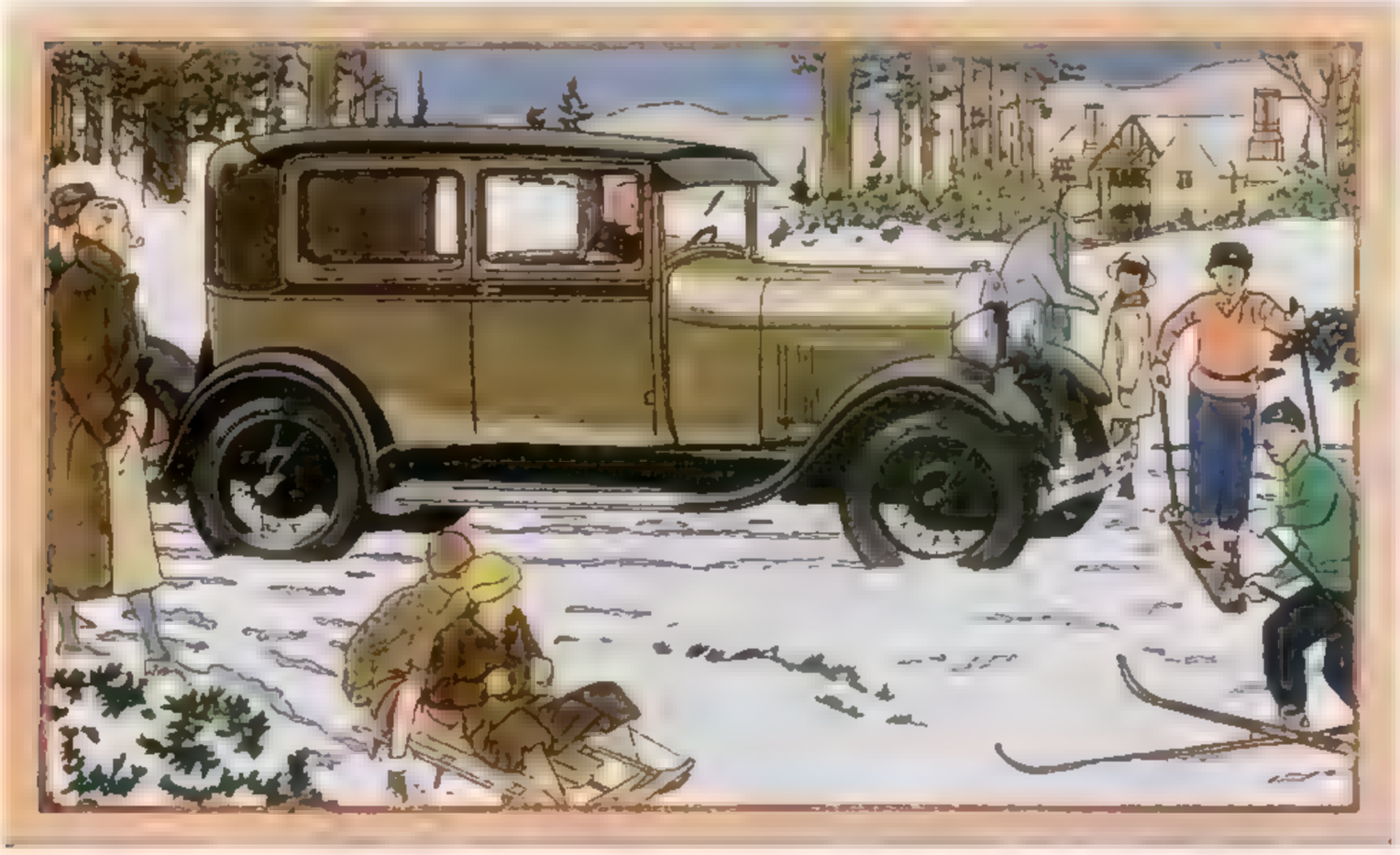
Practically a year of average driving was done in three weeks, yet the entire trip was made without the need of a single major adjustment or repair

Another new Ford, as a test of hill-climbing, was driven from San Bernardino, California, over the National Old Trails and Swartout Valley Highway, to the Big Pines Recreation Camp. The entire 36.2 miles were made in high gear—a particularly severe test because of the sharp turns and a stretch of 5.7 miles where the grade rises precipitously from 3000 to 6075 feet.

Previously this same car had broken the time record between Los Angeles and Phoenix and made a 500-mile circle of Muroc Dry Lake in the Mohave Desert at an average speed of 62.51 miles an hour.

In Germany, the new Ford won first prize in the utility and reliability contest of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Automobil Club. This contest included not only speed and reliability but starting, acceleration, hill-climbing, fuel economy and braking efficiency.

From Scotland comes a cable telling how a new Ford established a new record over

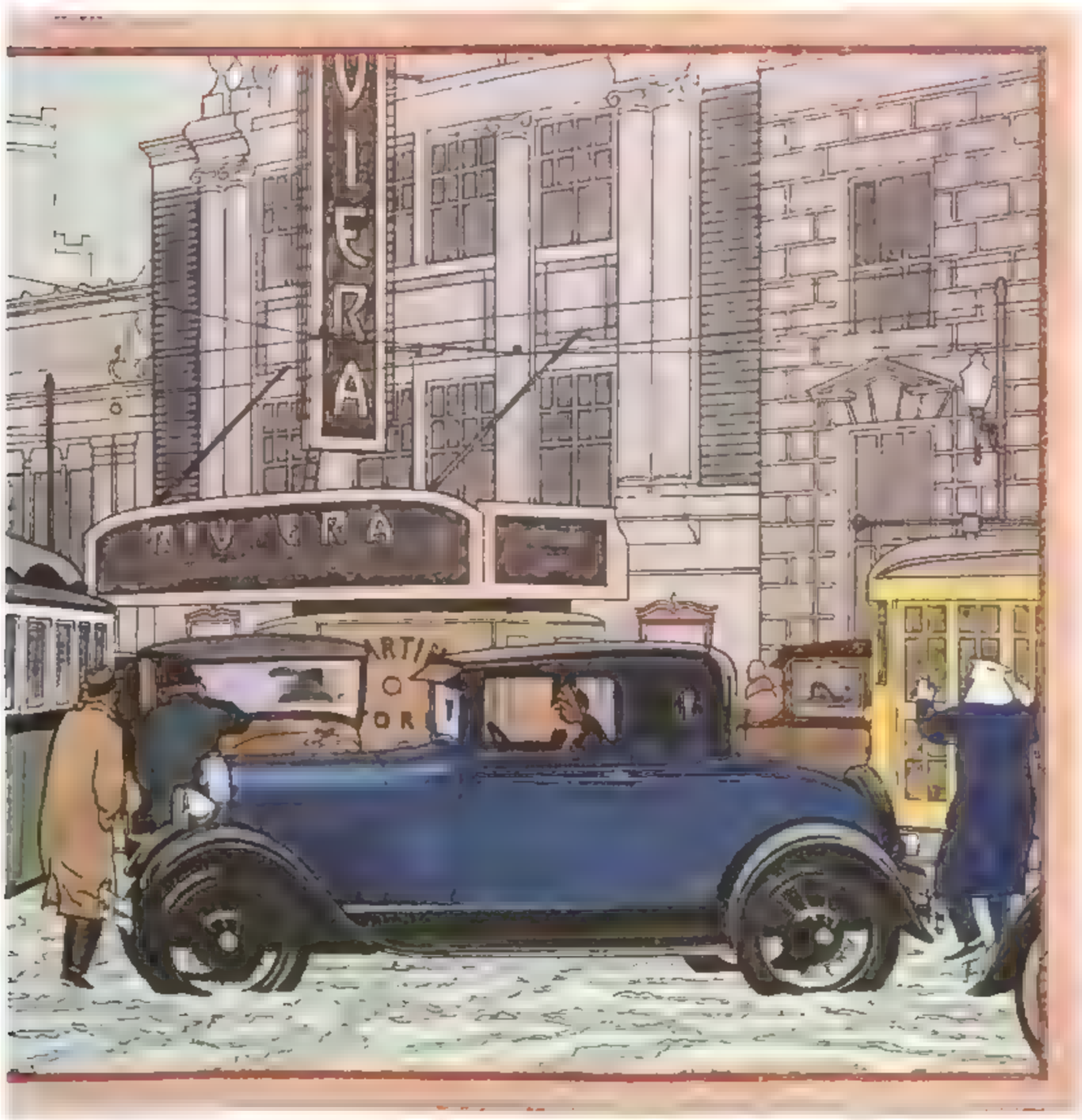


Winter is a happy time when you can go adventuring in this new Ford Tudor Sedan. A great family car because it is so snug and comfortable—so safe and reliable—so economical to own and operate

---

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
40 horse-power
55 to 65 miles an hour
Silent, mechanical internal-expanding six-brake system, with all six brakes fully enclosed
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life



almost impassable mountain paths in the ascent of Ben Nevis, the tallest mountain in Great Britain.

A part of the very life of this country

Other incidents are even more dramatic. A letter from Albany, N. Y., tells how the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield of the new Ford prevented injuries from flying glass when a physician's car was forced off the road and into a telegraph pole. A newsreel photographer tells how the brakes on the new Ford saved his life when, speeding through a blizzard to film a shipwreck, he found himself suddenly on the very edge of a 50-foot cliff. From a far western state a husband and father writes gratefully to tell how the sturdiness of the new Ford "saved the lives of my family" when the car was struck by a hit-and-run driver.

Further tribute to the sturdiness, reliability and general all-around performance of the new Ford is shown in the repeated and growing purchases by Federal and city governments, by police departments, and by large industrial companies which keep definite day-by-day cost records. The new

The new Fordor Sedan is distinguished by its long, low streamline body, beautiful colors and the richness of its upholstery and appointments. Even in the very little things you can see evidence of a quality of material and workmanship unusual in a low-price car

Alert and dependable in all kinds of weather is the new Ford Coupe. Especially will you like the way it starts on cold days. Just that one feature alone puts a lot more joy in winter driving

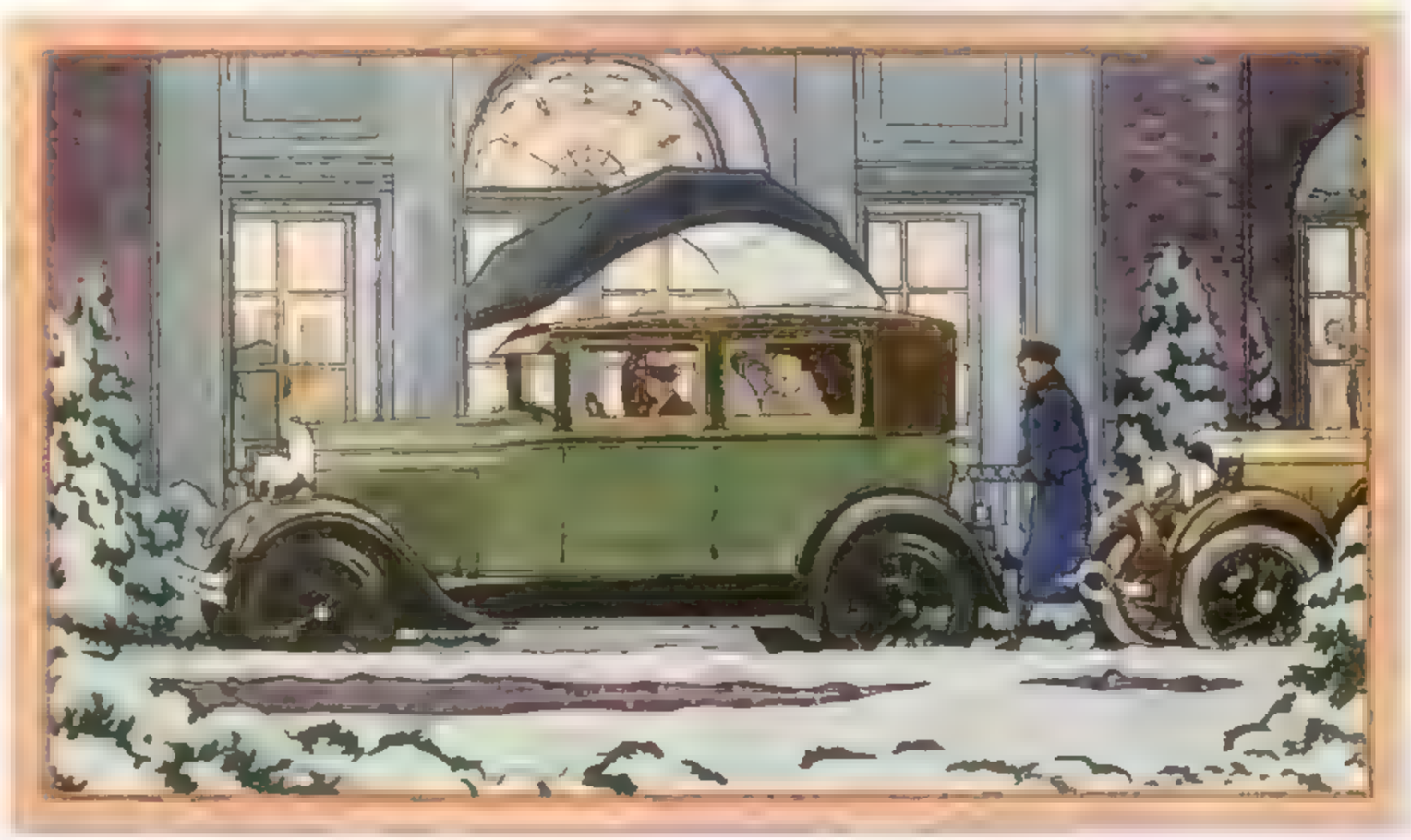
Ford has been chosen only after exhaustive, competitive tests covering speed, smoothness, acceleration, hill-climbing, oil and gas consumption, safety, comfort and low upkeep cost.

The reason for such complete and well-rounded performance is found in the fundamental Ford policy of doing business

A purpose beyond sales or profits

The new Ford was not designed primarily for sales and profits. It goes beyond men and materials. It is the expression of an ideal—an ideal that looks toward bringing the benefits of modern, economical transportation to all the people.

Back of the new Ford are manufacturing and production methods as unusual as the car itself. Without these, it would be impossible to give you the value that is in the new Ford. Because of them, it is unquestionably the best motor car that can be made at a low price without sacrificing quality anywhere along the line.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 58)

place like ours. The measure of a man, among them, is what he does for his wife, his women."

"Oh, I say!" said Veith; and he laughed. "Yours too—your measure?"

She looked at him coolly. "I'm not married. Yes, and I have another measure for men," she replied.

She did not say what the measure was, neither did Veith dwell on the topic. Hurriedly, rather, he changed it. "I'm going out with McCord," he announced; "he has a seat for me in the club car." The club car, it appeared, was the one in which the Brightwood people rode—that is, the ones of importance. "You're in the club car, too, I hope?" he mentioned.

She shook her head. "Just the day coach," she laughed.

Veith, too, laughed. "I'll fix that," he said promptly.

He or Jim would get her a chair. If not himself, Jim would fix it with the conductor. McCord was a great fixer.

"Thanks, just the same; no," she said.

Her eyes vague, she had let her glance roam over the crowd pressing into the ferryhouse. "I'm sitting with father, you know," said Addie Jessup. "Dad rides in the day coach, not the club car, you see."

Veith said nothing. Funny kid, this Jessup girl. He still was pondering his momentary brief talk with her. It hardly was the line the girls he knew handed out—all that business about Jim McCord and Rita—girls usually, if they knew their ticket, didn't puddle a man's head with things like that. And here now was this thing about the club car—he knew about the johnnies that rode in it. If you had money, position, you rode in the club car; if not, you didn't; and most of the girls Veith knew—all of them, for that matter—would have died, flop! rather than come through with any admission like that, owning up to it that father was—well, a local dud. Sporting. Must be a strain of blood here somewhere, breeding. You wouldn't get what she had just done out of the rest of this car-riding outfit, these suburb johns with their five-and-ten-cent smart pretense, their brag and show. Veith wondered, in fact, what the old boy, her pater, must be like. Might find out, he figured. Must ask Jim or Rita, if he happened to think of it. Veith, however, did not have to wait for that.

There was a sudden stir.

Veith, picking up his bag, looked down at Addie Jessup.

"I'll see you tonight, won't I?" he remarked.

She didn't reply, however. The high grilled gate behind which the crowd was herded had slid back; and hurrying, some of them at a run, the jam of waiting commuters poured through on their way to the train boat. "Step lively, there! This way!" urged the ferry hands, and Veith still waited. Beside him was the girl, her eyes darkened with a little frown.

"Where's father?" she was murmuring. "I hope he isn't late." Then he saw her eyes light. "There he is now!" she exclaimed.

"There's Jim McCord, too," said Veith.

Surging along, his florid face more florid in his haste, McCord was beckoning Veith to go on ahead. Veith didn't though. Behind McCord was a tall, stoop-shouldered man burdened with an armful of heavy bundles. As both hands were engaged in clinging to the bundles, he had transferred his ticket to his mouth; so that now, as he reached the ticket window, it was only by the most dexterous juggling of his arms, his hands and the bundles with which he was freighted that he managed to get hold of the ticket and pass it out to the ticket taker. This, though, was not what held Veith's momentary attention.

"Step lively, there!" a boat hand at the ferry gate shouted, and the next instant the inevitable occurred.

Coming through the wicket was a third belated passenger. He, too, had his arms burdened with bundles; and at the cry "Step lively, there!" the man at the back plunged forward. Veith saw it all. He even recognized the man. Walter Brent. Stumbling, Brent pitched into the thin, stoop-shouldered man ahead of him, who, with an agitated cry, stumbled, too, his packages flying in every direction. As they struck the floor they burst open, too; one of them a huge piece of butcher's meat—a roast of beef—the others carrots, a bunch of beets and a cauliflower.

Veith was still staring at the grotesque scene when McCord caught him by the arm.

"Hustle, Cartey. You'll miss the boat!" urged McCord.

Addie Jessup, her face like steel, spoke too. "Yes, you'd better go, Mr. Veith," said Addie.

Veith's covert smile fled abruptly. "I'll see you tonight, won't I?" he said as he raised his hat.

Again she made no reply. As he spoke, she turned her back to him and walked steadily across the ferryhouse, where Brent, apologizing profusely, was helping Addie Jessup's father recover the contents of the broken bundles.

Stooping over, she put a hand on her father's shoulder.

"There, there, dad," Veith heard her say; "don't you care!"

That was the last of it. As the gate closed, the slim figure in the tweeds and sage-green felt was helping the two men pick up the scattered vegetables.

III

IN BRIGHTWOOD—Brightwood Manor, to give it its recent, more up-to-date name—dinner, by and large, is more or less a movable feast. That is, some dine early while others dine late; the hour, in essence, accurately determining among those wise to such niceties the social level of those who dine. Thus, if you are of the mere clerk class—a hired man—you dine at six sharp. Besides that, the meal, in the bargain, is set on the table *en masse*—soup, roast, vegetables and all.

"Family reach," they call this in Brightwood. It means, in short, that you help yourself to what you see, making a long arm to reach it; and it was in this way that the McCords—Jim and Rita—had begun. However, in the next stage upward there is what is known as "hand pass," the dinner being set nominally at half-past six, and a servant—a maid of all work—bringing in each course in its turn; and this stage, too, of the social progress upward the McCords also had passed through, dining successively at seven, then at half-past seven. Tonight, though, dinner was at eight—another mark. At any rate, it was a fair indication of McCord's brief rise in the world, the money he had turned up in Wall Street.

It was ten minutes to the hour when Veith came down from his room. The living room was vacant. As yet, none of the other guests—there were to be ten tonight—had arrived, and a lurking grin in his eyes, Veith shot a glance about him. It was the first chance he'd had to get a good glimpse at the new place McCord had put up; and as a glance told him, the place, in spite of Rita's touch, was like all such places, the new habitat of new people suddenly well-to-do.

Off and on, Veith had known Jim McCord for years, Jim a college acquaintance as well as a trader in the Broad Street wire house where Veith was the firm's downtown customers' man. That is, Veith, as the term implies, had the handling of the firm's clients, these, as is so in every brokerage house, a varied and constantly shifting class of persons drawn from about every class in life. Thus, when he had not laid eyes on McCord for upward of seven years and McCord walked in one day at the office, Veith hardly had been astonished to see him. In a brokerage office, at any rate, you see almost anyone sooner or later. Then, too, the big rise, the Coolidge boom was on—and drawn to it, day by day a fresh crowd of dabblers came trooping in like flies to a molasses barrel.

"Why, hello, Jim!" Veith greeted. "This is nice!"

Customers' men are of different sorts. It is a ticklish, trying job at the best, one requiring tact, and added to that, the man at the job must keep on good terms, an almost intimate personal footing, with the clients. To do this your various customers' men go at it in various ways. Some—the usual sort—are of the slap-you-on-the-back, have-a-cigar-old-top type; others, more cautious, make their approach less vocative and volatile. Veith, however, had a way all his own. Quiet, guarded, self-contained, he neither went too far in friendliness with the customer nor let the customer go too far with him. Frankly, no small part of the job was distasteful to him; especially that part of it that had to do with traders supplied with small capital—that and less knowledge of what the real purpose of the stock market is—and sometimes, in a moment of frankness, he went far enough to voice his distaste. "These fellows make me tired! You'd think we were here to deal cards or chuck dice with them. I wonder if they ever heard of investing?" In short, that was Veith's idea of his business—Wall Street. If you had money to invest, not gamble, he was there whole-heartedly with you. If you came in, though, just to have a go at the tape, to "clean up a little something on the side," that was a different horse, and he had chatted only a few minutes with McCord when he pulled up short.

"You too, Jim?" said Veith.

McCord eyed him, mildly astonished.

"Me? What's eating you? Anything washy?" he inquired in his usual sloppy vernacular. Then he added: "Say, what are you here for, anyway? I thought you dealt in stocks?"

Briefly, McCord had come in to dabble, not invest.

Veith, however, had seemed disinclined to let him. It was not only that McCord was a friend—in college they had been more or less intimate—but knowing McCord and McCord's offhand, headlong way of doing things, he questioned whether McCord's account was the sort he—or, for that matter, the firm—would care to take. There was something else too. In McCord's restless, murky bearing at the moment he'd detected another reason for caution. It was as if inwardly McCord was nursing something rancorous and resentful and, stalling for time, Veith asked him what he was doing nowadays.

"Me?" McCord shot at him another sulky look. "What's that got to do with it? I'm at the same job, though, if you want to know."

"Structural steel?"

"Yes, but what of that? You act as if you didn't want my trade. If you don't, there are plenty of other broker shops, you know."

'Don't play the ass, Jim," returned Veith; and he added, all he was trying to do was to make McCord see things straight.

"Yeah?" inquired McCord.

"Yes, Jim."

He was quite patient. "Any dub, of course, can make money in this market—they're all doing it, too, while the market's going up—but take it from me, Jim, they'll all get stung finally, and that's what I'm trying to make you see. If you care, though, to invest ——"

"Invest?"

"Invest, yes. Why ——"

"Hell!" grunted McCord.

A laugh left him, the laugh harsh. "Well, if you're not a holy wonder, Cart!" He laughed again. "What's the ticket, anyway? Do you hand out this line to all your customers, chasing them off when they try to spec, or is it because I'm your friend? I'd say, though, whatever the case, your firm would be pleased to hear you—my eye!"

Then, before Veith could reply, McCords' tone swung abruptly.

"Now look. I'll tell you something, bobo. I'm in steel, yeah—it's structural steel—and I'm getting—what? If you care to hear, it's the same what I got last year, the same as I got before that—a hundred plunks, a hundred per week—no more, no less. You get it—a hundred? You'd get it safe enough if you were married—only you're not. You're too wise, you are. Only never mind. If you were married and you had a little Rita in the home—yeah, you know Rita; you met her at the wedding—you'd begin to see why husband was down here, nosing around Wall Street and trying to see if he couldn't lay hands on a little something extra on the side. 'S right, Cartey, old ham 'n' eggs! You would, anyway, if you had Rita, and Rita and you were parked out in a dump like Brightwood!"

"Brightwood?"

"You said it! Brightwood; any of those main-line burgs. Come out and have a look. Six rooms and a bath, electric lights, a set of installment furniture; hot water—when it runs—and all only two jumps from the railroad station. Why Rita hasn't dished me I don't know. Seven years married, she and I—seven years—all on a hundred per, sometimes less. On top of which we live in Brightwood. Brightwood! And you wonder why I want to take a shy at stocks! Say," said McCord, "what I want to know is, why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't any man if he needed money the way I need it?"

He was breathing hard, his feeling evident.

"Yeah, but it isn't just Rita, understand? It's not just that burg we live in, either. Rita's all O. K. She's right enough, and I don't mind the suburbs, either. I like out of town, the country. Come to talk of it, it's pretty out there in spring and summer, everything green, the night's cool, flowers bloomin' and all that. Only there's the people; some of 'em, anyways. It's got my goat—those people—that's what's up. They're the crowd with money, village money—you get me, don't you?—the boys that have made a little extra piece of change, and show it! What's happened, anyway, is that Rita's got herself tied up with that bunch—they and their wives. Anyhow, there you are. You see it, don't you?"

Veith had. "You mean they try to put it over on you?"

"Try?" McCord had laughed, the laugh again rasping. "Ever run up against any of that sort—a gang of small-town, small-change swells? This bunch, for instance, out there on the main line. . . . No, it's one thing or the other, Cartey, for little Cousin Archibald, meaning me. It's Pike's Peak or bust! I either have got to get money enough to ride with that bunch—either that or—or ——"

He had left it unfinished. McCord, though, had no need to finish.

"Ever thought of moving, pulling out, Jim?"

McCord had shrugged.

"Where? To the city? Three rooms and a bath, what? Thanks! When I hit for town it'll be Park Avenue or nothing, boy. I guess you don't know Rita!"

Then, his air again changing, all at once McCord had peered at Veith, his look vaguely wistful. "Come on out some night, Cartey. You and I used to be good friends."

Veith had gone. That was four years ago.

Strangely, after the first visit Veith had gone again. What was as strange, perhaps, was that after the first visit out to the two-by-four villa in Brightwood he had abruptly switched from his first bit of advice to McCord—the flat caution that if McCord had any cash laid by, the cash should be invested, not used to buck the market. Investments no longer were mentioned. In other words, if safe, investments are at the same time slow, sometimes ponderously slow; and here—or so it had seemed to Veith—here was need for haste. Rita ——

Never mind Rita now. "Buy Pendler common," Veith briefly advised.

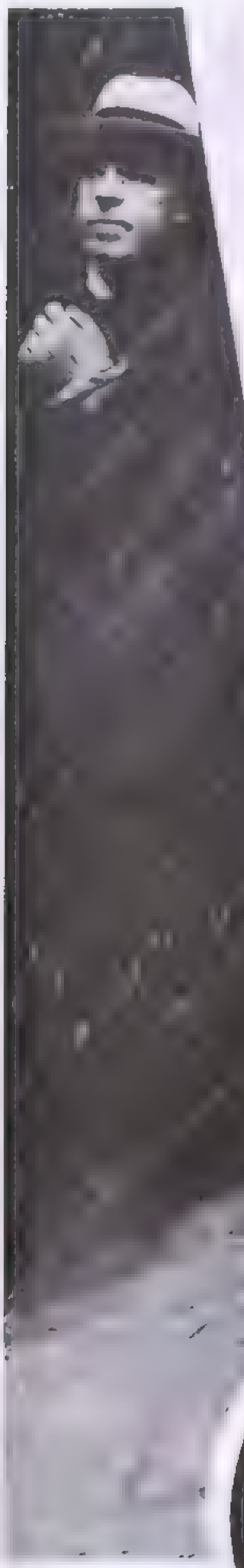
"Pendler!" Even McCord had been startled. The stock, a dizzy performer, had a record for shooting off fireworks, and McCord exlaimed, "I say, you said Pendler was a cat-and-dog, I thought!"

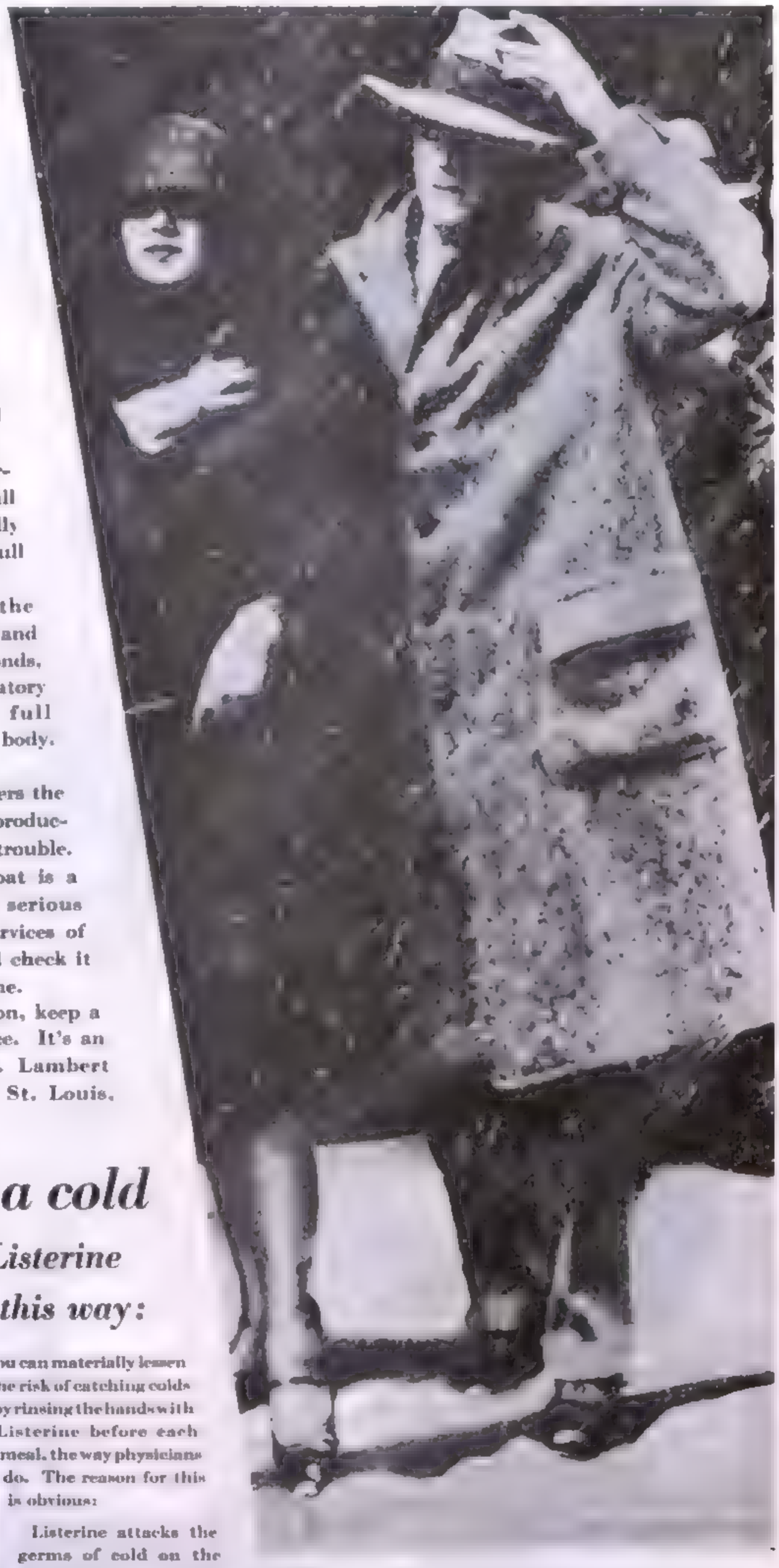
(Continued on Page 66)

After exposure—avoid

Sore Throat

LISTERINE





Checks it quickly because powerful against germs

Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs—and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that cause you trouble. And unless your sore throat is a symptom of some more serious disease, calling for the services of a physician, Listerine will check it in an amazingly short time.

For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

To *escape a cold*

use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried. Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

"GREAT!"

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

McClelland Barclay.

TEXACO

Step on the starter. This oil flows!

Instantly, every bearing gets a life-saving stream of pure lubricant.

Not so with all oils. Some of them will actually solidify, and require time and engine heat to "melt" them, and all the while the moving parts are scuffing and scraping with little or no protection.

Clean, clear and full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil contains no cold-sensitive elements.

■

Stop today where you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for Texaco Golden Motor Oil, the one oil that protects the engine *winter* and summer—and the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, the high test easy starting fuel.

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL
FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 62)

So it was. In the Street, though, as elsewhere, cats-and-dogs are a combination oft productive of action. And action, it seems, was what McCord wished. So it was Pendler common that McCord had bought.

No need now to dwell on the varying steps and stages of the transaction. The historic rise—yes, and then the flop—of Pendler Motors is too well known to require repetition; though, thanks to Veith, McCord didn't get caught in the smash. Ten days from the time he first bought, with another flash and a sizzle, Pendler began to soar; and at 61, twenty-four points up from the price at which McCord, with his shoestring, had bought, Veith rang up the office where McCord was employed.

"Just pyramided your Pendler," he announced; "you're now carrying four hundred shares."

"I say!" McCord had exclaimed. "Isn't that taking chances?"

"Everything's a chance," answered Veith. "You said, too, it was sink or swim."

There was a brief pause.

"I know, Cartey. Things, though, seem a bit better nowadays out at the house. Anyway, Rita's a lot perked up, now that I'm knocking down a little something on the side; and that's why I'm scared. I'm afraid to lose."

McCord, however, hadn't lost. Four weeks later Veith closed out the trade in Pendler. McCord, by the transaction, was thirty thousand dollars to the good; and that month he and Rita had moved. It was to a house, too, of ten rooms, with a two-car garage and a half acre of garden. McCord, it seems, was a passionate gardener. In his rowdy hoop-la way he adored flowers; though that, to be sure, now was long in the past. All of him was concentrated nowadays on the Wall Street list; and a year after that first venture, the flyer in Pendler Motors, Veith had rung him up again.

The McCords had moved again. "Coming out this week, Cartey?" inquired McCord.

No. Veith had rung up about McCord's account; and, as he said it, a sharp exclamation came from the other end of the wire. "I say! Anything wrong?"

Nothing, though, was wrong. It was to the contrary, rather. "Don't you think you should take your profits, Jim? Close out."

"Quit?" McCord's tone almost was bellicose. "Why?"

"You have over two hundred thousand profits, haven't you?" replied Veith.

He'd known, though, almost as he spoke, the futility of warning McCord. "What! Quit when I'm coining money?" McCord had jeered. Then, his tone altering, McCord had added, "You don't seem to savvy, Cartey, just where I get off. How can I quit when I've taken on all this new stuff—the new house, and so on? You haven't seen Rita lately, either, have you? She's talking now of building."

"Building?"

"This new place we've rented is too small, she says."

"Small? Ten rooms and a two-car garage?"

"Yeah," said McCord, "now that we're all moved in and settled, she's got a hunch that the shebang isn't—isn't—say, what d'you call it, anyway?—choosey?"

"Just the same, Jim, you'd better take your profits while you have them."

McCord, however, hadn't.

He had hung on; he still was hanging on. The market, too, *mirabile dictu*, had gone on rising; and as McCord had reached out, his profits—paper profits though they were—now aggregating almost $400,000, Rita, too, had gone on reaching out. The measure of it was the house she had built. Here it was now—that house—Rita's new home, with all its appurtenances; and as Veith, dressed for tonight's dinner and dance, stood in the middle of the big living room and shot a glance about him, in comparison with Rita's first ménage—the two-by-four villa down beside the railroad—the contrast was illuminating.

Paper profits!

From the toylike green-lacquered baby grand by the window, to the dressed Dresden-china figurine covering a telephone on a corner table, it was smart, up to the nines, *exquis*. That is, it was in Rita's own particular way—its smartness just a bit too smart, its exquisiteness just a shade too *exquis*—and smiling faintly, Veith's eyes still were roaming over the layout when he heard in the hall a pair of high heels tapping on the hardwood flooring. It was Rita coming. Veith, the grin still lurking in his eye, turned to greet her.

"Hello, booful!" she hailed him.

Then, clad in faint rose-pink chiffon and her bare arms and shoulders gleaming in the lamplight, Rita tip-tapped across the floor toward him.

He might kiss her, she said, just once. He might kiss her, but he must be careful of her complexion; it had just been made. Veith, however, didn't avail himself of the privilege. Outside he could hear McCord's booming voice orating to the butler about the cocktails; besides, with a young man's fierce pride of self, he'd be hanged if he played tame cat, pet bird, to any woman, however alluring she might be, and instinctively he turned away.

In turn, Rita McCord arched her delicate brows.

"Oh, very well," said Rita. With a shrug she added: "If you won't, somebody else will."

No doubt of that. Veith, however, made no comment. In the driveway beyond the windows there was a sound of tires on the gravel. The dinner guests were arriving.

IV

DINNER was at eight—Rita's. In other, less pretentious quarters of Brightwood, however—as it's been said—dinner is served at an hour not so smart, so showy; and at half-past seven, having finished the meal, Mr. Jessup rose. Silent, his air more absorbed than was usual, he betook himself to the darkened living room.

Tonight, in spite of the warning he'd had that morning, he again had been late in getting home. "Pottering, I suppose," Mrs. Jessup had commented. But Mr. Jessup had made no reply. Methodically he lit the light on the center table, found himself the evening paper, then sat down to read. It was only for a minute or so, however. Fidgeting, his eyes more on the mantel clock than on his newspaper, he rose presently, then climbed the stair to the floor above.

"Addie!" he called, his voice anxious.

A voice replied from the room at the back. "Yes, dad."

"Past half-past seven, dear!" Mr. Jessup called back.

His voice was concerned. It was his clumsiness that had made her late. She had missed the train because of him, and it still was on his mind. Addie, however, for her part, did not seem to think of that.

"Lots of time, dad; don't worry," she returned cheerfully.

"May I come in?" asked her father.

"Just a sec," she answered.

She opened the door presently. As she did so she was slipping into a light, fleecy dressing sack; and for an instant Mr. Jessup had a glimpse of girlish arms and shoulders, their young beauty lightly molded. Mr. Jessup's dull eyes lightened. He smiled, the look on his gaunt face mellow. She really was beautiful.

She bobbed her head toward a chair. "You don't mind if I go on dressing, do you?" she asked. She had just to give her hair a last touch, she said.

Mr. Jessup minded nothing. It seemed always to content him just to be with his daughter, her birdlike quickness and vitality a contrast to his own slowness and solemnity. Now, however, fidgeting restlessly, his eyes went roaming over the carpet, their look troubled. It was as if he wished to say something and found difficulty in saying it.

Presently, his voice, like his air, embarrassed, Mr. Jessup spoke.

"Addie, dear."

"Yes, dad."

"This afternoon—I—I hope you'll forgive me."

"Why, dad!"

"Those bundles—what happened."

"Oh, that?" She went on quietly with her hair. "I told you not to think of it, didn't I?"

"Yes, dear, but I wasn't thinking of myself. I was so ashamed."

"You needn't have been, dad. It was just an accident."

"I know; but that young man you were with—I can imagine what he must have thought."

"He?" She gave one shoulder a tilt. "What difference what he thought, father?"

"Perhaps, maybe not. He was a gentleman, I could see. Of course he wouldn't say anything ——"

Her hands, plying deftly among the strands of her soft brown hair, paused briefly. "No. It's well for him he didn't. If he had ——"

She broke off sharply, and her father fetched a sigh, a faint breath. "What I should have done—I mean, as soon as I saw you, Addie—was to keep out of sight. All those bundles, the way I looked—well ——"

There was an abrupt sound at the dressing table. She had picked up a brush, then set it down again. Now she turned, her mouth set.

"If you had, if you'd tried to do that, I never would have forgiven you!"

"Why, Addie!"

"You—Walter, either."

"Walter? Why Walter, Addie?"

"He was with you, wasn't he—he and his bundles?" She had picked up the brush; now again she set it down. Swinging about on the chair before the glass, she faced her father. "Look, dad," said Addie quietly; "understand this: There was nothing to be ashamed about—not to me. The thing's different than that. Mother doesn't care, she doesn't seem to feel what people think—I mean, how they look down on us for what you have to do to make two ends meet—but I—I know. I've seen a lot, dad, and you don't have to apologize—not to me—not a straw. It's the other way around. Just the same," said Addie abruptly, "I'll tell you one thing. If it's for me you've done all this—if it's, as I say, to give me a chance, get me going—you're through now with all that, finished. All that's done now, forever, finally, for all time!"

Her father was staring at her. What was clear, he seemed to comprehend. A faint flush had crept into his sallow face.

"But, my dear ——"

"I mean it, dad. You're done with it."

"But, Addie, I don't mind the things I've done and am doing ——"

She did not let him finish. "No, that's it; you don't mind," said Addie, her mouth set; "you don't mind—or you say you don't—and that's just the trouble!"

It was like a match set to tinder. It was as if her father's mild, patient acceptance of the drudgery and self-denial he'd been put to for years had kindled in her breast a long-felt rancor and resentment. Her face flinty, she pushed back her chair from the glass. "You don't mind that's the trouble. You've gone on, year in, year out, doing those things that—as you say—you don't mind. As if I didn't know! I've seen, haven't I? And, dad, sometimes I could have wept! . . . No, don't say anything," she went on sharply; "I've got to get it out of me now. I wasn't ashamed this afternoon; I was just heartbroken. It was for you. . . . Apologize? You apologize to me? Tuh! Somehow I wanted to take you in my arms and pat you, even if I am selfish, hard, on the lookout for myself. You poor old dad, you!"

Mr. Jessup still was peering at her. The color had gone out of his face and he was moist.

"I? I haven't done anything, Addie. I ——"

"Haven't you?" She laughed, the laugh harsh. "You'd better let me have it out now. It's not only what happened today—that fool business at the ferry—it's all the rest of it—the way you've given up everything, for example, and getting for it I wonder what. How you've stood for it I can't see."

A faint smile came to Mr. Jessup's face. "I don't think, Addie, you quite understand," he said.

"Don't I?" She shrugged as she said it.

"You see," said her father, "you're not married. If you were married and had a family, you would understand. You would know then," Mr. Jessup added, his tone low, a little painful, "why it is necessary to do the things I have done."

She looked at him a moment, her face as painful as his.

"Make a pack horse of yourself, a delivery wagon? Give up all the things you used to love to do? Oh, no, dad!"

She smiled wistfully as she spoke. Mr. Jessup, however, didn't reply to her question—not directly. His eyes fell.

"You see," he said evenly, "it's because I haven't the money to do otherwise."

She studied him for a moment. "And you call that marriage, dad?"

It is not known what Mr. Jessup called it. She did not wait for his answer; she replied to it herself: "Yes, that's what you'd call it. You—Walter too."

"Walter?"

There was a faint note of alarm in his voice. He looked at her sharply. Addie, her face turned, was gazing at the wall.

"Walter, yes, dad. You're like him; he's like you. You two are like most men, too—that is," she added, "men like you. You think that because you haven't money, to even things you must make a drudge, a doormat of yourselves, giving up all there is to give. That's what gets me. I told Walter so this afternoon."

"You told Walter?" Mr. Jessup's voice rose abruptly. In it the note of alarm had grown. "What!"

"On the train, father. He hasn't any money, either, as you say."

"Addie!"

"It's as I say, dad. No need, is there, to mince words about it? He lives with his mother and sister—supports them. They have barely enough to get along."

It was so. One could not blink the facts. Down the street was the house where the Brents dwelt; another of the usual two-by-four suburban cribs built to type. When he spoke, Mr. Jessup's voice had a quaver in it.

"Daughter!" He wet his lips, his face painful. "Addie, you didn't say anything to him, did you—anything final? He's a splendid fellow. You know he is. You weren't nasty, I hope. You must give him time—give him time!" said Mr. Jessup.

"Time? Time for what, dad—to get stodgier and more middle-aged?" She laughed. "Thanks, not for me! Not for Walter, either! I told him so this afternoon."

Her father caught at his breath. "You broke with him? Is that what you told him?"

Addie shook her head, her eyes vague. "No, not directly, dad. What I did was to make clear I couldn't do to him what I'd seen other women do to their men—I mean, by marrying them. Not I! Not to any man I marry, no matter how much I'd long to marry him. I told Walter bluntly, dad, that if we married—if ever we did—we must have enough to marry on—that, or we shouldn't marry at all."

"Then you did break with him?"

"No. I merely said, either he must get the money or I must."

"You?" Her father again seemed startled. "You mean, get a position, work?"

She shook her head. "No, dad, not that. All that's passed now, long ago. Of course, I should have worked, found a job," she added; "only you wouldn't let me. It would have hurt your pride, I saw."

"Yes," said Mr. Jessup, "it would."

She nodded thoughtfully. "I know, dad. It was because, as you say, you haven't money. If you'd been rich, though, and I had wanted to work, it would have been

(Continued on Page 70)

HOFRAT PROFESSOR DR. ADOLF CLUSS

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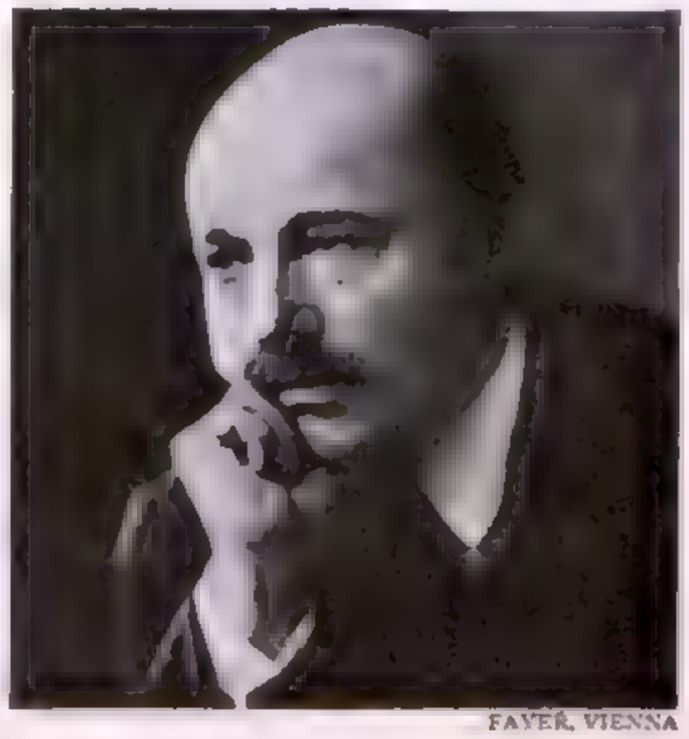

FAYER, VIENNA

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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Ward off Colds *with* FLORIDA Grapefruit

-the "winter essential"!

Eat it—drink it—it protects health during the low-vitamin months—combats acidity—builds up the alkaline reserve that helps prevent colds, grippe, "flu."

THIS winter, ward off colds, grippe, influenza, and that general don't-feel-so-well condition which invites so many ills. Do it with grapefruit!

For grapefruit is one of the best known ways to build up the alkaline reserve that helps prevent these sicknesses. Grapefruit juice creates an alkaline condition in the system—it counterbalances the acid-forming foods which are the usual diet of the winter months, the meats, starches, sweets. It is one of the surest ways known to maintain the alkalinity that the body must have for health.

And grapefruit is one of the world's richest sources of the vitamins and mineral salts that build up the general condition of the body. In the summer, vitamins are easy to get—fresh vegetables and fruits are abundant, cheap. But doctors now warn that special thought must be given to the low-vitamin months of winter and early spring. That is why medical authorities now urge everybody to eat or drink grapefruit two or three times every day when fresh vegetables are scarce. It is a "winter essential" for everybody!

Florida Grapefruit—
sweetest, richest in vitamins!

The best grapefruit you can get come from Florida—best in taste, best in quality.

Florida Grapefruit are ripened right on the tree, in Florida sun, until they are bursting with sweet, sparkling juice.

Florida Grapefruit come in various sizes, with "bright," "golden," or "russet" skin—but there's no difference in juiciness or sweetness. The old fable that "russets" are juicier and sweeter hasn't the slightest truth—all Florida Grapefruit are equally delightful in juice and taste.

Serve this "winter essential"
two or three times a day

Serve grapefruit more often! A half for breakfast is not enough. Your family should have Florida Grapefruit, in some form, twice or three times a day from November through May.

And there are so many refreshing, original ways to serve it. Dozens of salads, of delightful fruit cups and desserts and appetizers can be quickly and economically made with the plump, gently tart sections of Florida Grapefruit as a base.

And the newest way is to drink grapefruit juice—morning, at lunch, and in-between-times.

Doctors highly recommend this, for scientific analysis shows the vital health properties of grapefruit are all in the juice. Such a welcome change! So cool and refreshing!

Children love Florida Grapefruit Juice. Give it to them as often as they want—it's the best health safeguard you can provide. For them, for adults—Florida Grapefruit is a "winter essential" for health.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, an organization of growers and shippers of Florida Grapefruit, Florida Oranges and Florida Tangerines. The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, Winter Haven, Florida.

A half grapefruit for breakfast—delightful and refreshing as it is—is not enough!

Serve grapefruit in some form two or three times a day during the low-vitamin months from November through May. For medical authorities now say grapefruit is an absolute "winter essential" in everybody's daily diet. Try grapefruit juice—the newest way to enjoy Florida Grapefruit!

GRAPEFRUIT WHEEL SALAD

Grapefruit
Oranges
Dried figs or green peppers
Grapefruit French dressing

Prepare fruit sections without losing shape. Allow 5 sections of each fruit to 1 portion. Cover individual plates with lettuce, arrange fruit sections alternately in circular form, and slightly overlapping each other. Use figs for a sweet salad or peppers for sharper salad, cutting either into thin, narrow strips. Cut small circles of green peppers for center "hub." Use 5 strips as "spokes," arranging on edges of grapefruit sections. Add dressing.

GRAPEFRUIT-DATE SALAD

1 cup diced grapefruit
1½ cups chopped, stoned dates
1 cup diced pineapple pulp
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
Whipped cream mayonnaise

Mix ingredients. Add mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce covered plates.

This may be used as a fruit cup or dessert also. Serve in sherbet glasses in each case. As a fruit cup, omit dressing; as a dessert, serve with a light whipped cream mayonnaise dressing, made by stirring mayonnaise into cream already whipped, using about twice as much cream as mayonnaise.

Variation: Substitute 1½ cups of chopped seeded raisins to replace dates.

GRAPEFRUIT MERINGUE PIE

1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons corn starch
¾ teaspoon salt
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 cups boiling water
3 eggs
tablespoon butter
½ cup grapefruit juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Baked 8 inch pie shell

Mix sugar, corn starch, salt and grated rind in top of double boiler; add boiling water gradually and cook over fire, stirring constantly until thickened. Place over water and cook 10 minutes longer. Separate eggs; beat yolks slightly, add to mixture and cook 1 minute. Remove from fire, add butter, grapefruit, lemon juice. Cool, and turn into pie crust. For meringue beat 3 egg whites until frothy, sprinkle with ½ teaspoon baking powder, and then beat stiff. Cut and fold 6 tablespoons sugar into whites. Spread on pie. Brown under broiler 1 minute.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

the *"winter essential"*

(Continued from Page 68)

different; and that, after all, is what it all comes down to. Rich, you may do what you wish. Poor, you just can't. And that," said Addie quietly, "is why I told Walter what I did that if he couldn't get it, I must. At any rate," she concluded, "I mean to try."

"How?"

Addie turned back to the glass. "I must hurry, dad. If I don't I shall be late."

She had not answered his question. It was to be seen she had no intention of answering it, and sighing, Mr. Jessup turned toward the door.

As he went out, closing the door behind him, he sighed again, his thin and stooping figure more gaunt and stooping than before. He had not suspected anything like this. What she had said was something of a revelation; his daughter, so young just a girl—yet saying and thinking things like this. Seating himself in the living room, he sighed again as he picked up the evening newspaper.

It was not to read, however. He was merely staring at the blur of type and paper, and behind its screen he still was thinking five minutes later, when the front door slammed and he heard his daughter's slippers clicking as she hurried down the walk. She was gone; off on her way afoot to the dinner and the dance, and Mr. Jessup went on staring at the paper.

Two hours later he still was sitting there. "Ever going to bed?" inquired Mrs. Jessup. An indistinguishable mumble came from her husband; and saying "Well, be sure to turn out the lights, Russ," Mrs. Jessup went on up the stairs. Then, still another two hours having passed, all at once Mr. Jessup stirred. Midnight had just struck and from the street outside came a murmur of voices.

His daughter's voice was among them. She was laughing. Addie had returned from the dinner and dance.

V

ALONG, dim street. It was a street, too, a little dingy at the edges, and Veith glanced about him curiously. After the smart if somewhat slick luxuriance of the McCords' surroundings, the newly touched-up glitter of the country club as well, the neighborhood he now found himself in was a good deal of a contrast. Homes of people one jump up only from the Saturday-pay-envelope class. Yes, that was it, and curiously he glanced down at the figure at his side.

As he did so, a tinkle of laughter came from Addie Jessup.

"Ever slummed before?" she inquired.

"What?" Veith answered.

She laughed again. "This is where I live," Addie replied.

Veith glanced up at the house again. A small grass plot separated it from the sidewalk, and along the front ran a deep, square porch shaded with a drapery of vine. On the porch, he saw dimly, were chairs, two of them rockers of formidable size, while beyond was a circular table on which stood plants. It was the house itself, however, which, if mildly, interested him. It was like most of the other houses on the street, all of a type and all square-set, ungainly. Individually, in fact, the house seemed to represent all the featureless, middle-class respectability of the street—that and its ugliness—and as she saw Veith squint his eye at the formless façade above, Addie laughed again, her amusement rising.

"Ugly, isn't it?" she remarked. "Murderous."

"Which?" Veith inquired.

"The Rutherford B. Hayes Period, the world's worst," she replied.

She dropped her hand from his arm. "Pity we haven't a gate; I could hang over it while I said good night." She laughed again. "Come along, though; I'll smoke a cigarette with you till you get strength enough to face the walk back."

Her high-heeled silver slippers clicking on the cement path, she went on to the porch, and Veith, nothing loath, followed. By now, to be frank, he'd given up thinking—caring, either—what the effect of all this would be once he got back to the McCords'—got back to Rita, to be exact. Rita, frankly, had been a mess tonight. Dissatisfied, sulky, rude, she had slammed everything and everyone in sight, Veith included. Veith, however, merely had raised his brows.

"Sit over there," said Addie. "Got a light?" she added.

She slipped the wrap from her shoulders and tossed it over the back of a near-by chair. The night was still, starlit. In its faint glow her arms and shoulders gleamed, dimly revealed; and as Veith gave her a cigarette from the thin gold case in his pocket, then struck a light from his lighter, in its spurt of flame he looked down at her slender head, her young face and the sheaf of her soft brown hair. A good-looking kid, this. Tempting—unusually so. Slender, lithe, she stood with one bare arm against his sleeve as she puffed at her cigarette, and for an instant Veith felt a responsive thrill. A moment later, as he snapped out the lighter in his hand and the porch went dark again, almost without thinking, his other hand reached and caught her by the chin.

"Look up, Addie," he said.

Addie looked up. She did not speak. Veith, however—though he could not see it in the dim light—was conscious of a change in the gray eyes looking up into his. He still had his hand beneath her chin. She, too, for her part, let it rest there. She made no effort to free herself. As Veith, however, bent nearer, her lips close, he knew that her eyes had grown steely, hard. She still said nothing. It was, instead, that look of hers that and a taut, if unseen, rigidity in her slight figure—that warned him; and awkward—he could not tell why—all at once embarrassed, he withdrew his hand from her soft chin, his other hand, now on her shoulder, dropping too.

She spoke presently, her voice unaffected.

"You're going up in the morning, aren't you?"

"Yes." He laughed the laugh, though, not quite light. He still was a little awkward. "The 8:17, isn't it?"

"I may be going too," she said.

"Really? That's nice."

"What was gadging Rita tonight? I never saw her so touchy."

"Really?"

"She treated Jim as if he were a cabhorse. I should think, too, she'd ease up on him now and then. Jim's an awful good sort, isn't he? And besides, think of all Jim has done for her. Any woman might think it wonderful. I should, if Jim were my husband."

She did not give him a chance to reply. Veith, however, was not looking to make any answer. He was wondering now at her abrupt, blunt switch into the topic of the McCords

Rita's sulky, disaffected doings were one thing; this girl's interest in them was quite another. "Tell me something," she said quite as suddenly. "Is the way Jim's come on, made—well, you know—all he has, quite the regular thing? It seems all so sudden, so unexpected."

"Does it?" he laughed.

She laughed too. "You should know. Everyone says you're to blame." Again she gave him no opportunity to reply. "I don't wonder Jim is so strong for you, such a friend of yours. I'd think anyone would be grateful; though that isn't just it. I've known Jim and Rita ever since they moved out here, and I've seen all they've been through—everything. It was just what a lot of people out here go through—people you've never heard about, never will—though that isn't it, either. Rita, I mean, wasn't just built to face the struggle a lot of people have to face, and you know—well, when you hove in sight it was wonderful. I was wondering, when I think of it, whether it could be done by anyone else than Jim—Jim, you know, with your help."

"Mine?" Veith's note was uncomfortable. "Why mine?"

She didn't seem to heed. "I'm asking you. If, say, it was someone else than Jim—if it was a woman, for example—could it be done?"

"Why a woman?"

"Could a woman make the money he has?"

"Jim McCord?"

"That's what I mean." She glanced at him in the dark. "It's been done, hasn't it?"

Yes, it had been done. In Veith's experience he'd encountered more than one woman that had done it.

But what women!

This girl, though, didn't seem to halt for that. "Tell me, how did they do it?"

"They?" He laughed. It was absurd. "Those battle-axes?"

She looked at him quietly. "Is that what you think of them?"

It was what all the men he knew thought of them. The girl, however, merely shrugged. "I want to ask you something; I can't help what you think of me. If Jim McCord could do what he's done, so can I. I know Jim. If he, with your help, could drag himself out of a ditch, why can't I, even if I am a woman? That's what I want to ask you. Will you?"

"Gamble?"

"Yes or no, will you? If you won't," she added, much in the same way Jim McCord had said it, "I'll have to find someone that will."

There were plenty that would, too, he knew. He had only to look at her to know that.

"Well," Veith said grudgingly.

It was a half hour later when he rose. In that time, too, she had told him more than he had at first understood. It was grotesque; yet, at the same time, for all its grotesqueness, somehow he had been impressed. As he stood up, she rose too.

"You'll do what I ask, then?"

"If you say so," he replied.

She moved toward him. Again her bare shoulder brushed his sleeve, her face was turned up to his. "You—you may kiss me now," said Addie.

They did not see the shadowy figure trudging up the street. Her head was back; she lay passive in his arms as he crushed her lips to his. The dim figure halted an instant, then went on. Veith held her close. A moment afterward, when he released her, the man walking on up the dark, starlit street, turned in at the house three doors above. It was the house in which Walter Brent, his mother and his sister lived. Brent, though, had not been at the dance tonight. After dinner he had gone out for a walk alone, the walk prolonged till after midnight. As he passed the Jessup house, he had been just in time to witness that tableau on the vine-shaded porch.

"Good night," murmured Addie.

Veith, as she spoke, once more crushed her in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

HE: Well, of course I can't expect to get promoted right off the reel, but ——

SHE: Oh, of course not, my dear, but I mean, how long do you spose you will have to wait?

HE: Well, of course, it all depends on how I make out.

SHE: I spose it does, doesn't it? But I'm sure you'll make out all right; don't you think so?

HE: Well, I hope so, only ——

SHE: But I mean, you really feel you're getting on and all, don't you?

HE: Well, of course, I've only just started, but ——

SHE: I spose you have, haven't you? Gosh, I should think you'd be simply thrilled, my dear!

HE: Well, I like it all right so far, but I haven't——

SHE: Well, I'm terribly glad you're getting on, my dear, but I'm simply dying to know when they're going to promote you and all; I mean, I actually am!

—LLOYD MAYER.

Ballade of the Blackest Lie

I HAD bad luck at Christmas this year,
Not one of my gifts was just right;
So of course I must wax insincere
As I write of my thanks and delight.
It leaves me in horrible plight,
For my honesty often I've vaunted,
Yet I can't bring myself to indite:
"Those book ends are just what I wanted!"

"Lavinia, you're perfectly dear,
I simply adore malachite!"
"John, your present brought great Christmas cheer;
How can I your kindness requite?"
"I love, Sue, your picture of Night,
By its subtle suggestion I'm haunted."
But I balk at this formula trite:
"Those book ends are just what I wanted!"

The truth is not in me, I fear;
My conscience continues to smite
As I write, "Jim, your ash tray is here;
I'm crazy about the bronze sprite!"
But, weeping, my conscience takes flight
As I plunge madly in, and undaunted,
I set down in plain black and white,
"Those book ends are just what I wanted!"

L'Envoi

Prince, I had to rise up in my might,
Perforce, my defiance I flaunted;
But this was my perjury's height:
"Those book ends were just what I wanted!"

—Carolyn Wells.

An Old-Fashioned Soul

"I THINK it's your deal, Mildred. I can't keep my mind on the cards tonight; I've been running over the children's schedule in my head. You see, their grandmother is coming tomorrow to spend a week with us, and I have to figure out a way for her to see them.

"They are all in high school now, so, except for changing their clothes and getting money, they are never at home. Jim is on the basketball team, and that means we never know whether he is in town or downstate somewhere. Gladys is president of the Student Self-Government Committee and doesn't get in till after we are all in bed. Phil is only a freshman, so we meet him in the hall or in the garage nearly every day, and the cook says he is often at home for a meal. The little fellow was looking well the last time I saw him.

"Grandma is sensitive about the children. She is one of the old-fashioned bodies who insist on seeing them. But they'll be gone before she gets down in the morning and won't get back till after she's asleep, so it is going to make a problem.

"She thinks it's awful that the children's father hasn't seen them since just after Labor Day, and doesn't expect to till school is out next summer.

"I suppose she will want them to gather around the fireside in the evening. Maybe, if we promise Jim a new roadster and Gladys a fur coat, we can persuade them to gather a few evenings while she is here."

—MCCREADY HUSTON.

223 Hospitals warn:

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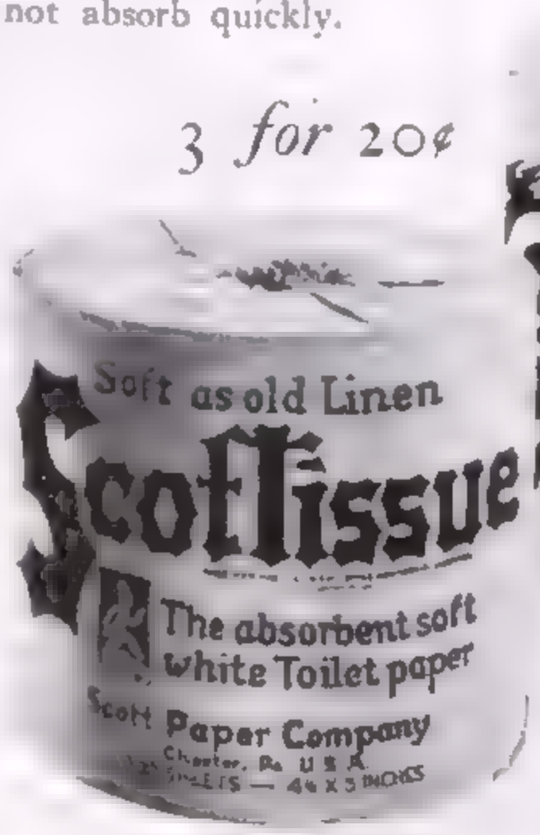

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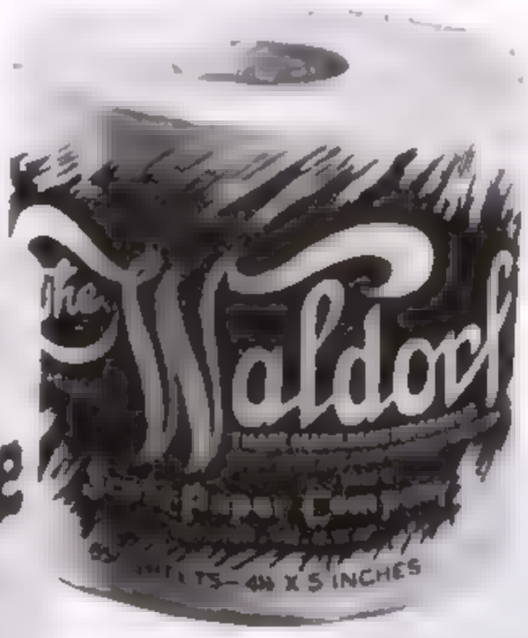

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Famous specialist tells why coarse tissues are dangerous

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"It is not generally realized how important the matter of proper cleansing material is in the matter of personal hygiene, yet the fact remains that by the use of too coarse a tissue, much harm may be done . . . the slightest irritation will, in the presence of germs, be liable to be followed by infection.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

LITTLE LUCY

(Continued from Page 11)

continued, very maternal of voice and of expression—wearily maternal—"Lucy will be the loveliest thing you ever saw. It will take you at least that long to make your start here, John Henry. You're how old now?"

"Twenty-four."

"Really? As old as that? Well, why marry before thirty? That'll make Lucy nineteen—no, twenty. Wait for Lucy, won't you, darling? You are just exactly the man I'd pick for little Lucy."

"Won't Lucy be having ideas of her own, maybe, Jill?. She has 'em now, perhaps. I've seen signs."

Lucy's sister sat up straight and pounded the seat cushions with her sudden fist.

"She has not ideas. She's just—she's just as sweet and as simple and as guileless as you are. I won't have you say such things about Lucy."

"Gosh-a-mighty, Jill, I haven't said anything against the child. Even I, with all my lavender and old lace upon me, have ideas, you know. Perhaps, though," he added quaintly, "you don't know. I haven't divulged many since I came here."

"Divulge!" commanded Jill. "If you have ideas, perhaps Lucy may have them too. Though, God forbid!"

"The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge being strictly reserved for such experienced palates as Jill Ambrose, Anita Craig-Loveratt et ilk, eh, Jill?"

"Anita is a brilliant woman and she surrounds herself with brilliant people. People of the great world. Witty people. Their corners have been rubbed off. They're broad-minded. Nothing little-townish about them. They're not—I grant you, John Henry—they are not Charleston."

"No," said John Henry, "they are not Charleston."

And he looked wistful, as though homesickness had assailed him for some high-walled garden, sweet with magnolia trees.

"You are a lamb," said Jill, and leaning over, she kissed him lightly on the cheek. The limousine stopped as she did this, and she slipped out, he just managing to reach the pavement first.

He left her before the elevator of a tall Arabian Nights building where she joined a group of prospective followers of the evening's complicated program. Before she had risen from the lobby level to the height of John Henry's lean black head, Jill had forgotten him, being surrounded in the elevator by wit and broad-mindedness.

John Henry, after lingering for a few hours at his club, went home afoot. His home consisted of a small bachelor's apartment near Washington Square—bedroom, sitting room and bath.

As he came into this lighted sitting room, which he had left in darkness, he found himself facing an old tapestry-covered chair which had belonged to his mother in her Southern home. The room was furnished with John Henry's May and Ambrose legacies, such pieces as his small income had enabled him to transfer from Charleston to New York—a winged table, a Windsor desk, a lowboy with tall silver candlesticks, two or three crewel-work footstools, a portrait of his lovely mother, inscrutable and kind.

The room was a perfect reproduction of an old American home; even its draperies, with their faded Chinese pagodas, had been translated. There was a gleaming crystal chandelier. All these things were to John Henry's eyes familiar. Not so the figure that now faced him in his mother's ancient chair.

A narrow, upright figure, bareheaded, bright-haired, with great, widened eyes and carmine lips; a figure wrapped from white chin to whiter naked ankles in a schoolgirl's blue cloth cape. Lucy.

"Don't look so smitten, John Henry," Lucy prayed, moving her perfect childish lips. "I know I ought to be in bed."

"Why aren't you? Your mother ——"

"Mummy doesn't know I'm here!" Her flexible young voice ran up and down a ladder of excitement, terror, mischievous delight. She laughed squealingly, gathered her hidden knees within her hands and rocked.

"Oh, John Henry, you do look so stern, so awful! . . . It is to be a surprise," she went on more soberly, "for Jill. Today—it's after midnight, isn't it?—today's her birthday."

John Henry had come forward to his hearth and now lighted for himself a cigarette. To his amazement a thin hand slid forth from the cape and helped itself to another. John Henry automatically lighted it. Lucy smoked spasmodically, violently, with puffings of the breath.

"Tell me who planned this surprise," John Henry asked, less stern and awful, but most inscrutable below his mother's portrait.

"Mrs. Craig-Loveratt and Mr. Charmion."

"But they don't know you, Lucy!"

"Oh, but they do. That's part of the surprise. Remember the day—your first visit, John Henry—when Anita came in with Fenn and Jill?"

"I remember."

"Well, you know I was there until Jill screamed at me to get out."

"Did she scream, Lucy?"

"Hissed then! It annoyed Anita—for my sake, she says; because, she says, she saw at once that I was kept down, that I was old enough to be considered socially and—really, you know, John Henry, fifteen isn't a baby."

"You're not fifteen."

"Going on. And I'm exceptional anyway, Anita says."

"In what respect are you exceptional, Lucy?"

"See for yourself," quoth Lucy, and rising from the chair, she stepped forth under the light of John Henry's crystal chandelier and let fall to the floor her dark concealing cloak. The costume she wore had been designed to disclose as much as possible of that ecstatic promise of perfection. It was far more revealing than its owner could possibly have realized. "I'm meant," said Lucy, turning herself complacently about before John Henry's winking eyes, "to represent Jill's early youth, to which she is about to say good-by today. I am to appear suddenly from a sort of tulip that falls open on the middle of the table."

"What table? Where?"

"Mr. Charmion's private supper table at —— It's going to be just like those parties you see in the movies sometimes. Think of it! Thrills! It's to be—wait, I've got the address." She pulled out a scrap of paper from the front of her sequined tunic. "Here it is. A dancing café sort of place. I've never been to one before. Oh, John Henry, I am so excited. Mummy is not to know until we get home for breakfast. It'll be a surprise, too, for her. I've been taught a dance. Wait, I'll show you part of it."

She rose high on her silver-sandaled toes, lifted straight up into the air her arms, and with the narrow hands rose two long shining wings, like the pale sheaths of a bud.

"Where," whispered John Henry a few moments later—"where and how have you learned all this?"

"Anita picked me up one day on my way home from school. Mr. Charmion happened to be with her. He's a sort of connoisseur."

"A connoisseur?"

"Of girls."

"Oh, my gosh-a-mighty!"

"What did you say, John Henry?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"And he sort of connoisseured me at once—that is, he saw that I was exceptional. I'm not conceited, John Henry. I'm just telling you what Mr. Charmion said. The first chance he had, he asked Jill about me. But Jill was rude to him. Snubbing, sort of. You see, John Henry, when a girl is away at summer camps and school and things, her family doesn't always see what's in a girl. Anita was so sorry for me. Repression—that's been my trouble. And she was even sort of hurt with Jill for being rude to her and Mr. Charmion. Hurt for my sake, she says, as though I wasn't considered good enough by Jill to know her friends."

"You weren't—oh, I see. This is what they told you, isn't it?"

"You can understand how it would hurt them, for my sake. And mother hurt Anita, too, that day. Mother is very, very old-fashioned in her ways. She doesn't belong to the great world. Sweet, of course, but not broad-minded. Well, Anita tried to get Jill to bring me along sometimes, but Jill was perfectly stony-hearted. So they worked this scheme just to show Jill what's in me. I mean to wake my family up about me, to prove to them that I'm old enough to take my place in the great world—that is, not so much in years as because of being so exceptional, you understand. Mr. Charmion says ——"

"Spare me what Mr. Charmion says. And tell me, Lucy, what they've been doing with you, and for how long? And how did you keep it a secret, and what's the plan for tonight, and why in the name of all the devils am I chosen as an accomplice at this eleventh hour?"

She answered the last question: "That was me. I mean, I chose you, John Henry, because—for three or four reasons. Do you care to hear them?"

"Y-yes, if you make them illuminating enough."

"First, because you've ignored me. Second, because you just think I'm a stupid little scrubby schoolgirl. Third, because you never pay any attention to me."

"That's just one reason, Lucy."

"Well, all right. Suit yourself. Anyway, they couldn't very well send to the house for me tonight without betraying the secret to mummy. So I was to go to a friend's house. I was scared any of my friends' mothers would give us away—telephone to mummy or something—and I did so want you to see me, John Henry. So I thought of you, a cousin and all, and I went up, it appeared, to go to bed as usual, but I got dressed instead, and got out the back way and I came here. I've telephoned Mr. Charmion not to send for me, but that my friends will escort me to the café, where he and Anita can meet me and smuggle me in without Jill's knowing, and get me inside the tulip. I'm to have a cocktail first. Think of it, John Henry—a cocktail in public—me."

"How do you know you'll like it?"

"I've had them before once or twice in Mr. Charmion's rooms, when Anita took me there for some of my dancing lessons. I've cut piano practice for two weeks. Anita worked that for me. . . . Oh, I can't wait! I can't wait!" She came straight at him suddenly, white with the anguish of suspicion. "John Henry, you are not going to let me go!"

John Henry threw away his cigarette.

"Oh, yes, I am," he said. "Is it time now?"

The lovely warm blood flowed back into her scared face. She hugged him.

"Fifteen minutes. John Henry, phone for a taxi now. Let's go."

In the taxi, John Henry asked one question: "Is there any special moment set for your emergence from the tulip?"

"One A.M., sharp," said Lucy. She glanced at a jeweled wrist watch. "Look at Anita's present, John Henry. A sort of unbirthday present. Oh, John Henry, what jewels she has! Emeralds! You ought to see them!"

"Uh-hum," said John Henry with a South Carolinian accent. "One A.M. I'll just have time "

"I wish I could ask you to the supper but, you see, Anita simply loathes you. I don't

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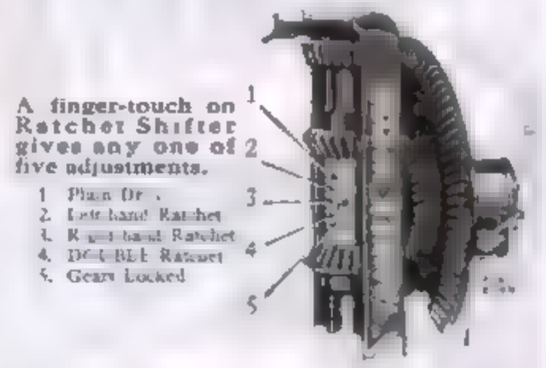

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understand it. You're sort of old-fashioned, but I think you are exceptionally nice and very handsome in your way."

"Thanks. This is the place, I reckon."

"Right." Out she sprang in her little blue schoolgirl's cape. John Henry did not personally put her into the hands of Mr. Charmion, but from a doorway he watched her put herself into the charge of those perfumed, manicured, incurably pudgy fingers. Thereafter, he went on his way to Jane Ambrose.

But he was back at the *café dansant* at ten minutes past one, so that when two girls came swiftly across the entrance lobby he was ready to greet them and to escort them to a waiting limousine. One was Jill, white as a mænad, with thin scarlet lips, and one was Lucy, wrapped in a schoolgirl's cape and drenched with tears. No one attended them. They had an air of battle, of rescue and escape.

At sight of John Henry, Jill stopped short and the electric anger of her eyes ran toward him.

"So it's true that you were in on this; that you brought her here."

John Henry said simply and innocently, "Why not, Jill? They are your friends, aren't they? I thought, of course ——"

"Oh, shut up," hissed Jill. "Simple-minded! Am I fourteen? . . . Come straight along, Lucy."

"You are nearly hurting my arm," sobbed Lucy.

They stumbled into the car and John Henry sat down opposite to them.

Lucy wailed and wept. "Sh-she sp-poiled it all. Sh-she insulted me. Sh-she insulted all my fr-friends. And Mr. Ch-charmion, who's been so kind. And all the ex-p-pense of my c-costume and the lessons. J-jill was v-vulgar. Yes, she was. Sh-she paid for them tonight, right out at the s-supper table, and she sh-shook me, right out before them all, John Henry! She sp-spilled my ch-champagne. I never got to taste it after all. And it's the f-first ch-champagne I've ever seen! I'll never forgive you, Jill. John Henry thought it was all right. He let me go. Oh, how mean and cruel you are, Jill, when I did it all for you! Your b-b-birthday!"

"Shut up," said Jill. "Here's home. I don't want mother to see you. . . . John Henry, perhaps you are not too simple-minded to guard her door."

It was a precaution doomed to failure. As they crept stealthily forward into the dark hall, a blaze of light smote them and there was Jane Ambrose coming serenely down the stairs. She wore a trailing tea gown and looked very tall and calm.

"Jill? So early? John Henry? Lucy? Is that really Lucy there?"

"Y-yes, mother dear, it's me."

Jill stepped forward, but John Henry spoke first. Smoothly and softly he spoke in the caressing voice of a Southern gentleman.

"It's quite all right, Cousin Jane. Don't let yourself be alarmed. Some of Jill's friends prepared a surprise for her, dressed Lucy up and introduced her in the middle of a supper table at the Café Harkaway. You've heard of it? And Jill was a bit upset. She didn't altogether approve of Lucy's being up so late without your permission, I reckon."

"Mummy," gasped Jill, "just look at her costume!"

She tore the cloak from Lucy. The poor thing shrank, diminished to a wraith.

"I see nothing very shocking about that," Jane decided after a judicial-seeming pause, during which her eyes had just once wavered toward John Henry's. "I suppose your friend, Mrs. Craig-Loveratt, designed it for her. It's very French. One must not be provincial, after all."

Lucy seemed to grow more substantial. Her blood flowed back.

"There!" She ran wildly up the stairs and threw herself against Jane, who sat down to take her into her arms. "Oh, mummy darling, I might have known you would understand. I'll never, never, never hide anything from you again."

But Jill, staring from John Henry's serenity to Jane Ambrose's tender calm, thrust back the fair hair from her own bewildered brows and, saving words for a saner, safer morrow, went, frozen with indignation, past that affectionate group upon the steps, to bed.

Storm might have been a barometer's report for the Ambrose household. Storm and something that the Germans have described as "*Drang*." There is no perfectly adequate translation. But the storm was curiously localized. It centered upon the nervous system of Jill. Rave as she might, she could not dismay Jane Ambrose over this matter of Lucy's secret adoption by Anita's crew and by its leading satyr, Silas Charmion.

"To me, dear," Jane told her, "you seem what Lucy seems to you —something very lovely and clean and young. If I have brought myself to give you to these broadening, these dangerous influences, I cannot consistently hold Lucy back. She must be in your care, Jill. Surely I can trust you."

"But, mother, why can't you see the difference? Lucy is fourteen—a little know-nothing! We've always been so careful of her. I know my way about. I was always more knowing than little Lucy."

"To me there seems to be very little differences either in your ages or in your natural aptitudes. And, if you know your way about, surely you are a better guide for Lucy than I—at my age and so 'old-fashioned'—could ever be. Yes, I must trust you, Jill. It is a mother's only weapon now."

"But I would simply forbid Lucy ——"

"Oh, no. I did not forbid you, Jill, although I trembled for you. The day for that sort of coercion is past."

"Mother! Mother! Mother! This is terrible. You wash your hands of both your daughters then?"

"No. I trust them. It was not I who introduced Mrs. Craig-Loveratt to Lucy in her own sheltered home. It is your responsibility, Jill, and must remain so. You are the worldling of this house."

Upon Jill the responsibility seemed to fasten itself like a strait-jacket. She declined all invitations from that crowd; she refused to see them, to meet them, to talk to them; and upon Lucy she danced attendance like a pedagogue. To school she took her in her own small car, from school she brought her home, at first a silent and hard-eyed, but soon a laughing and confidential, guardian. In the afternoons she exercised the dogs and Lucy, or took her to some well-selected play or to a safe-and-sane gathering of schoolmates.

"If mother and you, John Henry"—and this was the only speech Jill willingly addressed to her cousin during this period—"know nothing of the world, I fortunately do. And I will save Lucy from such men as Silas Charmion, such women as Anita Craig-Loveratt, in spite of either of you. She is just much too young to cope with them. Don't you see what they are up to, the cads? Malice. Behind my back. To punish me for showing them what I really thought of their sort."

But relaxing a little as the months went safely by, Jill accepted an invitation from Dick James' mother to go to Florida. That was in March, and Lucy, sobered, calmed and cured, seemed reasonably safe. It was on April first, however, when John Henry answered an urgent ringing on his phone.

Jill's voice, bringing the color to his face: "John Henry, is this you? At last!"

"When did you get back, Jill?"

"Just now. Two days sooner than I said. John Henry, are you all right?"

The neglected young man became confused: "Me? Why, yes, Jill."

"You're sure. I've been so worried about you."

John Henry, uninspired, repeated blankly, "About me?"

"Yes, and Lucy. It seemed—with me away and mummy so absurd—that you and she might get into all sorts of trouble. Mummy is so trusting."

"It's what I advised her to be, Jill."

"You advised? Very poor advice, if you ask me."

"And you think then that neither Lucy nor I are to be trusted?"

"John Henry, don't be hurt. I don't mean anything unkind. It's only—oh, well! Come round at teatime, will you? I want to talk to you."

John Henry's tongue, stumbling as though in haste, said "I'll come."

Five o'clock found him in Jill's presence. She was in lonely command of the tea service, and looked, to his eyes, grave and changed. She was even a trifle pale. He wondered rather sickly if anything very fateful had taken place on board that yacht. There had been young Dick James. While Jill talked self-consciously, about this and that, John Henry prepared himself for an announcement. At last, Jill seemed to draw up the threads of her intention.

"John Henry," she said coolly, "I have been thinking a great deal about you."

He set down his cup and looked across the table at her shrinkingly.

"All the time I was cruising about with the Jameses you were on my mind you and Lucy." He waited, fidgeting a little. "Do you remember my saying once that I wished you would wait for Lucy?"

He colored. "I do."

"Well, I've changed my mind about that."

"You think I'm not really good enough for her?"

"N-no. But I think she is not the sort of woman that would be good for you."

"It's very nice of you, Jill, to take all this time and trouble over my suitable mating." He got up and walked about, glancing now and again at his pensive counselor.

"The fact is, John Henry—and I hope you won't be angry with my frankness—that you will never have a scrap of worldly wisdom. You should be married to a woman who knows her way about."

Having said this, she came out from behind her tea table, strolled over to the mantel and busied herself somewhat concealingly with the lighting of a cigarette.

John Henry remained the width of the room away, and presently sat down as though to protest against her air of independence. She half turned, looking, beneath her most effective pose, a trifle uncertain now, and shy; her eyelashes unsteady.

"I've been so worried about you while I was away, fearing some New York creature might get hold of you. You'd trust her, you see, just as Lucy trusted Charmion, and I wouldn't be here to ——"

John Henry for an instant concealed his countenance in both his hands.

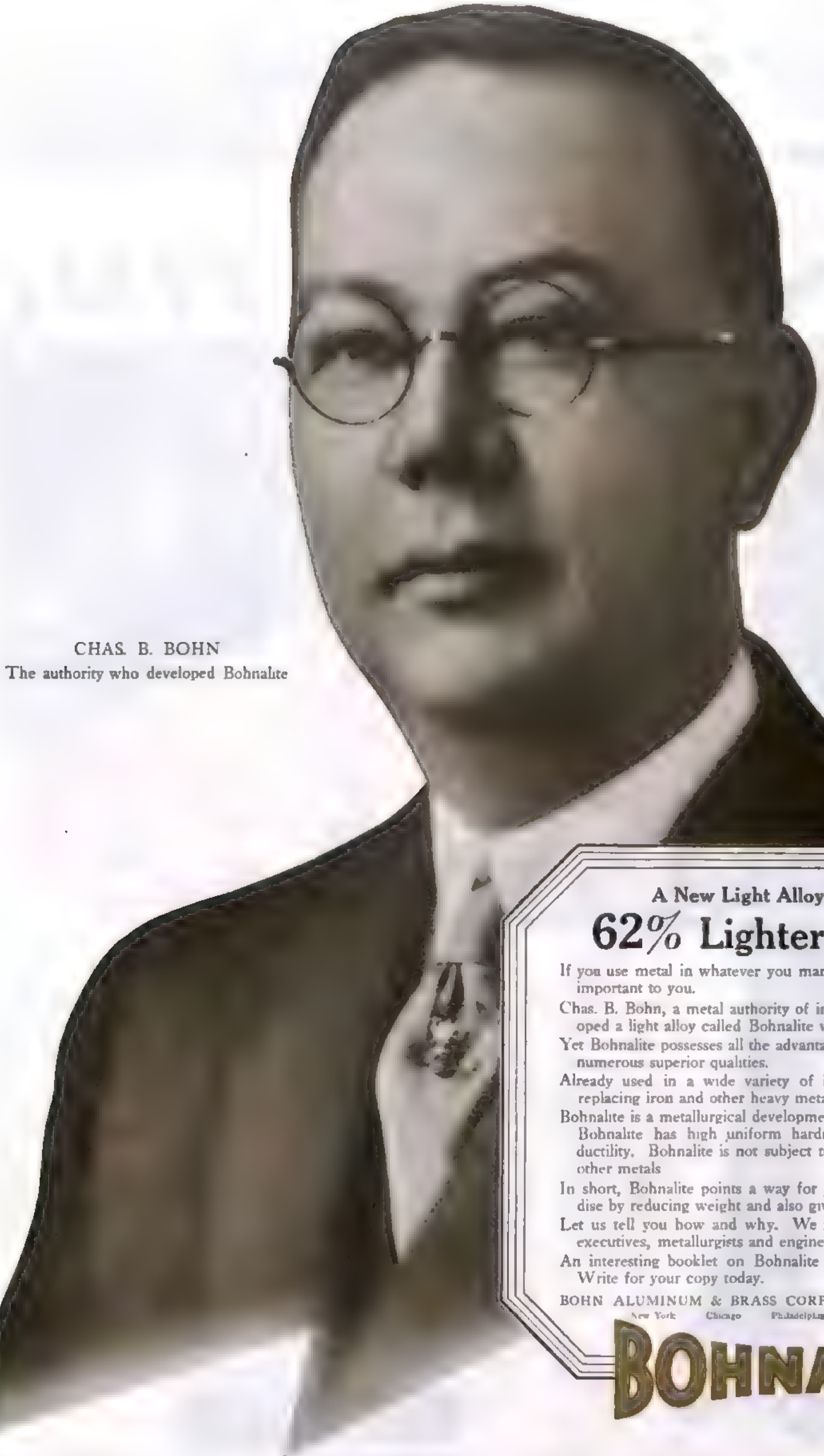
"—— to save you," Jill finished with fine resolution.

After a pause, John Henry looked up. Humbly, meekly, most innocently did he look up.

"Jill," he said, "I reckon you're right." He came toward her. "Gosh-a-mighty, I wish there was some woman—some experienced woman—who'd care to undertake—well, the safeguarding of my career."

Jill smoked very fast. John Henry watched her. He had locked his hands behind his back as though to keep them well under his control. Abruptly Jill threw away that cigarette and stumbled toward him. It was extraordinary, considering his inexperience, how swiftly he prepared his arms for her.

Maybe Jill's was the gesture of feminine worldliness taking under its wing a boy's simplicity; but John Henry's face looked strangely wise and grave and gentle, while Jill's, just before she hid it, gleamed up at him, mirthful and shy; confessing something that might almost have risen from the heart of eight-years-old.



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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Snares for the Man Starting Out for Himself

THE lawyer snorted disgustedly.

"I'm in a vicious mood," he confessed. "I had another member of the Lone-Handed Dubs' Club in to see me this morning, and one of those fellows always ruins the day for me."

"Sounds like a queer name for a club," commented his caller. "Who are they?"

"It has a queer membership, that club; and that's putting it mildly," declared the lawyer with feeling. "Briefly, they're the fellows who go into business for themselves and never think of seeing a lawyer until they suddenly find themselves in a tangle of legal troubles—usually troubles that a few words of advice and guidance from a lawyer in the beginning would have kept them out of entirely. What makes me so incensed about it is the way they sneer at me when I tell them they have come to me too late. They practically tell me I'm no good because I can't drag them out of hopeless predicaments that they manufactured for themselves six months or a year before.

"Take the case of the man who was here today, for instance. He's a mighty capable fellow in his own line, well known in his trade field, and should have no trouble building up his own business. He struck out for himself about a year ago and has been making fine headway as far as sales are concerned, though his collections have been a bit slow. About a month ago he ran pretty short of ready funds and, because of his comparative newness in business, his bank refused to finance him further. He probably could have stalled off most of his creditors, but unfortunately, a number of legal bombs which he had unwittingly loaded for himself began to explode just about that time.

"He and his wife own their home in their joint names, so the owner of the building that he rented for his business had both husband and wife sign the lease as joint lessees. The lease runs for three years and contains what lawyers call an acceleration clause—that is, if one month's rent is not paid, or not paid on time, the full amount of the lease for the whole three years becomes due and payable at once. Another part of the lease contains a warrant of attorney to confess judgment; under this provision any attorney of any court of record can enter judgment against the lessees for the rent due. As it happens, judgment has been entered against my client and his wife for the full amount of the rent for the remaining two years of the lease. As there was no fraud, accident or mistake in the signing of the paper, I know of no way of upsetting the judgment, which is just as effective as if it had been obtained upon a trial in court and a verdict by a jury."

Ignorance of Law is No Excuse

"The owner of the building is now threatening to sell the lessees' home if the judgment is not paid, and under the law he can do it! To make matters worse, the lease embodies, among other things, a waiver of exemptions and immunities, and of inquisition or condemnation of realty. Consequently, neither the husband nor the wife can claim the legal exemption from creditors, nor can they force the owner of the building to exhaust their personal assets before selling their real estate, as the law ordinarily requires.

"Now, if the man had only brought the lease to me before he signed it, I could have pointed out all these things to him in ten minutes. The owner of the building had been without a tenant for more than a year, and I'm confident he would have been glad to rent it under a much less exacting lease. But no, my lone-handed dub friend waits until he's in the toils of legal procedure and then wonders why I can't make the law work his way!

"I don't know why it is that so many men starting in business for themselves fail to realize that their new status as independent business men implies a whole new set of legal relationships and responsibilities; but it's a fact that for ten men who come to me in trouble after they have started in business, there's probably only one who consults me before he gets under way as a business entity.

"Most of them are like a barber client I had last year. I think he broke as many laws as he could, without knowing it, the very first day he opened up shop. He had been employed in a large barber shop for years and finally saved enough money to rent and equip a place of his own. Under the laws of our state a barber shop cannot operate legally without a health-department inspection certificate. My barber friend ran his shop for six months without even notifying the health department, and he would not have obtained the inspection certificate even then if it had not been that I questioned him about it when he consulted me on another matter. Incidentally, he had in the shop a small case of miscellaneous merchandise which he sold to patrons; he had never even heard of such a thing as obtaining a retail merchant's license."

Three Ways to Difficulties

"What he actually came to see me about was a lawsuit which had been brought against him, or rather against his shop, to which he had given a fancy tonsorial-parlor name. He was amazed when I told him that in order to do business in our state under a trade name or coined name, it is necessary to register in the proper state offices both the fictitious name and the real name of the person running the business. It cost him a money penalty to make the belated registration of the name of his tonsorial parlor, and I had plenty of trouble getting the court papers in the lawsuit straightened out to conform to the name as registered. He was lucky at that, for at one time in our state a person running a business under an unregistered fictitious name was prohibited from even defending a suit brought against him in the fictitious name.

"The mercantile agencies report lack of capital, incompetence and such things as that as causes of business failures. I'm confident that if a canvass were made, the legal profession would be unanimous in saying that one of the outstanding factors in the collapse of numerous new business enterprises is the incurring of legal liabilities which the proprietors never realized they were assuming. It's difficult—and dangerous—to generalize about these things, but in my experience the lone-handed dubs, as I call them, get into legal difficulties in one or more of three ways:

"First, the wife is drawn into the enterprise through the signing of papers. That always means that, if anything goes wrong, the family is going to be stripped of its very last stick of furniture and will probably lose its home. The only reason for having a wife's signature on a paper is to be able to seize assets or possessions which she might otherwise be able to protect as her own.

"I always advocate turning over the home and its contents to the wife before the business is launched, and making thoroughly clear to prospective creditors that the things thus owned by the wife are not to be considered in dealing with the husband. Of course it would be a fraud on the creditors to leave them under the impression that the husband owned the house and contents, when actually they belong to the wife, and that is why such odium is sometimes cast on this practice.

"If before the creditors extend credit, they are given to understand that the home and its contents are not part of the husband's assets, it is no fraud on them if the wife refuses to relinquish her ownership to pay business debts in the event of a failure. Furthermore, if the husband has not sufficient assets or credit standing to obtain bank or mercantile credit without jeopardizing his family's home and well-being, then he is not ripe to go into business for himself. He is headed for the insufficient-capital class of commercial failures. Certainly he should not ask his wife to sign papers whose effect will be to turn her and her children out into the street if his project should fail.

"The second—and equally disastrous—type of legal blunder on the part of men going into business for themselves for the first time, is the unconsidered signing of papers of all kinds: Leases, contracts, agency agreements, bailment and consignment receipts, guaranties, and so on. Often, in their eagerness to get going, as they explain it, they sign these papers without even reading them; sometimes they read the papers without understanding them and sign anyhow; and then again they read the papers carefully, think they understand the terms thoroughly, sign, and some months later discover to their chagrin and dismay that certain phrases have legal meanings which they never suspected. The only absolute protection against that sort of thing is to have a lawyer pass on each paper before it is signed. After a time, through repetition, the business man comes to know the legal significance of various phrases, but in the beginning it's suicidal for him to sign documents without competent advice.

"The third legal pitfall for the new business man is the running afoul of special laws. Most states have laws covering various business operations, and in many states there are laws covering special lines of business. Ordinarily these take the form of license or permit laws or regulations. The man just beginning business should make sure that he has complied with all such laws affecting his particular enterprise. Otherwise he is likely to suffer heavy losses in fines or penalties, or even find himself in jail.

"To put it in a nutshell, the man who is going on his own owes it to himself and to his enterprise to have his activities carefully checked from the legal point of view; and he owes it to his family to make sure that, if the worst happens, they will be able to retain at least the roof over their heads. Perhaps I'm unfair when I speak of the Lone-Handed Dubs' Club. Actually, the poor fellows are dupes—victims of legal tricks and technicalities. The astute business man is always found on the favorable side of the law; he knows by experience that it pays. And that particular kind of astuteness, as every lawyer in active practice knows, is something which the young fellow just undertaking to play a lone hand in the business world cannot afford to be without."

—CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

"Owning a Thing Right"

"I DOUBT," said my friend, a successful retail merchant, "that if I were beginning over again today I would be half as fortunate as I have been. More than twenty years ago I opened for business here with less than three hundred dollars capital. If I tried to do that today I would be beaten before I got started. Nowadays competition is too keen for any such shoestring operations as I got away with a score of years ago.

"Maybe I can illustrate what I mean. Price competition has been brought to the front in business to an extent undreamed of then. Not that price didn't always count heavily, you understand, but it wasn't the factor it is now. I am obliged now to give more and more attention to buying. If you don't own a thing right you can't sell it right, and your competitor is very likely to undersell you. Therefore, I stress buying right.

"When I began business with my very limited capital I took credit from the wholesalers as I could get it, and on the most advantageous terms I could get. If I was able, I discounted my bills, but I discounted only part of them. My only hope was to stress service to my customers more than price. And I did that. Fortunately my competitors were in the same boat with me: they, too, were handicapped by lack of capital. It was service, rather than price, that enabled me to win out over them.

"Contrast that condition with the present. Business units are growing bigger all the time, and the bigger the unit the greater its capital, for that is what makes it big. No successful merchant today can compete with these larger and stronger units unless he can meet them at least partly on their own ground. That means he must buy in larger quantities to get the benefit of quantity prices; and then he must discount every bill in order to cut down the cost of his goods further. Where I bought canned goods in dozen-can lots twenty years ago, I now buy in dozen-case lots.

"More than that, the fact that I now have ample capital on hand at all times allows me to take advantage of some unusual buying opportunities which come up from time to time. Take potatoes, for instance. I go out into the country and buy for spot cash several thousand bushels as they come out of the ground. With my own trucks I haul these potatoes to my own warehouse. The result, in my case, is that I can sell potatoes for what some of my competitors pay for them. I have even had the experience of having some of them come to me to buy from me to supply their own trade."

Bargains for Ready Cash

"I buy flour in somewhat the same way. There is a miller near me who is operating on too limited capital. I should explain that not only does he mill flour, but in order to supply all the demands of his customers, he wholesales other brands as well. He buys in carload lots, and, lacking ready cash, has the jobber draw a draft on him with bill of lading attached. That is my opportunity. He knows I have considerable ready cash, so when his bank notifies him that they hold such a draft, the miller comes to me. He makes me an offer for a considerable part of this flour at less than I could buy it myself in carload lots direct from the jobber. I write him my check for the flour, and with that and his own cash he takes up the draft. I back my trucks up to the cars and haul the flour to my own warehouse. I can sell flour as cheaply as any competitors, and I can make more profit at their own price than they.

"Then, competition in wholesaling is getting keener too. The wholesaler with the least ready capital is continually being put out of the running by his more capable competitors. That is a great opportunity for me. When one of them sells out I go in there with my check book, pick out what I want at a price generally considerably below wholesale, and store it in my warehouse. My less fortunate competitors can't do that, so that if I sell at their price my profits are larger, and if I care to do it I can undersell them.

"I wouldn't want anything I have said to discourage anybody who wants to become a retailer. If you quote me I think you should make it very clear that I mean to emphasize only that the new retailer needs much more ample capital than he once did. It is just the trend of the times in retailing, that's all."

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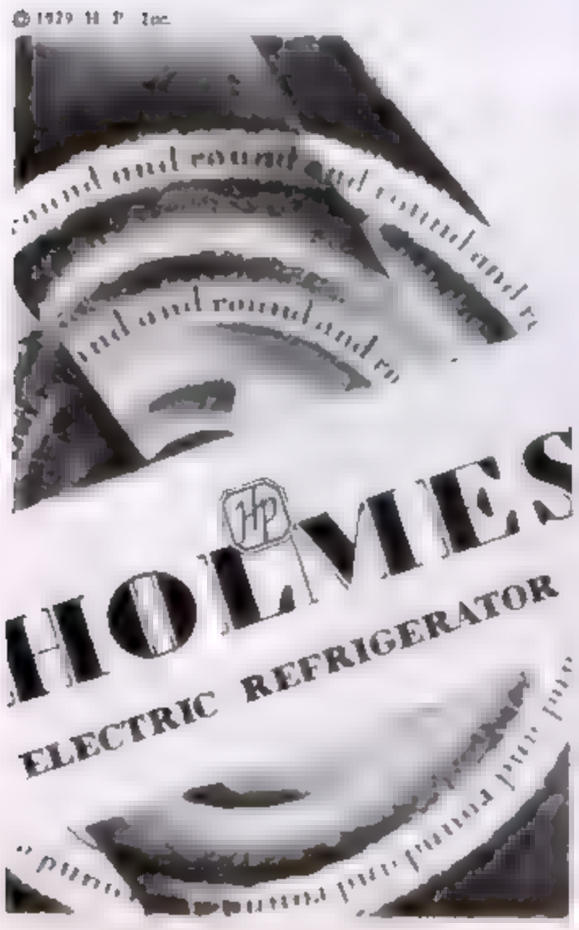


CRY-BABY

(Continued from Page 15)

known, being a wise guy himself and not naturally a chump. He waited at Whitey's for two hours. Then he telephoned all his friends and all her friends.

Still he couldn't see it. He was worried, but not about his money that Little Bit had in her stocking. He thought something had happened to her, automobile accident or something. His hands clenched as he thought of it.

And then Little Hymie Reese had laughed at him. Laughed at him and publicly called him a chump. Not only that but he had insulted Little Bit.

They were in Doggie's. The Cry-baby had come in, worried to death, and told his little tale of woe. Even told about the money he had allowed Little Bit to put in her stocking, "so it would be safe." Of course he didn't tell them where the money came from

And Little Hymie had laughed. He nearly doubled up with laughter.

"And you, Cry-baby, claim to be a wise guy," Little Hymie snickered. "Why, you're the biggest chump I ever heard of."

The Cry-baby's face got white, but he kept his temper. Which was surely something in his favor, because "chump" is about the nastiest word in the English language to a guy who professes to be a wise egg. But Little Hymie wasn't satisfied. He was having a good time.

"You're a good little guy, Cry-baby, even though you are a chump," Little Hymie went on; "and I'm telling you something you should have had brains enough to find out long ago." He paused and leaned over close to the Cry-baby. "Are you listening, chump?"

The Cry-baby was listening, and so was everybody else in Doggie's. This was going to be good. The Cry-baby stood straight, his hands at his sides, his face white as a sheet. He guessed he had half an idea what was coming, he figured now.

"I'll tell you where Little Bit is, Cry-baby," said Little Hymie; "and where your money is." He waited a few seconds to let the words sink in. Then, "She's living with a bum named Sweet Al Friedman up on Columbus Avenue. Sweet Al don't work, he ain't the kind of a guy that works, so Little Bit's taken your dough to him. They been married six months, Cry-baby."

The Cry-baby had seen red—and green—and black—by the time Little Hymie had finished, he remembered. He remembered what a measly dirty dog he had thought Little Hymie was for saying that about Little Bit. A good girl like Little Bit. The Cry-baby laughed at the thought of it.

It came back to him with a rush, the few fatal seconds that followed. He had pulled his gun.

"You're a stinking liar, Hymie," he said, standing there, his face chalk-white. "You're a stinking liar, and if you don't admit it right now, I'm croaking you."

And Little Hymie had laughed. "A guy that's chump enough to give three grand to a broad to take to Sweet Al ain't got guts enough to shoot," he taunted the Cry-baby.

The Cry-baby shot. He shot to kill. He wanted his bullet to plow through the rotten skull of Little Hymie, a guy stinking enough to lie about a good girl like Little Bit.

Oh, well! He'd probably have gotten the chair right on if the slug had hit Little Hymie. But it did seem a shame that a good guy like George Adams had to suffer. The Cry-baby had known George Adams for years. George had been the harness bull on the hoof in that neighborhood for a long time. Many's the time he had carried the Cry-baby across the street, safely through traffic, when the Cry-baby was just a tiny kid.

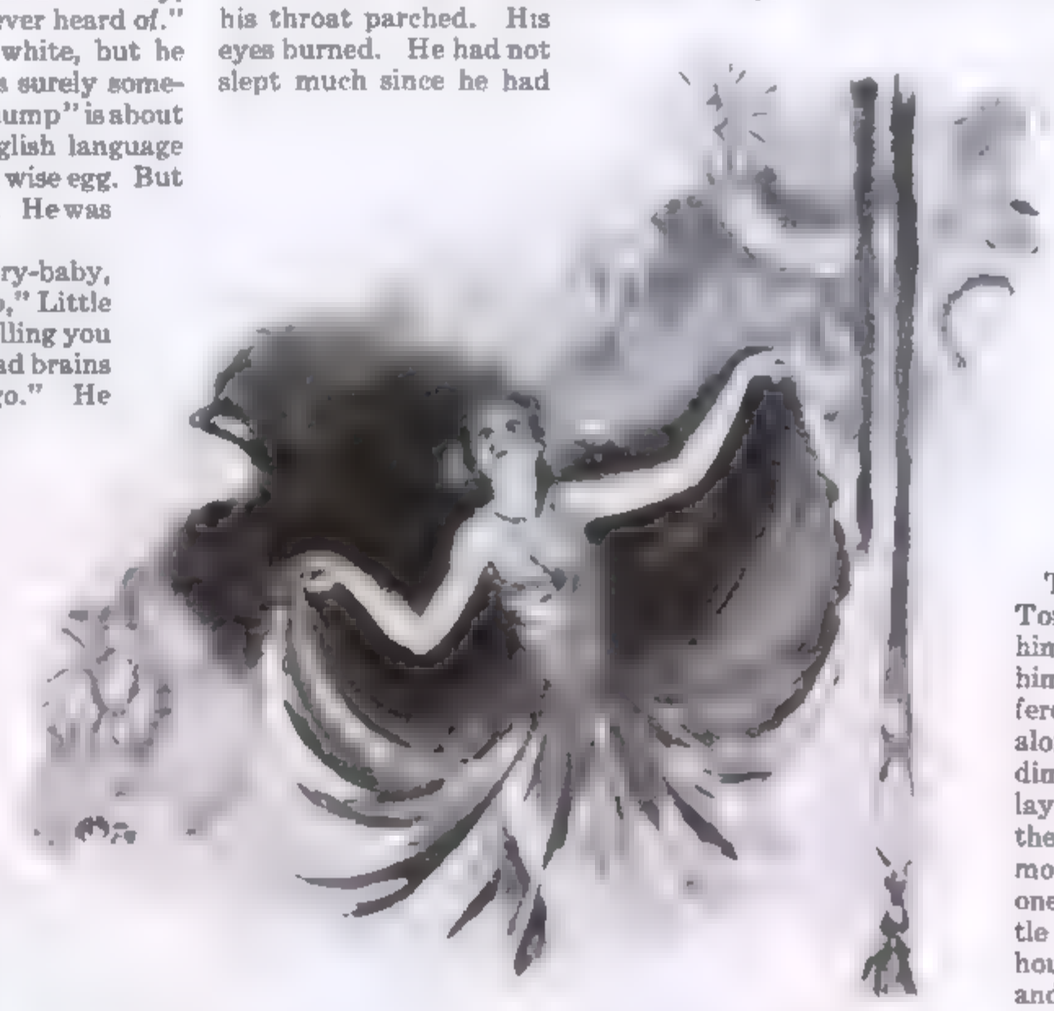
The Cry-baby had missed. And just as he shot, Sergeant George Adams walked into the door of Doggie's. The slug took him in the chest. He jumped, but didn't move his feet from the floor. Just his body. He stood there for a few seconds, swaying, a bewildered look in his eyes. The Cry-baby reached him, his smoking gun still in his hand, just as he crumpled to the floor

"Jeez, kid. Jeez," George mumbled "What'd I ever do to you?" Then he died.

And now the Cry-baby was going to burn for croaking the best cop that ever walked down Glover Street. He was going to burn for croaking a guy he liked.

The Cry-baby wondered who had tipped the police off about the Lofton job. Somebody had, because Striker and the rest of the mob were caught in Cleveland. Little Bit? He didn't doubt it.

He got up and stretched himself. He took another drink. His mouth was dry, his throat parched. His eyes burned. He had not slept much since he had been in the dance hall. He took stock. Yes, he was afraid, deathly afraid of the hot seat. Two days now. No, a day and a half. At eleven tomorrow night. A shiver passed over him, his body trembled at a terrifying thought. His nails bit into his palms and they bled. He sank back down on the cot. A low moan escaped from his lips.



Little Bit Had Quit School and Was Working in Whitey Morris' Cabaret. Always a Smart Girl, Little Bit

He jerked himself up straight. He'd have to snap out of it. Suppose Pop Martin heard him carrying on, heard him moaning. He'd tell the newspapers sure. The Cry-baby shuddered.

He thought of Abe Levi, the shyster lip. Abe was in to see him yesterday. "Feel your pulse, kid," Abe had kidded him. "Feel your pulse. You ain't dead yet!"

No, he wasn't dead yet, but he was just the same as dead. He might just as well be down in the ice box right now. Everybody had told him Abe was one sweet shyster though.

He started pacing his cell, up and down, up and down. Today and tomorrow! Not very long. He wondered how long it would take, whether it would hurt. His hands twitched, his lips trembled. He simply had to get his mind off of it. He heard Pop's feet pad-padding down the range. Instantly, he stopped pacing and sat down. He grabbed a book and opened it at random. With an effort he erased the furrows from his forehead, lifted his drooping, discouraged lips into a half smile. He put his feet on the table. He wanted to be the picture of perfect serenity when Pop came by.

He glanced at the book. Quickly he slammed it down on the table and grabbed another. The first book he had picked up was the Bible. It would never do to be caught reading the Bible, he thought. Pop would report it to the reporters, and they would interpret it as a sign he was weakening. He could see the headline—Cry-baby Killer Seeks Solace in Bible. No, it would never do to be caught reading the Bible. Might as well be caught crying.

Pop brought Tommy Piedmont, a newspaper reporter; and a photographer. The Cry-baby was delighted, although he professed to be bored to death with posing. Tommy Piedmont's stories were always good. He used a lot of good words words that painted the Cry-baby just like he wanted Little Bit and the gang at Doggie's to remember him after he was gone. Tommy used his imagination too. He would put wise cracks in the Cry-baby's mouth, things the Cry-baby knew he never could have thought up.

The Cry-baby looked up indifferently as they came up to the cell. "Oh, hello. Beautiful day, ain't it?"

"Still the funny boy," Tommy kidded him. "Talking about this being a beautiful day when there hasn't been a ray of sunlight in this cell in a hundred years. It's raining outside."

The interview was over. Tommy had kidded with him a few minutes and had him pose in his most indifferent manner. He was alone. The lights had been dimmed for the night. He lay on his cot, staring up at the cold gray ceiling. Tomorrow would be the last one. He shuddered. A little more than twenty-four hours. He groaned aloud and turned over, hiding his face in the pillow. He felt hot and cold at once, a fever flaming in his head while cold shivers raced up and down his body. Finally he slept. He awoke with a start. Somebody was calling his name. In the dim light he could see a shadowy form standing at his cell door. It was Pop Martin.

"Kid, I woke you up 'cause I thought you'd want to be woke up," Pop spoke excitedly. "I got good news for you."

Good news! The Cry-baby sat up erect with a jerk. Steady! Mustn't get excited. There could only be one kind of good news for him. Good news! He wanted to shout, to run up to the bars and grab Pop Martin and kiss him. He felt a great surge of joy pass over him. They were going to let him live. Instead of one more day to live he was to have thousands of days to live. True, he would be behind the Big Walls. But who cared? He was to be allowed to live. That's what mattered.

Steady! He had gone this far, he could go the rest of the way, he told himself. There might be a slip. No, there couldn't. Good news!

"Don't you want to hear the good news, kid?" Old Pop was all excited. You'd think it was Pop himself who'd had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

The Cry-baby yawned—so that Pop could see him. "Old man, they ain't no news that's worth waking a guy out of a sound sleep to hear," he said, sort of peevishly. Then, indifferently, "Well, what

(Continued on Page 80

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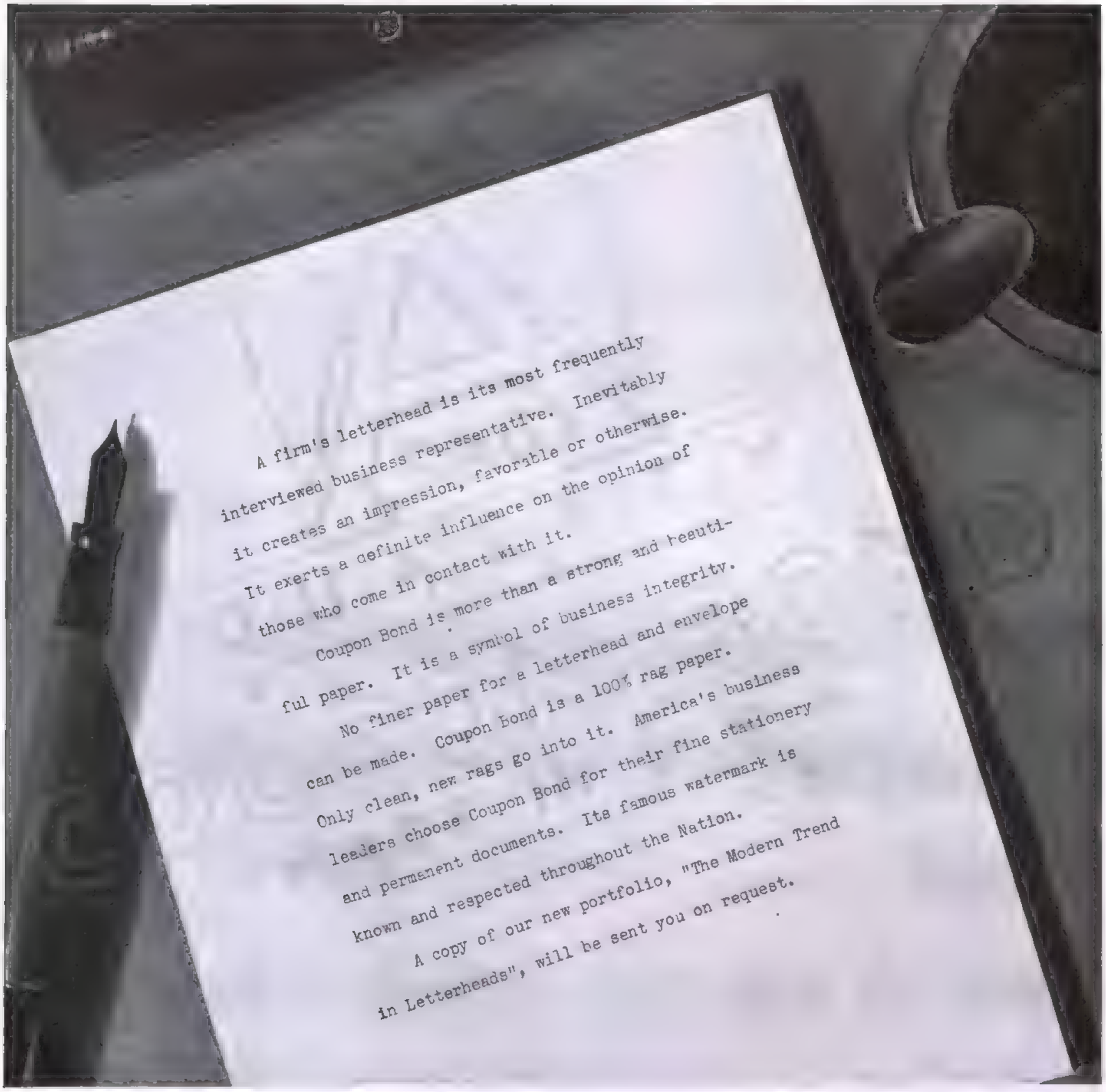
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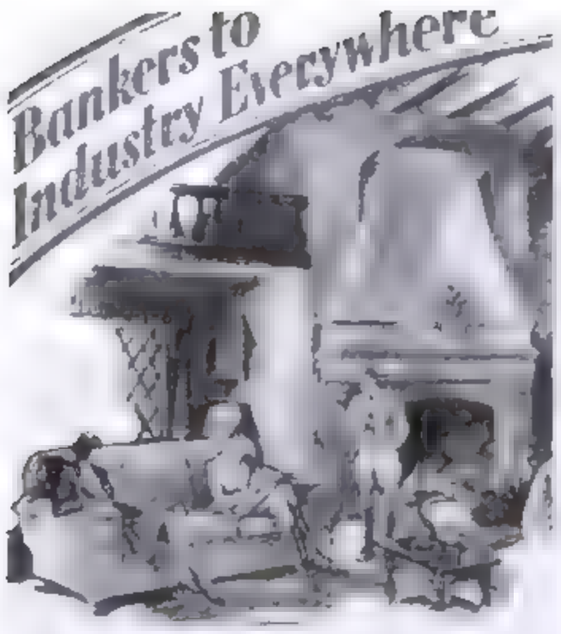

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Is it? The good people of this state decide not to burn me?"

What an effort it was to keep from shouting, from running to the bars and kissing Pop's bewhiskered old face. The Cry-baby gripped the edge of his cot to keep himself down.

"Sure, Cry-baby," Pop bubbled. "The governor has commuted your sentence to life. You ain't gonna burn, kid—and I'm glad."

The Cry-baby yawned again. "Well, you sure are raising a lot of stink about nothing," he pouted. "Couldn't you have waited until in the morning to tell me this? You'd think I cared what they do to me. What's the difference anyway whether they burn you or bury you alive? You'd think I was afraid to die to hear you talk."

Pop looked at him a long time steadily. "They're all afraid of the hot seat, boy," he said, "and you're not fooling old Pop. You're scared too." He handed a newspaper through the bars and walked away with a good-natured "So long."

The Cry-baby sat down on the cot and spread out the newspaper. Down the range Pop threw a switch and a light flashed on in the Cry-baby's cell. A headline caught his eye—Dry Eyes Save Cry-baby Killer. And a deck under the big head: Governor Says He's too Tough to Burn. The Cry-baby read the story.

"Governor Merrill last night saved Daniel Hinton, widely advertised as the Cry-baby Killer, from death in the electric chair by commuting his sentence to life imprisonment. Hinton was to have been electrocuted tonight at eleven o'clock.

"The Cry-baby's hard-boiled attitude since he has been in the death cell had much to do with the governor's decision. Abe Levi, well-known criminal attorney, yesterday presented a petition to the governor, his last possible move in a game to save the life of the man who a year ago shot and killed Police Sergeant George Adams in a pool room on the South Side.

"The petition tended to show that whereas only a short time ago Hinton was an especially tender-hearted youth, so chicken-hearted, so gentle in fact, that his boyhood chums gave him the nickname of Cry-baby, now he is so hard-boiled that not even the prospect of death in the electric chair could touch his emotions.

"Attached to the petition as exhibits were statements from the Cry-baby's neighbors and friends to show what a gentle soul the Cry-baby had always been, how easily he came to tears, how chicken-hearted he had always been. Also there were several affidavits which tended to show that the Cry-baby killer held a genuine affection for the slain man.

"Prison officials attested to the utter cold-bloodedness of the Cry-baby since he has been in prison.

"Most important, however, was a statement from Dr. Leo Mendel, noted psychiatrist. It was Doctor Mendel's opinion that Hinton as an especially sensitive youth, a youth subject to fits of crying, had received a shock which had completely upset him mentally, changing him from the Cry-baby into what prison officials say is the most unemotional man ever to occupy the death house.

"Doctor Mendel's statement covered twenty pages. It explained what Doctor Mendel believed happened in the Cry-baby killer's brain after he had received this mysterious shock, explaining in detail the terrible forces at work to change the tender-hearted youth into a soulless killer.

"After examining the petition and reading Doctor Mendel's report, Governor Merrill said: 'I am satisfied that Hinton was unbalanced at the time of the killing. I think justice will be served if he is sent to the state prison at Dadeville for the rest of his natural life. I want to say here and now, however, that I will oppose any move to free him in the future.'"

Slowly, the Cry-baby read the article. Good old Abe Levi. The guy that told him Abe was some sweet shyster certainly said a mouthful. He started to laugh, but the laugh stopped midway in his throat. It collided with a lump, a lump that for days had been growing steadily larger. The Cry-baby walked to the rear of his cell and took a drink of water, but the lump would not go away. Suddenly he threw himself on the cot, face down. His body shook. Great tears welled in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, dampening the pillow. The lump in his throat swelled still larger and he sobbed—aloud. He was crying aloud, unrestrainedly now, great tears rolling in streams off his face; loud, gasping sobs choking him. The Cry-baby was living up to his monniker.

HELLO, SUCKER!

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hostesses did nothing but eat and drink at his table and assist in padding the checks.

The torture chambers of the Great White Way have still another method of alienating a chump and his plunder. Two parties are seated at adjoining tables making hey-hey while the moonshines. One clique spends freely while the folks at the other table are rather conservative. The management can't stop you from bringing your own liquor, but it gets sore when you bring in sandwiches and start a basket party.

When curfew tolls the knell of departing cash it's time for the double-checking stunt. One party has spent eighty dollars and the other table is in hock for a mere thirty. Table A is in debt for the eighty, Table B for the smaller amount. The waiter adds up both. Does he present the large assessment to Table A? He does not. He lays it on Table B. If there is a squawk everything is all right. Dear, dear, how could I make that mistake? But very often it is paid and no questions asked. Now the eighty-dollar fine has been cleared up. Does the waiter lay the small check on Table A? Not a chance. He bobs up again with the same eighty-dollar plaster and it is paid again by the proper people.

The Sham in Champagne

The waiter has made fifty dollars. He must win—for the only thing he has to lose is an apology. That's the double-checking gadget. It didn't start in night clubs.

The smart manipulator can put you over the hurdles so neatly that you will not even realize that you are jumping. That's the secret of many of the night traps. Always leave 'em laughing when you say good-by and charge 'em twenty-five dollars for a pitcher of champagne that isn't worth ten cents, including the pitcher.

How did the champagne get into the pitcher? Why, the revenue cadets are liable to raid us any minute. If they found any bottles on the table we would all get pinched. But they cannot claim this is champagne in the pitcher. Neither can anyone else.

Booze is never stored on the premises. It is cached next door or a short distance away. Messengers carry it to the clubs by the bottle. One wealthy organization owned two buildings connected by pipe lines. Another opened a barber shop on the adjoining lot. This shop has twelve chairs all open to the public gaze at night. In order to assist this gaze, the place was highly illuminated. Policemen strolling by could view the empty chairs at their leisure. Yet this brightly spotted tonsorial parlor was haunted every night—not by ghosts, who have never been renowned for shaving, but by a mysterious individual who was locked in the shop every night at nine and released every morning at six. He was secreted in a small room and his business was to pass the bottles into the night club through an aperture in the wall.

Segregating the patrons of night clubs into classes is difficult. The average citizen cannot afford the nocturnal taxation. Society stages its soirées in its Park Avenue apartments. Some jaded social lights attend certain clubs, but soon weary of hearing the same singers night after night. They don't belong there in the first place. But any place where the owls have a playground you will find mice.

The war was responsible for a lot of hilarious insomnia in this country. People wanted to sit around and talk it over. The most famous of all night clubs of that time was the Childs restaurant in Columbus Circle. Everybody went there, including aviators who never had a foot off the ground and sailors who never saw a boat. No liquor was ever served there, but everybody had stopped at a filling station en route. Lindy's on Broadway became a popular eating place, and now you can find the actors, writers and cotillion leaders at still another place. The proprietor names his sandwiches after well-known people. The Al Jolson Special consists of salami, cold slaw, turkey wings and a dill pickle. There is one dedicated to the fame of Peggy Hopkins, but we have always been afraid to sample it, for we fear it is spiced with powdered diamonds. We mention these places because we think it is not the booze that causes people to perch up all night like hens on a roost. It is simply a desire to see and be seen and get a citation in any of the numerous Broadway columns now popular in newspapers.

The broadcasting of dance music from the night club was responsible for the success of many of our leading jazz bands. These junior *maestros* are paid very large salaries for personal appearances with their orchestras. They also derive incomes by training other bands and sending them around the country with permission to use the *maestro's* name on the bass drum. A good hot dance orchestra is worth its weight in gold and usually signs on for several years at a clip. Singers and dancers last about six weeks in a club and then move on to the next one. Even Chinese restaurants have caught the entertainment infection and dish up melody with the chop suey. The Chinks charge nothing extra for covers. When Tex Guinan opens up a new joint she starts right in on velvet by knocking off each guest for eleven dollars a plate. During the rest of the time she gets three dollars a cover on week days and four and five on Saturday nights.

Whiling Away the Starlit Hours

If a night club goes after the services of such international celebrities as Sophie Tucker or Whispering Smith it guarantees them around fifteen hundred dollars a week and 50 per cent of everything over the running expenses. We must admit that some excellent artists received their first opportunities in the hide-aways of New York. Whispering Smith was a song plugger and started his nightingale career in the Caravan Club down in Greenwich Village. When we were over in London last spring Whispering was the sensation of the town. Night life is much the same all over Europe. Berlin and its Kurfürsten Damm sets the pace for hectic capers after the sun gets so weak that it is forced to set in the West. Most people know about the cabarets of Paris.

The playboys of the Loop also have their municipal camping grounds where they while away the starlit hours with the music of fife and drum. While covering the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1920 Runyon and myself decided to see some of the night life. We were taken in tow by the late Dion O'Bannion, who acted as

(Continued on Page 83)

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You light a match, use it—then toss it aside. You are not even conscious of the act. You do it automatically. Fire has become so essential a part of your daily life that you are no more aware of its presence than you are of your own shadow. It is the familiarity caused by Fire's constant attendance which blunts your sense of caution . . . *and breeds the careless moment.*

When you *think* of Fire, you are careful . . . naturally. But some day you will forget to think. *Some day you'll break down your own protection.* For the human element is ever the weakest link in the chain that binds the hands of Fire. Somewhere, sometime, you will snap that link.

You cannot depend on protective measures alone because one moment of personal forgetfulness will offset a hundred years of progress in fire prevention.

The only certain safeguard, to save you from the money loss caused by Fire, is enough insurance to protect your property, its earning capacity, rental or leasehold value, or any other interest you may have in it.

But your insurance should be planned by an agent known for his thorough competence in fitting insurance to your individual needs. You can depend on the Hartford agent. He was chosen by this Company for his particular fitness to represent the Hartford in his community.

Call him*—now, while your sense of insecurity is uppermost in your mind.

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escort. The first club we visited was an ordinary store with the windows painted black. An orchestra was parked on a platform at the deep end. A pretty girl and a thin gentleman sat at the next table.

When the orchestra started, the slim gent came over to Dion and said, "Hold John Roscoe while I crawl with this roach."

John Roscoe was the biggest gun ever seen outside of army maneuvers. It was placed under the tablecloth. If John Roscoe was the gun it was easy to decipher that the crawl with the roach was a dance with the girl. After the dance was finished the gentleman came back for Roscoe and was invited to sit down for a talk. What followed was not quite so intelligible:

"How about that rap on the Hickburg bank?"

"Aw, I never put the finger on that joint."

"Don't you think you'll go to college?"

"Naw, I'm too young to have my hair cut."

"Who turned on the phonograph?"

"Nibsy."

"Looks like you'll do a bit in the shade."

"Aw, no; my lawyer will tell me when to buy my new shoes."

Early to Bed and Early to Rise

Dion had asked the questions to see if we could guess the answers. We figured it out in the hotel the next day. Putting the finger on the joint was robbing the Hickburg bank. Going to college was the jail house. Getting your hair cut meant the official trimming by the prison barber. Nibsy was the man who turned on the phonograph, or did the talking. A bit in the shade was naturally a jail term away from the hot sun. The lawyer who was to advise about the new shoes was the client's attorney, who would tip him off that he couldn't beat the case and the time had come to jump his bail rather than stand trial. You can acquire quite an education in a night club under the proper supervision.

The paraphrase on early to bed and early to rise is that it will make a man healthy and wealthy, but he won't meet anybody. It's only the wise boys who think the owl is our national bird. There is only one man who ever accomplished anything sitting up all night, and that was Lindbergh. He had to stay up. He was over the ocean. Unless you happen to be an astronomer by trade, we advise you to go home to bed and be dumb. The dumber the smarter. All the dumb people we know are riding in limousines while wise boys are still on bicycles. The wisest man in town usually winds up round-shouldered from looking into ash barrels.

We said before that the owner of the night track could not stop his patrons from bringing in liquor and their own champagne. But he can make them regret it. He soon discourages Scotch foursomes through the medium of corkage.

Corkage is in the dictionary. It is a charge for serving wine at a hostelry when the fermented sap is the property of the guest. The midnight rate for icing and dishing up a bottle of privately owned wine is five dollars. If the beverage happens to be booze, then every person at the table must take a bottle of charged water at one-fifty a bottle. It's the irony of fate when a man brings his own bottle and then discovers there is a war tax on the cork. Add the cover charges to the corkage and you soon have an expense account that will knock you for a twister. The Life Extension Bureau should subsidize the night clubbers for their efforts in discouraging cirrhosis of the liver by making it expensive

Don't forget the souvenirs displayed in handsome cases. They are generally imported dolls or expensive bottles of perfume. They cost only twenty-five dollars or so. They're for the little hostess who just loves playthings. They go back in the case after you leave. The gold diggers aren't digging any more—they're blasting.

It's all right to kill an evening. But why torture it? After six or seven hours in the average drum you lose your sense of proportion, especially when the ceiling turns into a mackerel sky and the room starts revolving from left to right at unstated intervals. A couple of years of this life and you are metropolitan, having arrived at that highest form of civilization, where daylight is a delusion and a snare, and fresh air makes you sick.

If you are a visitor to New York from the solid South or the scattered West you may patronize the night clubs to get a look at the famous people you read about. After you get back to your hotel and check up on your coin, you realize that Ali Baba couldn't have been such a bad fellow, for he had only one cave. We will guarantee that you didn't see Thomas Edison, Henry Ford or Cal Coolidge. Some years ago you might have been fortunate enough to spot among others at a ringside table an illustrious personage who had just graduated from a college for mild maniacs. By the way, this gentleman proved his sanity for all time when he pushed back a dinner check for eight hundred dollars and said, "That crazy I am not."

Hard Work and No Pay

There are some people who really have a right to go into these clubs. The sitting army of saxophone players is now larger than the standing army of the United States. They earn a living there. So do the dancers, the singers, the waiters and the owners. Then there's the newspapermen who write about Broadway characters and who pick up their news after midnight.

And don't forget the actors in legitimate and musical shows. Although you may never have thought of this angle, a successful actor in Broadway never has a chance for the usual relaxation possessed by the everyday worker. His only chance arrives after the curtain rings down at 11:15. It's twelve o'clock by the time he has washed off the grease paint and he has his choice of a lunch wagon or a club. The only drawback to his relaxation is that his presence is soon detected by the master of ceremonies, an introduction is made to the audience, and amid thunderous applause the thoroughly relaxed star is forced to step out on the floor and do a dance that may break his leg, or sing a number that may strain his voice. A peculiar thing about these impromptu and gratuitous performances is that the actor has to try just as hard as if he were getting paid for it. Any time a recognized theatrical star steps out he must do his best, for his reputation is always at stake.

This is where Tex Guinan shone. She knew both human and inhuman nature. The people she introduced from the floor were individuals who never before had known the joys of public acclamation. Tex could work up tremendous enthusiasm over a big butter-and-oleomargarine man from Sidetrack, Iowa.

A spotlight would be thrown on the victim of the artificial reception and he would accept the nomination and promise to cut down the budget if elected. People who were too timid to speak on the telephone in their home towns would respond freely to Tex's rehearsed magnetism and deliver orations.

Faded to a Fringe

It all came under the head of coöperative fun and jolly times. And it also enabled Tex to declare dividends every time she oiled the cash register. The old régime is about faded down to a fringe now, due to Mayor Walker's three-o'clock closing order.

As one young lady said, "What? Go home at three o'clock? Why, that ruins the whole evening!"

They didn't think His Honor the Jimmy could enforce that law—if it is a law. Maybe it is only an amendment. But the places were closed at three o'clock in the morning and the delicatessen stores reaped the benefit.

Nearly every sardine-and-salami store has installed mourning pews, where the belated nighthawk can munch his cud and deplore the passing of the good old days.

They may have been good old days, but you have some doubts when you look in the mirror and see bags under your eyes which resemble the pouches in which mother kangaroos carry their young. The doubts gather speed when you bend over to tie your shoe lace and discover that your chassis has developed a body squeak. And the uncertainty is unanimous when the doctor tells you that your blood pressure is so high that your red, white and blue corpuscles are a mile above sea level. That's the time you are ready to make yourself a military uniform of Barnum's main tent, pin on a couple of donkeys' ears for epaulets, salute yourself and say, "Hello, sucker."

Little Jimmy: "This Prosperity Stuff's th' Bunk. Pop Only Raised My Allowance a Quarter a Week Since Hoover's Been Elected!"

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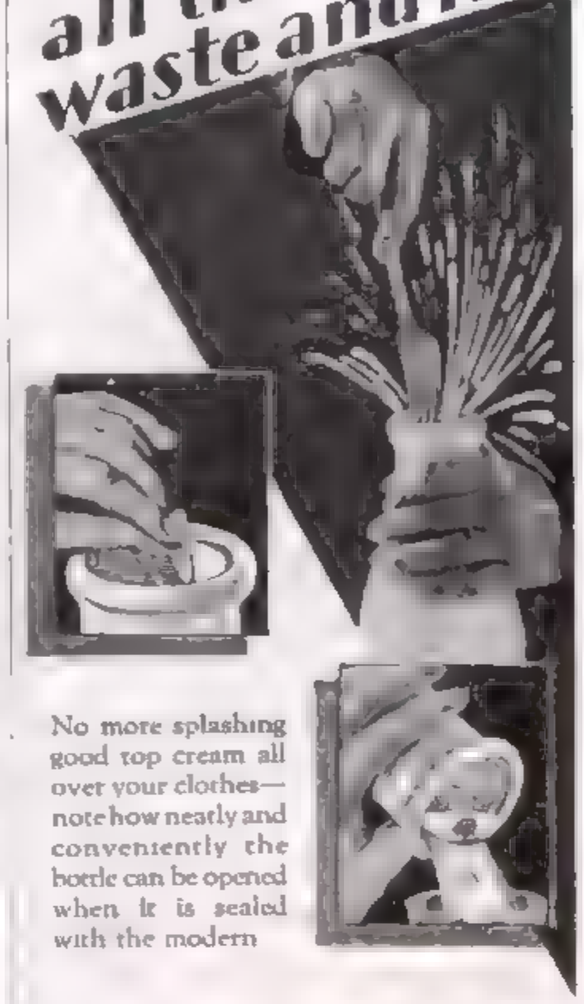

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Flax li num, through its 'two air space' method of installation, *actually transforms the useless air between the walls into an active ally of insulation.* By a remarkable but fundamental principle, it increases its own insulating value fully one half, brings far greater protection and allows the use of an *economical thickness* of material with increased efficiency

ing value—but through a very remarkable and fundamental principle, *adds the extra resistance of two air spaces.* In no other way can such unusual results be achieved. FLAX-LI-NUM forms a wall within a wall in such a way that escaping heat meets a *double* resistance. It increases its own efficiency 50%.

This "two-air-space" method of installation is the very foundation of modern heat control. It is accepted by heating engineers the world over and makes possible a new measure of home comfort and fuel economy.

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Wherever there is a difference in temperature, there is a passage of heat from warm to cold . . . No matter how thick or thin the walls may be, there is an actual loss that ordinary construction cannot stop.

FLAX-LI-NUM, when installed, not only retards these losses by its own basic insulating value—but through a very remarkable and fundamental principle, *adds the extra resistance of two air spaces.* In no other way can such unusual results be achieved. FLAX-LI-NUM forms a wall within a wall in such a way that escaping heat meets a *double* resistance. It increases its own efficiency 50%.

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If you are considering building or buying a new home . . . take a moment now and let us send you insulation facts and advice gained from many years of experience. Let us tell you about FLAX-LI NUM and how its "two-air-space" method of application conforms to the principles outlined by the U.S Bureau of Standards.

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ANTIQUES ABROAD

(Continued from Page 19)

collectors hereabouts and none of them wishes to buy a piece that the others have seen and refused. When we think a piece has stayed long enough to outwear its welcome with us, we ship it to a dealer in another town. If it does not sell there, it is sent on to another dealer. We all ship to one another pieces that do not sell readily."

English buyers, many dealers told me, do not stress line—that is, design and structure—or style, as American collectors do. On the other hand, they cheerfully pay high prices for color, for the patina of the wood, which tells so much to the expert. Their favorite mahogany looks sun-bleached. And in the case of chairs the English are very keen on the covering. Dealers, when they speak to you about chairs which are stored elsewhere, will first of all describe the upholstering. More than once when the price of a set of chairs was considered a bit high by us, the dealer, knowing our national indifference to the covering material, actually offered to cut the price in half if we allowed him to keep the covers.

With but two exceptions, the country dealers were British by birth and British in their methods and point of view. If your own manners are good they will more than meet you halfway.

An American friend, with whom I was comparing notes, told me of an experience he had.

"We stopped at a shop in a village in Surrey. It was in one of those small, half-timber houses that we have always wanted to see. We went in and we found that the interior matched the outside. There was quite a little furniture, and all of it seemed genuine, though I saw no unusual pieces. The proprietor was a middle-aged man who bowed and waited for me to speak first. After I had looked about the shop a bit I asked him: 'Have you any old glass?'

"The dealer nodded and then observed: 'Ah, you are not long in England.'

"'How do you know?'

"'Your *a*'s are not broad. In another month, when you go into a shop, you will ask for glawss.'

"I didn't like his remark or his tone of voice or his face, so I said: 'You are right. I have not been here long enough to ask for glawss, but quite long enough to discover that antique dealers raise prices to American buyers. From now on I shall try to pass for a native tightwad.'

"'For a what?'

"'For a British buyer,' I explained.

"'Oh, I am not English,' he said, doubtless meaning to encourage me.

"He did not have any glass that I cared for, but in one corner of the back room I saw a small carved chest. I asked him the price. He named a figure that I considered reasonable.

"It was really a very attractive little piece, and the more I saw of it the better I liked it. It looked O. K. in every way. It had the marks of the three kinds of age that such an antique ought to show plainly."

Three Ages of Antiques

I interrupted my friend to ask: "Three kinds of age?"

"Why, yes. Don't you know them? Plain age, us-age and dam-age! To go on: Although the chest seemed all right, I naturally wanted to make sure by taking a look at the inside and at the bottom. I can't say that a clever faker can't fool me, but it makes me feel a little safer to look them over carefully.

"The dealer's face made me ask him first: 'May I look at the inside?'

"He shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Why look at the inside? The people that you will show it to in your house will only see the outside of it. If that is satisfactory why go further?'

"'I like to know what I am buying,' I told him.

"'Well, there it is,' he grumbled.

"'Yes, and there it will stay,' I said and walked out. As I closed the door I saw that he was still shaking his head. He could not understand Americans."

They have their fads and fancies in England, as we do, though I do not think they have ever gone crazy over relatively modern or decidedly ugly specimens. I saw in a London shop last summer a set of satinwood Hepplewhite painted chairs for which the dealer, five years ago, asked $15,000. Today he was willing to sell it for $5000. He assured me that he paid $13,500 for it in 1923, when that style was all the rage. The fashion has changed and thousands of pounds were lost by dealers. Sofa tables, for which American collectors do not care especially, are extremely popular among English collectors just now. Those well-meaning antiquers among us who are laughed at for making pickle bottles into electric lamps or use Bennington stoneware churns for holding dripping umbrellas will be delighted to learn that discriminating Britishers are buying the old boot racks which the servants used to carry to the cellar full of guests' shoes, to polish and clean and later leave at the bedroom doors. They make these boot racks serve as umbrella holders. You must not forget that the umbrella is the universal weapon of free-born Englishmen against overworked Jupiter Pluvius.

That Horsy Touch

Another thing the English collect that we don't are those brass ornaments that are used on the harness of dray horses. There is quite a demand for them, I was told. They are not all very ancient, but every now and then they find one that has been handed from father to son for generations of carters, for it is to the carters and not to the horse owners that the brasses belong. I was told that they are supposed to be luck charms and that the origin of them can be traced back to the Romans, so that it was after the conquest of Britain by the imperial legions that these brasses made their appearance on the foreheads or chests of English horses. They come in different shapes and there is quite a literature about them.

Another curious thing they collect is what a glassman told me were hand coolers—solid spheroids of clear glass used by fashionable ladies, who clutched them to make their hands cool when the beaus of 150 years ago kissed them. It does not require much imagination to fancy Beau Brummel bending ceremoniously over the dimpled hand that once cooled itself with this otherwise meaningless piece of plain glass. I asked whether they came in fancy colors or in Nailsea stripes, and the glassman said yes. But he did not sound any too sure about it, to me.

The antique shops in England do not carry so much of what they call cottage furniture as American shops do. Windsor chairs, for example, I never saw in the better class of shops. Perhaps they think them too plebeian or they have discovered that there is not much profit in low-priced stuff. On the other hand, the Americans have cleaned the English market of pieces that formerly abounded at reasonable prices. For instance, little tilt tables that, they told me, used to sell for a few shillings are not plentiful. Those in oak, Americans did not want at any price, but small snake-foot tables in mahogany of the styles of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, used to be picked up without trouble at from three to five dollars. Of course, they were not marvelous pieces, but at those prices and without duty to pay, they were bargains. When the Americans began to buy them the dealers investigated and discovered they could do better by exporting them to New York for sale. You don't often see them now.

(Continued on Page 86)

LEE of Conshohocken

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—and
Sauerkraut

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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 84)

Most English antique dealers realize what a boon American buyers are at a time when their old customers are out of the market by war reasons—death or impoverishment or high taxes. Everywhere the desire to cater to the American trade was obvious. More than one dealer frankly admitted to me that Americans were the only buyers they had in the higher-priced goods. If anyone rises to question this statement I'll add that the admissions were made with a painlessness that bespoke practice and with a unanimity that killed any doubt. One of the very best-known dealers in London, who stands as high in the trade as the highest, in speaking of Americans, hesitated a moment and then, with one of those soul-wrenching efforts with which an Englishman admits that he has emotions, said: "It is a pleasure to deal with Americans. They ask questions. The English don't. Americans frankly wish to learn. Englishmen are ashamed. Pretense plays an important part with them, but not with your people. We pride ourselves"—he meant his firm—"upon the rarity and the importance of our goods. We take great pride in finding unusual pieces, and naturally we are glad when one finds a home with people who will enjoy it because they know exactly what they have. And then, sir—ah"—he turned as red as he could without shading into purple, and finished—"it is a pleasure to deal with people who trust you. Americans take my word for what I tell them. And that means a great deal to me, sir." He actually meant it. I often wonder how long it took him to recover his Britannic phlegm.

Nevertheless, it was plain that many of the dealers found it difficult to adjust their views to ours, especially in the provinces. The little country fellow could not understand why Americans collected what the English did not especially prize and utterly neglected what they esteemed highly. A neighbor of mine, who buys good antiques of all kinds wherever he finds them, made himself very popular with other Americans at our London hotel by giving them valuable collecting tips. It was his third or fourth trip.

"You see," he told me one day, "our people want American furniture, and the high prices at home have driven them to look for it elsewhere, particularly England. They all figure that this should be a wonderful place to find genuine American furniture. Don't smile! What I mean is that they are looking for pieces that will pass for American-made furniture when they are installed in an American home. This isn't as difficult as you might think, especially in chairs and in certain styles of tables."

A Hundred Per Cent American

"Let me tell you what happened to me. Last year I picked up an exceedingly fine Hepplewhite chair, with stretchers. It really was an unusual piece. I bought it at a fair price. It was no bargain here, but I thought the sea voyage would do it a lot of good that way. Not long after my return home a friend whose name is a household word among lovers and students of antique furniture visited me. He is recognized as our foremost authority on Early American. Wherever he goes he is asked to pass on pieces, for he collects not only furniture but pictures of furniture. If there is one expert in the United States that every antiquer has heard of, I imagine it is my friend.

"Of course he spotted my chair the very first thing. He knows I am forever snooping and picking up pieces all over New England. It is my recreation. I cannot tell you whether or not he knew I had just returned from abroad. There is no reason why he should or should not have known it. At all events he saw my chair and instantly began to rave about it. It really was a very interesting piece and I could understand his enthusiasm. In fact, I cheerfully shared it. There happened to be another man in the room with us who has not been collecting very long and is therefore still in the interrogation stage. He naturally asked the expert where he thought that chair was made.

"'Oh, heavens!' answered the great authority. 'Look at it! There is no question whatever of where it was made. It is as plain as the nose on your face. Boston, of course! Why, it sticks out all over it.'

"'Where, for instance?' meekly asked the beginner, hoping to get some valuable points.

"Well, the expert gave him, one by one, eleven reasons for his conviction—that only an expert could point out, because only an expert would have noticed or found them—eleven irrefutable proofs that my chair was made in Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Do you blame our fellow citizens for coming over to England to get good American furniture at reasonable prices? I don't! Not when I think of my Boston chair.

"Of course, when it comes to bureaus that look American, it is not so easy. The bureau might be Sheraton or Hepplewhite or any other style that was popular in the United States 150 years ago, but they do not look the same. The American custom was to make bureaus with three or four full-sized drawers. In the English-made bureaus of the period, you are apt to find the top drawer cut in two."

In the Hands of Lady Luck

"And if you will notice, the next time when an English dealer is showing you a piece with drawers, like tables, bureaus, stands, desks, and so on, he will be apt to call your attention to the fact that the sides and bottoms of the drawers are made of oak. To them, it shows lineage. They don't understand why American collectors always look sad when they see the oaken evidence of English make and refuse to buy.

"A dealer whom I usually visit two or three times a summer said to me: 'If you will allow me to say it, sir, you are very well informed on furniture. You have told me things I did not know and I have been in business here for five-and-thirty years. But ever since American tourists first began to come into my shop I have wondered why they do not wish the inside of drawers to be of oak.'

"I did not care to tell him frankly that I thought the average American buyer hoped to pass off his English pieces for American when he got back to God's country. I said:

"'The reason is that we do not use oak in America. We have never learned to care for it. We prefer any other kind of wood. You see, American oak is not so good-looking a wood as English oak.'

"'Oh, isn't it?' Englishmen are always flabbergasted by geographical or ethnological information.

"'No, it isn't. One reason is that your oak has grown in windswept places and the trunks have been subjected for hundreds of years to the strains caused by storms. This has given to English oak a grain that makes it a very beautiful wood. The greater age of your oak or possibly the difference in variety makes your oak darker than ours, although I have seen some English oak quite as light as our American. As a rule we don't care for oak in bureau drawers.'

"'Oh, but surely you would not wish deal drawers?'

"'Yes, I would, every time!' I said.

"At this point he threw up the sponge and never again did he presume to tell me what I ought to buy. His attitude after that was: There were the goods. There was my curious American taste. The sale was in the hands of Lady Luck."

I recalled what my friend, the customs examiner, had told me in New York about his experience in England with Duncan Phyfe furniture. The most alert dealers questioned me at great length about what their American customers meant by Duncan Phyfe furniture. The average English dealer is more deferential to his customers than the American. He is less free about volunteering information and advice, though he describes his own goods dithyrambically enough. He knows what he has to sell and he has no difficulty in distinguishing between the experienced American collector and the non-collecting American tourist. At all events, every time one of us delivered by request a lecture on what Americans mean by Duncan Phyfe, we were sure of a respectful hearing. What one dealer said is practically what they all said, in various parts of England:

"Your countrymen come here and they ask me if I have any Duncan Phyfe pieces. At first I did not know what they meant and I rather think some of them did not either. But one day a gentleman from New York who had bought from us before told me that whenever any American asked for Duncan Phyfe furniture I must show them late Sheraton. I have sold quite a bit of it to your people. It was not especially desired here, but I buy every bit I can get for our American patrons. It is all late Sheraton."

"And how about prices?"

"Of course, sir, with every American wanting it, the price has advanced, but we sell all we can get. It is the one thing nearly every American wants. We have sold sets of chairs in what the New York gentleman called Phyfe's best style, for thirty pounds sterling for the set of six, and three-pedestal tables at from sixty to eighty pounds. Of course these were exceptionally fine specimens of late Sheraton, remember."

Of course American tourists, remembering the prices that Duncan Phyfe items brought at the Hudnut sale in New York last year, are eager to acquire pieces that to their eye show the great cabinetmaker at his best. In New York today the importations of English furniture show such a large percentage of late Sheraton that the Duncan Phyfe craze is likely to be cured by the flood of Duncan Phyfe pieces that were not made in Duncan Phyfe's workshop. Gradually people will learn to know the difference between the furniture made by the American master and good English-made furniture in the Sheraton style.

The passion for attributions is universal. Collecting, like all manias, leads to excesses. Men who begin by collecting good paintings often end by collecting great names. No man says "I have a wonderful portrait" with one-tenth of the pride with which he will tell you: "I have an authentic Rembrandt." In furniture you will find—aided and abetted by dealers—men boasting about the ownership of a William Savery highboy or a John Goddard block-front secretary or a Jonathan Gostellowe lowboy, when it is a well-established fact that none of these master craftsmen could possibly have made one-hundredth of the pieces attributed to him by enthusiastic collectors or optimistic dealers.

The Mark of the Master

Of course with Duncan Phyfe the case is somewhat different. We have some authenticated Savery pieces, but as a rule Savery attributions are made exclusively on the basis of similarity to the known specimens. In the case of Duncan Phyfe there are available a large number of documented pieces. Moreover, his furniture has such strongly marked characteristics that it is not easily mistaken for the work of anyone else. A Savery may or may not be a Savery—that is, a very fine Philadelphia piece may or may not have been made by that master. But a Phyfe is recognizably a Phyfe always. Do not forget that old Duncan had a large workshop and employed skilled workmen by the hundred. But the design was always his and he personally supervised the work, so that his fine hand is in evidence.

Lovers of fine furniture might do a little more actual studying of essentials before they permit themselves to talk glibly and unintelligently of the master craftsmen and their work. In the case of Duncan Phyfe, for example, the Metropolitan Museum of

(Continued on Page 89)

Exposed for years to corrosive salt air and soft coal smoke from unloading ships, the ARMCO *Ingot Iron siding on these conveyor galleries is still in excellent condition. These galleries are a part of the 4,250,000 bushel Northern Central Elevator of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Baltimore, Maryland.*

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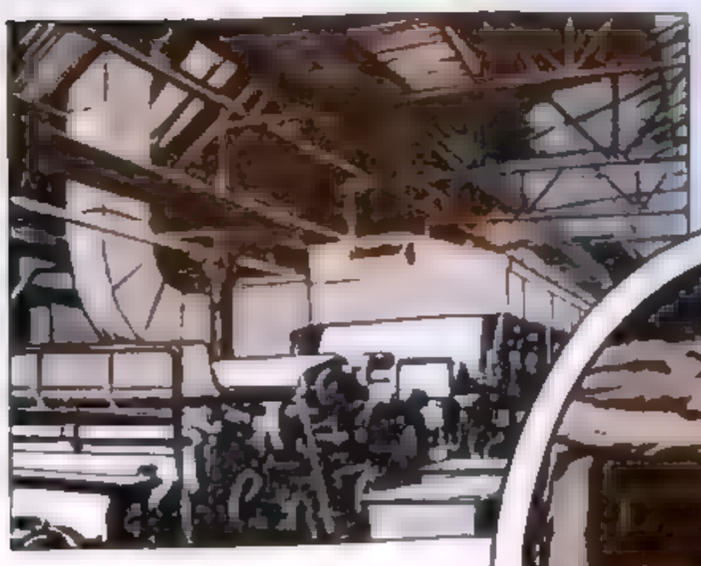

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(Continued from Page 86)

Art has published a monograph written by Mr. Charles O. Cornelius which is a model of what such a work should be. Phyfe began by copying Hepplewhite and then fell under Sheraton's influence. He profited by their study and experience, and took from them what he liked. In time he developed a style of his own so admirable that one cannot wonder at the esteem in which he is held by experts and laymen alike. Before you put a Duncan Phyfe label on an English-made piece in the late Sheraton style, you might keep before you certain points that distinguish the American's work from the English. As a guide for the amateur in identifying Duncan Phyfe's handiwork, Mr. Cornelius points out some of the elements of Phyfe's style: The furniture design as a whole—its proportion and line—and also the decoration. Proportion, of course, is always hard to analyze, and his is no exception—that is, the balance between vertical and horizontal structural members. He observed integrity of structure, based on architectural lines, more closely than did the English cabinetmakers, and withal he obtained increased likeness and refinement. Some of his curves, for example, are not found in Hepplewhite's Guide or Sheraton's Drawing Book. But you see such a curve and rearward roll, for instance, in practically all Phyfe's chair backs. One has to look for his inspiration among the great French cabinetmakers of the Directoire.

For Better Practices

The carving also is different from that which we find in late Sheraton of English make. Phyfe's acanthus, for example, is unlike the acanthus that one sees in the English or French design books which he studied; and no one who has studied Phyfe's work can ever mistake the English reeding for the American's. Also, we find in Phyfe's work a certain use of veneered decorations which are typical earmarks of Phyfe's work, as Mr. Cornelius points out. Study the whole and the detail, and your Duncan Phyfe piece will really be Duncan Phyfe—or you won't say it is.

It was not so long ago that New York importers of English antiques experienced great difficulty in disposing of certain pieces. Their customers unanimously rejected them, for the good and sufficient reason that they looked too English for American interiors. Today the importers are stressing the nationality, not because the American demand for American pieces has abated but because, frankly, foreign antiques are coming back into favor, even if not into the first place in collectors' affections. The antique magazines published in this country show significant increases in the advertising by English dealers, and more than one New York or Boston dealer is now advertising American and English antiques instead of American alone, as they did up to two or three years ago. The importers have their buyers in England, or their correspondents. They buy in England on a basis of five dollars per pound sterling, but the New York delivered price is figured at seven dollars per pound sterling. Then they add their overhead and their usual percentage for profit. American dealers buying from British dealers are not so likely to get the wonderful bargains that they sometimes find among the American country dealers. But high-grade antiques are always high in price.

One gets a definite sense of the permanence and stability of antiques as a business in England when he visits the reliable shops. The trade obviously does not depend upon fads for its existence. You feel that it embodies a tradition, and tradition is not allowed to die in England. It is taken for granted that everyone appreciates antiques. A *nouveau riche* in England may fill his home with wonderful old furniture, but that does not mark him as a being apart. No old Englishman apologizes to any young Englishman for being fond of things that are old and English. If English buyers of antiques are, as they claim, more discriminating than Americans, it is because in a country whose history is told in chairs or china or silver historical associations come more easily to them than to us. If the average English dealer knows his goods better than the average American, it is not because he has so many well-posted customers, but because the business being older, it is better established. I have been in many a shop the owner of which was the grandson of the founder of the business.

Age and the national habit led, in 1918, to the formation of the British Antique Dealers' Association. Its objects were:

To regulate the relation between masters and masters, and masters and servants, and to promote the consideration and discussion of all questions affecting the trade of dealers in antiquities, articles of vertu, books, china, coins, curios, gold and silver articles, jewelery, pictures, plated articles, prints, precious stones, and generally in *objets d'art*.

To improve and elevate the technical and general knowledge of persons engaged in or about to engage in the trade or in any employment, manual or otherwise, in connection therewith, and with a view thereto to provide for delivery of lectures and holding of classes, and to test by examination or otherwise the competence of such persons, and to award certificates and to institute grants, rewards and other benefactions.

To regulate, control and impose restrictive conditions on the conduct of the trade, both wholesale and retail, and to prevent underselling and unfair competition.

To diffuse among the members of the association information on all matters affecting the trade, and to print, publish and circulate such papers, periodicals, books, circulars and other literary undertakings as may seem conducive to any of these objects.

To assist in or promote any scheme or schemes for a system of apprenticeship.

To promote excellence in, and just and honorable practice in, the conduct of business, and to suppress malpractices.

Members may be expelled by a three-quarters vote of the council for committing a breach of any of the rules or by-laws, or if his conduct, in the opinion of the council, be derogatory to his character as a man of business or otherwise injurious to the trade. Any member who may become bankrupt or suspend payment of his debts, or who makes an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, or enters into liquidation or ceases to be engaged in his trade, immediately ceases to be a member.

Antique Specialists

Of course, in England, as everywhere else, there are firms of antique dealers that stand very high in the business world. The association was not formed to keep these men in line or to punish crooks or to protect buyers, but all these objects were attained when the association was formed for the good of the business. The trade, as they call it, is more important than any individual. Its life and health affected the life and health of every dealer. When the need of such an association in the United States was suggested in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, much skepticism as to its practicability was expressed in antique-trade circles. But dealers know better now, though the Antique and Decorative Arts League has not yet become to the antique business of the United States what the British Antique Dealers' Association is to Great Britain.

It is unfair to hint that certain members of such a worthy association are not above suspicion. But it often happened in London, when I was not quite sure about a certain dealer's wares, that I would ask another member about the suspect. I usually received evasive answers. "Well, you see," one said, "one does not like to speak about a competitor unless one has something good to say. You know, you can always ask for a written guaranty. Then no question can arise about the character of the sale."

If I asked, point-blank, whether there was any reason why I should be on my guard when dealing with a certain firm, oftener than not I was told: "Oh, really, I can't answer that. A buyer should always be on his guard, because anyone can make mistakes. I can't tell you how many times I have been what you Americans call stung by clever chaps. You must always examine everything carefully and you can always demand from the dealer a written guaranty. This not only holds him legally but the association itself will see to it that the man makes good. None of us can stay in business if we tolerate dishonest dealers. But, as I say, anyone may make a mistake." After all, that was enough protection for the average buyer.

Incidentally, I will say that I did not find any disposition on the part of the better class of English dealers to speak ill of their competitors. The general dealer always spoke of the reputable specialist very much as your family physician speaks of the colleague who confines himself to the nose and throat. For example, whenever we asked for glass or inquired about it, we were invariably referred to one man.

"We don't go in for glass, but Temple does."

"Is he reliable?"

"Oh, yes. We consult him constantly. He knows glass. We don't."

The Limit of Misrepresentation

And so we found Temple to be what his competitors said—extremely well posted, incapable of chicanery, and an interesting character. It was worth while going to London to meet the little antiquarian who was not afraid to express his opinions. He sometimes admitted that he did not know how old a certain piece might be, but when he said a piece was Jacobite, there was no need to worry about its authenticity.

It is well to deal with members of the British Antique Dealers' Association. In London I met an American friend who had just returned from a tour of the provinces. I knew he had been anxious to find some good Chippendale chairs for his dining room, so I asked:

"Did you get your chairs?"

"Ye-es."

"You don't sound enthusiastic."

"Well," he said, "I just saw a set at Blank's that I like better, but the price is higher than I care to pay for English Chippendales. The set I found will have to do. I'll tell you how it was. In Sevenoaks we saw a set of six Chippendale chairs and two double-joint stools. The chairs were not quite as fine as we had hoped to get and the stools looked Dutch to me. I told the dealer frankly that if he did not hear from me in three days that I had found others I liked better, he might ship those chairs to me at my London dealer's place on appro. It must be understood that the chairs were of the period. I would have my friend vet them for me."

By "on appro" he meant on approval, and to "vet" a piece is to have an expert pass upon it.

My friend continued: "I told the Sevenoaks dealer I would pay the transportation to London and return if I did not take the chairs, and also that I would take the stools if they were not Dutch. He shrugged his shoulders, and then I asked him where they came from.

"'Well,' he answered, 'I took them from an old house at Penhurst. Everything in it was very old.'

"'Whose house was it?' I asked.

"'Major Elkington's. A very old house.'

"'And you got the stools there also?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And you don't think they are Dutch?'

"'Well, sir, as I told you, the house is one of the oldest in the country, and full of old English furniture.'

"I gave him the address of my London dealer, who is an old acquaintance and is, moreover, an expert on English furniture. . . . I am on my way to see him."

I accompanied him to the shop of the man who was to vet the chairs. They had arrived and had been examined. The chairs were genuine, but the stools were Dutch.

"'Didn't the man tell you they were Dutch?' asked the London expert who was a member of the association.

"'No.' (Continued on Page 92)

"Thru a vast length of space"

FRANKLIN and his kite are world-famous, but few know that he was first on earth to send an electric current a definite distance

Over a wire stretched across the Schuylkill River traversed Franklin's spark He wisely reasoned that it might also be sent "through a vast length of space."

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An Announcement
that is unusually timely in the darkness of midwinter

FOUR O'CLOCK of a winter's day, or ten o'clock at night. . . . Rain or sleet on the window-panes. . . . Wet and stormy weather. . . . The sun is far south, and everything is damp and cold and gray. But now, in your own home, you can have sunshine—real sunshine—whenever you wish! Sunshine warm and glowing as a sea beach in summer. Sunshine filled with the life-giving rays that make strong bodies and healthy minds!

Impossible, you say. But it is not impossible. It is an accomplished fact. The Eveready Sunshine Lamp reproduces, virtually complete, the visible and invisible rays of the sun, exactly as they reach the earth. You get the light rays, the ultra-violet rays, the infra-red. And you get them in just the same relative proportions as in June sunshine.

Think of the advantage of it! Now you can take your sun-bath all year round, either by night or day. You can stretch yourself out and absorb the warmth, the light, the stimulating ultra-violet rays. You can be as bronzed, tanned and healthy-looking in January as you were in July.

That's what the Eveready Sunshine Lamp will do for you. Its performance is little short of miraculous. Yet it is firmly founded on hard scientific fact. Into its design have gone 52 years' experience in the development of arc light carbons. The National Carbon Company was the pioneer American maker of arc carbons. It maintains the leading laboratory devoted to the study of the properties of light from the carbon arc. Its scientists are authorities in this field.

In this laboratory it was discovered that there is only one way to reproduce the sun's rays in their entirety. That is by means of the carbon arc. And in this laboratory was found the best method of providing a suitable carbon arc lamp for home use. The Eveready Sunshine Lamp is the result. In its probable effect upon the health and happiness of a nation, it is one of man's greatest inventions.

Reporting on its test of such a light as this, the U. S. Bureau of Standards stated: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

Ask your

EVEREADY
Sunshine Carbons

The Eveready

Now ready to bring sunlight's essential rays into the home

The Eveready Sunshine Lamp

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp is thoroughly modern, ready to be plugged into any convenience outlet in any home; so designed that it can be operated by anyone with entire safety.

A time-clock switch is provided, which may be set for any exposure from 1 to 30 minutes. Should you fall asleep under the soothing rays of this lamp, the current will be cut off automatically at the predetermined time, thus avoiding over-exposure with possible sunburn.

There is a special glass screen or filter in front of the twin arcs. This filters out a few rays not found in natural sunshine, and at the same time completes the enclosure of the arcs.

The height of the lamp is adjustable.

It is shock-proof. Thoroughly insulated. Has no exposed live parts. Opening the inner door to change carbons automatically cuts off the current.

The Eveready Sunshine Lamp is beautiful in appearance, strongly built and stands firmly on a wide base. It rolls easily on ball casters.

So marvelous are the effects of this light that you may be tempted to use it in treating yourself or members of your family for illness. But the same light that is so surprisingly beneficial to the healthy person may be ineffective or even dangerous in certain forms of disease. Avoid the dangers of self-diagnosis. If you are sick, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. He may or may not use light.

The great majority of us are well, however, and may use the Eveready Sunshine Lamp freely to build and preserve our health.

Write for booklet explaining the value and uses of this lamp and of the light it produces. The National Carbon Company, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio. UCC Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp plugs into any convenience outlet. Price, complete with two pairs of special goggles and ten Eveready Sunshine Carbons, ready to operate, $137.50. For sale by electric lighting companies, electrical specialty dealers, department stores, and physicians' supply houses.

physician

Sunshine Lamp

EVEREADY
Sunshine Lamp

(Continued from Page 89)

"'Of course, he didn't tell you that they were not?'

"'No.'

"'Did he tell you where he found them?'

"'Yes. He said he took them from an old house in Penhurst.'

"'Did he tell you the name of the man from whom he bought them?'

"'Yes; he said he bought them from a Major Elkington, who lived in one of the oldest houses in the country, which was full of old furniture.'

"'But Major Elkington is a dealer. I know him.'

"'I don't quite like this,' said my friend; and the London dealer suggested:

"'You had better telephone to him at once! Do it from here.'"

My friend called up the Sevenoaks dealer who owned the chairs and the stools. I heard him say:

"I have consulted an expert and find that the stools are Dutch, as I suspected. I know you did not say they were not Dutch. You did not misrepresent the goods but you managed to imply what was not true. . . . Yes, I know all that, but why didn't you tell me that Major Elkington was a dealer? . . . Oh, he's not a dealer, but what you call a gentleman in trade, is he? Well, I am shipping back your chairs and the stools. I will not deal with a man who skims over the truth as lightly as you do. I am at this moment in the shop of another member of the association."

My friend hung up. The London dealer, with whom I had been discussing the B. A. D. A. and its influence on the trade, turned to me and remarked unsmilingly: "That is as far as a member of the association will go in misrepresenting goods. And that is too far for most of us."

They have other curious trade terms besides "on appro" and "vetting" antiques. Dealers talk of a "repro," meaning a reproduction. When an American asks to see a bureau they show him a desk or at best what we call a bureau desk. They don't say drop leaves, but flap leaves. The oddest, I think, was "genuine fake." Mostly it was used in reference to pictures. Canalettos and Guardis are very popular in England, and you see these Venetian pictures in many English dining rooms. As far as I could learn, if a copy or imitation of one of these is made in England, it is a plain fake. But if it is done in Venice by an Italian copyist, particularly if it is an old copy, it is then a genuine fake.

An Amusement Tax on Americans

I asked an English friend who had been my companion on some of my antiquing trips in New York State to find out for me whether it was the general practice, as I had been assured it was, for the English country dealers to ask higher prices of Americans than of their own countrymen. I didn't include the London dealers, because the better antique dealers in London do what the better antique dealers do in Paris, Rome, Berlin or New York.

I don't know of whom my friend inquired, but he occasionally buys antiques himself and he must have known where to go for his information. He reported to me that though there was no dealers' conspiracy, the prevailing impression in the trade was that American tourists, being rich and generous and accustomed to high prices in their own country, did not mind paying a trifle more than the war-impoverished Britons.

"And what is the extent of the trifle?" I asked. "Will it reach 25 per cent?"

"I think that would probably be the maximum," replied my friend. "And even then prices will be a great deal lower than in New York." You see, the English all think alike, in or out of the antique trade. Then he apologized: "My dear fellow, you can't really blame the small dealer. England has been badly hit by the general depression."

"I don't even blame the Americans for coming here," I assured him.

A few days later he and his wife accompanied our party on one of our excursions. He had lived in the United States long enough to acquire the American language. His wife had not.

In Canterbury, after waiting an hour for luncheon, we strolled out to cool off. Presently we came to an antique shop. It was in one of those very old English houses in a very old, narrow street where every other house made you think you were reading Chaucer.

One of the ladies in our party found herself in the quaintest little shop imaginable, and turned to me, saying, "Isn't this great?"

My English friend, who had kindly volunteered to do the bargaining should the need arise, hastened to her and whispered: "Don't say that! They will know you are Americans." From which I gathered that his previous report as to price boosting had been colored by a patriotic desire to speak well of the English dealers.

A few moments later his wife told me that they had been on a similar errand with another American friend who had made the mistake to say "sir" to the dealer. This was very bad practice, because the kind of patron a shopkeeper respects in England never says "sir" to him.

A Bargain in Oil Glasses

Not long thereafter I was telling a New York friend what my English friend had said, whereupon the New Yorker said:

"Oh, bosh! The practice is well known. The chief difference between England and France in that respect is that the French do not take pains to conceal it and brazenly go the limit, while the English hem and haw and add about 20 per cent to the regular price. All English antique dealers think pretty much alike on trade matters. That Americans should pay more is considered just.

"I don't know whether it was that particular shop or not, but we also were in Canterbury, last month, and I went into a small antique shop there. You know, I am not really a collector. I buy what I like, when and where I find it. But I don't do this often enough to be well posted on prices either at home or abroad. In any case, let me tell you what happened.

"The shop I mean was near the cathedral. You always find antique shops where the tourist traffic is densest. My wife was with me. I have lived with her in peace and amity for thirty-odd years and she is still as the Lord originally made her. She has not permitted herself the slightest change and she has consistently denied me that privilege. That is why I am not an antique collector of parts. No pun intended. I had no reference to Early American furniture.

"Well, the little lady, who weighs seventy-two pounds more than I, saw the shop first. We had just done the cathedral and I knew all about the Black Prince. She remembered that she wanted an old copper kettle, preferably one of a quaint and curious shape; something that would tell its age in no uncertain tones. This strange desire first seized her several months before in Maine, where, in a friend's house, she saw one that came from Holland. The sea voyage had not helped my severest critic; she still craved a quaint and curious copper kettle incrusted with antiquity and dirt.

"'I'll go in and see if they have one here,' she told me, and walked in. Being a model American husband, I followed silently, my book of travelers' checks in one hand.

"'Have you any old copper kettles?' she asked in her best English accent. She had it long before her marriage. As I said before, nothing can change her.

"'No,' said the dealer sadly. He was a meek little man with a collar four sizes too large for him. He must have found it in some George IV drawer.

"'Perhaps you have one that isn't old?' asked my wife, thinking that possibly the man was too honest for his business.

"'No, madam; we have no kettles of any kind.'

"It was not to hide my pleasure, that I was looking toward a corner of the shop where I saw some drinking glasses on a shelf. They looked very attractive. Having dutifully waited for my wife to finish instructing the dealer, I asked him:

"'How much are those?'

"'Ow! Do you mean the oil glasses?'

"I did not know whether I meant them or not, but I nodded. There were two kinds on the shelf. He picked up one of each and asked me, 'This or this?'

"'Both,' I said. Something about them hit me right. Whether they were antique or not, they looked it. There were fourteen of one kind and eleven of the other.

"'Are they both the same price?' I asked. The man looked at some labels that were pasted on them. Then he went to a table near by, picked up a book from it, looked inside and said: 'These sir, are twenty-five shillings each,' and he held up the one I liked better.

"I forgot that my wife was present and spoke fairly loudly. 'I'll take them,' I told the man.

"'And what,' she asked me, 'will you do with three dozen glasses?'

"'My dear,' I objected mildly, 'there are only fourteen of them at twenty-five shillings each and I like them very much.' Then I turned to the dealer. 'How much are the others?'

"'One guinea each, sir.'

"'Two of each,' said my wife, 'would be a great plenty. What will you use them for?'

"'For exhibition purposes. Antiques,' I said.

"'They are very old, sir,' the dealer said to me.

"'And very dear,' my wife said to the dealer.

"'Ow, do you think so?' The dealer asked it sadly. He thought he had lost the sale.

"'Yes!' she told him. Then she told me, 'Six dollars apiece for glasses you'll never use!'

"'They are oil glasses,' volunteered the dealer.

"'We need them in the infirmary,' I said. 'I'll take ——'

"'Six of each!' she finished for me, her better nature asserting itself. 'Be sure they are perfect.'

"The man picked twelve perfect oil glasses.

"'They are very quaint.' I spoke mollifyingly.

"'But what are they for?' she asked, not so mollifyingly.

"'My dear, you heard him. They are old oil glasses.'

"'You mean to say that they drank oil out of them?'

"'They must have,' I said.

"'What kind of oil?' She is the persistent kind.

"'Sweetheart,' I said, 'the only oil that I have ever heard that men drank is castor oil.'

"'Castor oil!' She looked at the glasses and gasped.

"'Oh, they were men in those days!' I told her. I thought of Mussolini, but I merely said to the dealer, 'Could you ship these for us?'

"'Certainly! Where to, sir?'

"I gave him my New York address.

"'New York!' he muttered hoarsely. He gulped twice and sat down, shaking his head dolefully. 'My eye!'"

Wisdom Too Late

"'What is the matter?' I asked him. My prudent wife frowned, on general principles. Perhaps she feared he might blame his eye trouble on us or ask extra for the packing.

"'Why, sir,' explained the dealer tearfully, 'we only bought the shop yesterday. And the first American I sells to I only charge the hook price! My eye!'

"'That shows,' I whispered to my wife, 'that we have got a bargain. You'd better let me cop the rest.'

"'What kind of oil do you propose to drink out of them?' she asked in her No-No! voice. I turned to the man and asked him:

"'What kind of oil do they drink in these glasses?'

"'Not oil, sir! Oil, sir! Beer, you know.'

"'Oh!' I exclaimed. You see, I really don't know glass.

"'Any ale you'll get in New York to serve to your friends will be easily handled by two glasses,' opined my wife audibly.

"I paid the man for the dozen then and there.

"When I went back to London I happened to tell an English friend about my thrilling experience with oil glasses and spoke of the dealer's regret that he had not been able to ask American prices of his first American customer. He found nothing funny about the poor man's perfectly natural chagrin. He was more concerned with my happiness. He said:

"'Twenty-five shillings is very little for good ale glasses. I have seen them go for three guineas and more at Christie's. You should have bought them all.'

"'I had enough with six of each,' I said and looked at my wife. My voice and manner were all you could ask. But she merely smiled at my English friend's exquisite tact. That smile decided me to push matters to the bitter end. I thereupon asked my friend to accompany me to some glass specialist to get some dope on old ale glasses.

"I saw one glass exactly like the kind for which I paid one guinea. It was marked £2:10s. I described the other kind, and the expert said he thought they should be worth at least three pounds sterling. Of course, there being a whole dozen made each glass more valuable. They were early eighteenth-century ale glasses of a particularly desirable pattern."

The Risk of Breakage

"I returned to my wife and told her that I was going to telegraph to my little dealer to send me the rest at twenty-five shillings each. She said nothing, so I courageously went ahead. The answer came by telegraph. The glasses had been sold. I did not have time to go back to see if he was holding out on me, but after that, every time I passed an antique shop in London, I walked in and asked for ale glasses, in vain.

"So, when anybody asks you whether English dealers expect Americans to pay more than they would ask of English customers, say 'Yes.'"

The epilogue to this tale is that my friend saw in New York an old English ale glass for which they were asking twenty-five dollars.

Of course, he not only took his wife to that shop but made the dealer tell her what a bargain that glass was at twenty-five dollars. She did not buy it.

He was in his country place in Maine when the New York customhouse authorities notified him of the arrival of a box for him containing antique glass. He requested that the goods be examined, duly passed—being 100 years old, there was no duty to pay—repacked and shipped to him in Maine.

He was informed a few days later that four glasses of one set and one of the other had arrived broken, owing to the bad packing. When the case reached him one more glass had been broken in transit, making a 50 per cent loss by breakage. That is one of the risks a man runs when he buys fragile antiques abroad. It is only justice to say that the best glass and china packers in the world are practicing the art in London at this moment.

To motor through England, stopping at those quaint old inns of which he has read, visiting historic shrines and cathedrals, and at the same time picking up enough good antiques at prices that make the tour a fine investment as well as a wonderful holiday, seems to be the desire of the average American tourist.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

BULOVA *Watches*

. . . *To those who received a watch at* Christmas Time.

UNDER thousands of Christmas trees, under myriad twigs of mistletoe, BULOVA Watches were given to dear ones. To those who received them, we have an important message:

Your BULOVA Watch has been designed with one thought in mind—to tell time faithfully throughout the years. In each BULOVA movement are points of superiority—centuries of effort symbolized in a single timepiece.

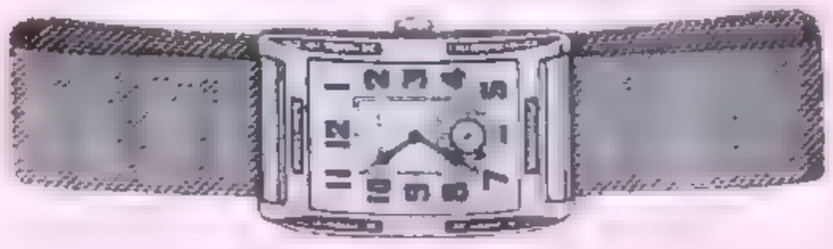
TO you, the Bulova Watch Company makes this pledge: *That your watch shall always serve the purpose for which it was intended—to tell time faithfully throughout the years.*

The jeweler who features BULOVA Watches is always one of the leading jewelers of his community. To him you may turn, whatever your jewelry needs may be, feeling assured that quality and value are as important to him as they are to you.

To the pledge of the Bulova Watch Company, namely: that your watch will tell time faithfully throughout the years—the Bulova jeweler adds *his* pledge of *service*.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada: FEDERAL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO

The CHANCELLOR $150.00



The case is of 14 kt. white gold, very handsomely engraved, and curved to fit the wrist. The fine mesh strap is woven of 14 kt. gold to match. The 17-jewel Bulova Movement represents an achievement in watchmaking construction.

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS . . . EVERYWHERE

And *All Motordom* Answers the Challenge

With Tens of Thousands Coming to Ride

Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—60 miles an hour all day—Four hydraulic shock absorbers—New type double action four-wheel brakes—Larger, finer bodies—Easier steering—Greater economy.

This is the most spontaneous welcome ever accorded a six-cylinder car.

With 76 improvements it challenges the best that motordom has to offer; a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners is incorporated in the 76 improvements of Essex the Challenger. They include larger bodies, greater stability, adult-size in appearance, comfort and performance. So naturally these Super-Six owners are first to want to see and judge it.

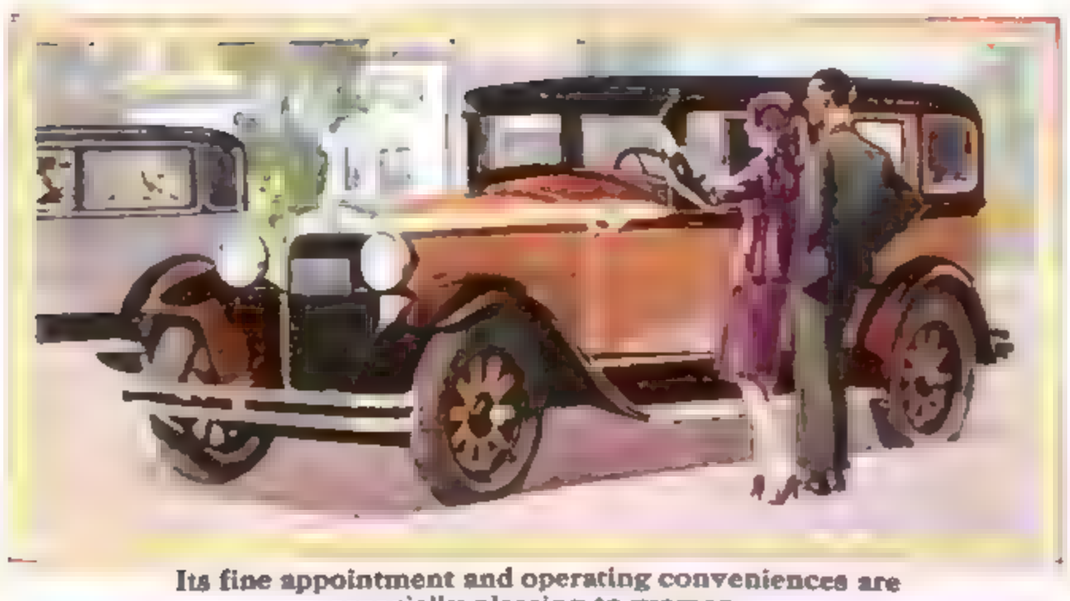
You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price.

Come take a real costly car ride—and remember this price.

ENGER

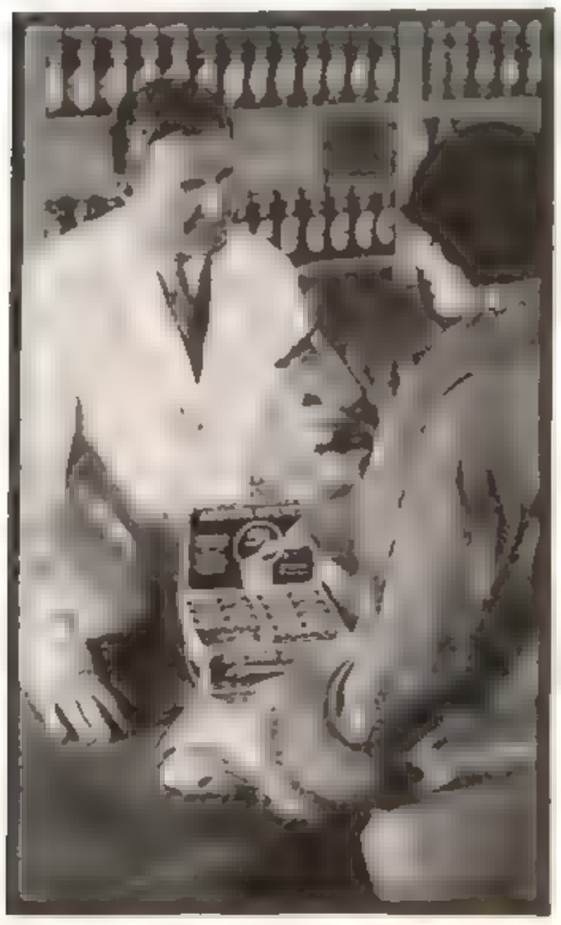
six

$695 and up at factory



Its fine appointment and operating conveniences are especially pleasing to women.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS



. . . How knowingly she shops

. . . this modern housewife. Let the upholders of the old-fashioned housewife criticize her as they will. This up-to-date person has learned the secret — once and for all — of successful home making.

She budgets her time . . . as wisely as she budgets her money . . . Why spend long hours over a hot stove? Why waste a single extra moment in the kitchen, she reasons, when foods packed in glass are so utterly satisfying . . . so simple to prepare.

She likes to *see* what she is buying. How much . . . how perfect it is. She knows what rich, wholesome goodness is captured in each crystal-clear jar. She knows what a wide variety of glass-packed foods her grocer keeps upon his shelves. She knows she is buying the best that farm and orchard have to offer . . . all packed for her under the most modern conditions.

And she looks for the golden Anchor Cap . . . that final seal of perfection . . . which keeps the contents absolutely air-tight, untouched or unsampled — until she is ready to serve them herself.

ANCHOR CAPS

very easy to remove

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. · TORONTO, CANADA

Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon

ANCHOR CAP & CLOSURE CORPORATION
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. (or Toronto, Canada)

Please send me one Anchor Opener.
Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

Name _____

Address _____ (1)

HOOCH

(Continued from Page 30)

manner of Hiller's passing. He, too, would know that Paddy Flenger was a go-through leader and not a man to be trifled with. There were several reasons why the alderman would instantly guess who had killed Hiller. Not the least of them was that Flenger had agreed to telephone him at six o'clock the day previous and had failed to do it.

And also, there was Barr. The inspector could not help but guess the retribution which had overtaken Dopey. With that thought, two others came to Flenger. The first was that he would get Swinnerton to have Barr placed in complete charge of the investigation. That would simplify matters tremendously.

The second was that Barr was due to call on him that day for the promised five thousand dollars. Flenger felt reasonably sure that the inspector would not fail in that call—particularly since the Hiller affair.

A sly smile played over his face as he telephoned a man he knew to be friendly with Hiller. There was nothing like getting prompt action in a case like this. He would be the first officer on the job and have something to report when others inquired.

"Hello there, Zuroto," he said when the man answered the telephone. "Seen anythin' o' Dopey Hiller lately?"

"Who's dis here?" the man demanded.

"Captain Flenger of the police," Paddy answered. "I'm only askin' you a simple question. Seen Dopey lately?"

"Seen him yes'tiddy," Zuroto answered.

"What time yesterday?"

"Mebbe two o'clock; mebbe three."

"Not after three?"

"Might be ha' pas'. I ain't sure, boss."

"I see," Flenger said slowly. "Well, listen here, Zuroto. The Dope was a pretty good friend o' yours, wasn't he?"

"Pretty good. Mebbe not so good. I dunno."

"But you'd know him when you met him, huh?" Flenger insisted.

"Sure t'ing. Just like you. I know him."

"Remember his ring?"

"Ring?"

"I said ring. . . . Don't stall with me, Zuroto."

"No stall. . . . Sure, Dopey wear a ring. I remember."

"An' his watches—remember them?"

"Mebbe yes; mebbe no."

"Well. You ain't in any jam, Zuroto," Flenger explained. "But I got a hunch that Dopey is. I think they slipped him the bump last night."

"Bump?" Zuroto gulped.

"Yeah, I think they gave it to him plenty," Paddy continued. "I got a lot o' jewelry over here an' I want you to come over right away an' take a flash at it. You'll be able to tell if it's Dopey's, huh?"

"Mebbe. I be over. By damn! The bump!"

Once again Flenger was smiling as he hooked up the receiver. It was great stuff to have Zuroto come over to verify his own beliefs. That was real press stuff: "Captain Flenger Quickly Identifies Victim." He could fairly see the headlines. These thoughts were still chasing through his head when the door of his office opened unceremoniously and Alderman Swinnerton injected himself into the room. He paused just inside the door, his eyes protruding and the pouches under them vibrating with the soundless workings of his lips. His effort was to speak, but his achievement was confined to a reddening and wabbling of his chins.

He planted his heel against the inside of the door and his eyes rolled about the room, then back to fasten their gaze upon the sneering captain before him. His tie was in disarray; his pink cheeks showed a bristle of whiskers. This was the first time that Flenger had ever seen the city father in such condition.

"Good night!" he greeted sarcastically. "What's eatin' you, alderman? The way you look an' act one would think there'd been a —murder!"

Swinnerton gulped some more, forced an inarticulate sound across his dry lips. Flenger's grin broadened. He reached across the desk and casually toyed with Hiller's ring.

"We're kinda pleased with the action we're gettin'," he drawled. "Y'know, this is a pretty quiet station out here, an' as these things have gotta happen anyway, it's just as well that we git a little action outta them, Swinnerton. . . . Come in! Sit down! Why stand there swallerin' your neck an' boldin' that door with your heel?"

Swinnerton seemed to tiptoe across the room. He collapsed rather than sat in a chair across from the desk. His big eyes rolled again and he wet his lips.

Finally, in a voice strained to the breaking point, he managed to speak: "This is bad business, Flenger. By heaven, it's bad!"

"You mean them padlocks?" Flenger sneered easily. "Is the old boy really goin' through on 'em? I meant to call you last night, but I got pretty busy an' it got away from me."

The alderman removed his hat and dropped it onto the desk beside him. He ran both pudgy hands through his hair and then rubbed his cheeks briskly with his fingers, as though to bring himself back to normal. His whiskers sang accompaniment to the gesture.

"You know what I mean," he gasped. "By the gods, you know, Paddy! I never thought you'd go that far. This'll be a hell of a mess!"

"What?" Flenger asked innocently.

Swinnerton leaned close across the desk and his voice sank almost to inaudibility: "You killed Hiller."

"Certainly I did!" Flenger snarled. "What of it? That's what you wanted, ain't it?"

"No, no, no! Not that! It's murder, man. Cold-blooded murder!"

"What of it? It was that or a show-down that we couldn't stand, Swinnerton! I told you what I'd do."

"But what are we goin' to do about it?" Swinnerton whined. "Where can we turn? They'll follow this through from every angle. The town'll be upset to its keel. The way it was done, Flenger! Proppin' that body against a tree an' even fixin' the clothes! . . . God help us!"

"If you'll pipe down a minute," Flenger said steadily, "I'll tell you what you're goin' to do." He placed decided emphasis on the "you're." Swinnerton raised his ridiculous eyes in fearful wonderment. He wet his lips again.

Flenger went on: "First off," he said, "you're goin' to your reg'lar barber an' shake them whiskers. After that you're goin' to eat some breakfast an' git hold of yourself. Then you're goin' downtown with me an' see a lawyer that's all set to form that corporation on the breweries an' distillery. You'll sell them to the corporation, Swinnerton. Under another name, I'm the corporation. That lets you out with no strings runnin' after you. When the stock is issued it'll all come to me. Then I'll pass it along to you so's to protect you on ownin' the land an' buildin's. That'll be the first thing. The second is even easier: You'll drop in on the commissioner, tell him this is a case that'll do some copper some good, an' see that he puts Barr in complete charge of the investigation. If you've got any weight with the district attorney you'll find a way to shy him off too."

He sat still for a moment, his eyes glaring steadily into those of the politician. He was dead sure of his ground. He felt a definite loathing for the craven before him.

"Now you begin to git my drift," he said evenly. "I wish you wouldn't git so excited, Swinnerton, when a little trick comes up. If you'll act like nothin' has happened, then I promise you nothin' will."

He opened the cabinet and poured a drink. "Toss that into you an' be a man!" he ordered. As Swinnerton drank, Flenger continued:

"You know," he said, "that this rat was puttin' the buzz on you fer dough. You know he had your number!"

"Yes, I know," Swinnerton admitted weakly. "But not murder, Paddy I never wanted that!"

"Git out to the barber's. You're a thousan' times safer now than you were last night. But remember what I tell you. Come back here after breakfast an' we'll fix that brewery deal. Then there's no way to git at you. After that we'll have you whisper a mite to the commissioner."

"All right, Paddy, if you're sure it's all safe an' sound," Swinnerton gulped. "Of course that Hiller was a rat ——"

"On your way rejoicin'," Flenger sneered. "I don't want you here when Zuroto arrives."

"Zuroto?"

"Yeah. He's comin' over to look at Dopey's junk an' tell me whether it's really Dopey that was bumped."

VIII

AS A THOROUGHLY experienced police officer, Paddy Flenger well knew that the surest way to break up a criminal gang was to get them fighting among themselves. He had promised himself to avoid this condition in his own scheming. He knew, however, that nothing succeeds like success. With each successful violation of the law the members of his select circle became not only more callous to risk but also more greedy. They would be harder to control.

So, he knew, would be the men under them. It was all very well, he was beginning to see, to repose confidence only in five men, so long as those five men, in turn, need repose no confidences of their own. But that was not the case. In the very nature of the business, his lieutenants must work through others. They, too, must have confidants. How many? How many had they trusted? How many were there greedily waiting to use what they knew in the furtherance of their own ends? Presuming that each of his district leaders had been forced, in order to get business, to trust twenty or thirty men, was there a chance that none of these would prove faithless? Hardly.

Paddy knew the types. Here a pickpocket was acting as a whisky salesman. There an ex-burglar was waxing fat serving drinks over a hidden bar. In another spot a sneak thief was collecting for the rum leaders. In still another a detective was holding forth his hand for graft that passed along to his superiors. From such as these could one reasonably expect loyalty? Silence when trouble came? Courage in the face of danger? Flenger too well knew the breed to expect that sort of thing. Like all crooks, they would wilt and talk when the first pinch came. How much could they talk? How much had his necessary lieutenants trusted them?

There was still another angle which Paddy was to discover that day, and upon which he had not reckoned. The success of his five lieutenants and their sudden affluence had not gone unmarked by their acquaintances. Others were as ambitious as they and as anxious to participate in sudden wealth. This he discovered from Zuroto.

The man came into his office with an obsequious manner. He left it half an hour later having established himself in the mind of Flenger as a very serious problem. It was not only Zuroto himself that worried Paddy. It was the added knowledge that the man represented a type which might well be legion.

(Continued on Page 96)

You can get thin comfortably "on candy"

New light on the use of candy by people inclined to overweight... candy is a food...how to use it in the daily diet

ARE YOU ONE of those people who love candy and deny themselves because they think "candy is fattening"? If so, see how modern dietary science uses candy as the mainstay of a reducing régime!

According to a great modern discovery* "fats burn in the flame of the carbohydrates." This means that a diet high in sugars (such as candy) may be very effectively used by people with a tendency to overweight, in helping them to "get thin."

*How to reduce comfortably on Candy**

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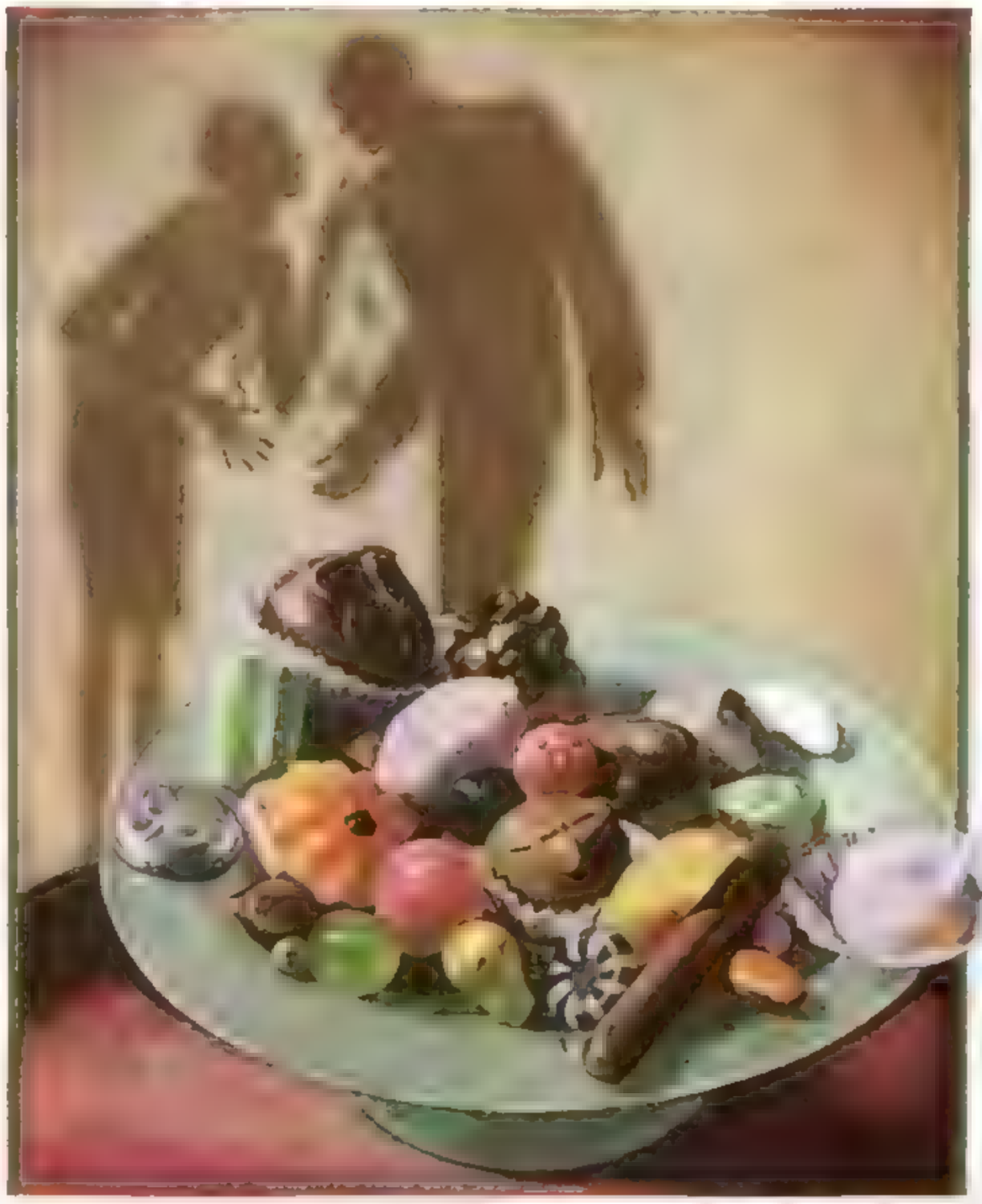
Candy is a most wholesome dessert, especially when served with fruits and nuts. It is a particularly digestible dessert, what you think of as "light" food. Too, it adds variety and attractiveness to your menu. Include it often.

Give children candy after meals—as dessert. It is good for them as an "energy food," which children need because they rapidly burn up energy. Candy is energy "on tap." Too, candy after meals will keep normal children from munching between meals.

*Meyer Bodansky, Ph D. "Introduction to Physiological Chemistry," John Wiley & Sons, 1917.

†A complete account of this régime is contained in the book, "New Knowledge of Candy," by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen.



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‡Caroline Hunt, Specialist, Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Farmers Bulletin 1313.

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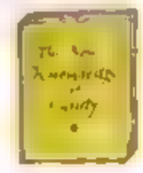

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(Continued from Page 96)

Zuroto looked over the jewelry of Dopey Hiller. He raised jet-black eyes to meet the inquiring glance of the police captain.

"Mebbe Dopey's; mebbe not," he said with a shrug.

"Don't hand me that," Flenger sneered. "You know damned well that's Dopey's ring; also his watches."

"Mebbe yes; mebbe no. I ain't sure."

"What you're doin'," Flenger said, "is just tryin' to lie yourself into a jam. How do I know you ain't the one that bumped off Dopey?"

Zuroto laughed softly. "Alibi," he said simply. "Plenty alibi."

"We'll find out about that for ourselves," Flenger grunted.

Zuroto was toying with the watch and chain which had been taken from Hiller's effects. With a thick thumb nail that was rimmed with black under the edge, he pried open the back of the case. A tiny picture dropped out. It was of Dopey Hiller and a girl, their heads close together, their faces smiling. Once again the black eyes darted up to meet those of Flenger.

"That's Dopey," Zuroto grunted. "You never find this before?"

The discovery of the picture was quite a shock to Flenger. It brought home to him how simple a thing can upset the best-laid plan. Frankly, he'd never thought of opening the watch. Obviously, had he been in any doubt as to the identity of the victim, that would have been the first thing he did.

"I wondered if you wouldn't find that," the captain parried. "How'd you know it was in there?"

"I not know," Zuroto shrugged. "I jes' find out."

Flenger picked up the clip of keys. He jingled them speculatively. "I guess you know a thing or two about these, too, don't you?" he asked Zuroto. He tossed them across the desk. "Open them up," he sneered. "Maybe you'll find somethin' you recognize."

Zuroto dropped into the chair shortly before occupied by Swinnerton. Flenger could not avoid contrasting the two men. Zuroto was calm, tricky, sly. He cupped his hands around the keys. He pretended to examine them closely. Flenger had a feeling that he was not even looking at them, but rather was sparring for time in which to order his thoughts.

"Unless I'm crazy," the captain said, "you not only know some of those keys but you know the locks they fit."

Zuroto raised his eyes again. Very calmly he said: "Mebbe yes; mebbe no. Anyway, so do you."

Flenger was noticeably affected by the remark. "I ain't here to tell what I know," he said importantly. "I'm here to find out what you can tell. Get me straight on this, Zuroto. You're not kiddin' me a bit. I know you been sellin' booze down there. You been sellin' it for Dopey Hiller."

"Mebbe yes; mebbe no," Zuroto repeated, his voice unchanged. "What matter? I sell it for him. You sell it to him."

The very calm of the man and the certainty with which he spoke left Flenger astounded.

"What're you drivin' at?" he demanded nervously.

"Dopey owed me money. He told me pretty soon you pay him plenty. Then he pay me."

"He's a cockeyed liar!" Flenger stormed. "An' you got a nerve to come in here with a lingo like that! For two pins I'd lock you up as a material witness."

"Mebbe so. I make very good witness," Zuroto said slyly. His words came through a thin smile that had a greater effect upon Flenger than might have a bomb.

The captain found a cigar and lit it before he answered. Then: "Well, I don't believe in this prohibition racket anyway, Zuroto," he said. "There's no reason you an' I should jam up. All I wanted of you was identification. It ain't goin' to hurt you any to identify this stuff as Dopey's, is it?"

"Nope."

"You do identify it?" Flenger asked.

"Yep."

"Well," the captain said carelessly, "that's all I wanted. You can go."

Zuroto did not move. His black eyes twinkled greedily. "I take Dopey's place," he said quietly. "You furnish me booze."

"You're crazy as a coot!" Flenger snarled. "I thought you was too smart to fall for a line like that from Dopey Hiller. Man, I'm a captain of police; I ain't a bootlegger."

"You think it over," Zuroto insisted. "You gotta have somebody. Swinnerton too. Me, I'm good witness. Good bootlegger too." Thus he left the matter open.

Flenger was at the end of his rope. He chewed viciously at the cigar and his mustache grated against the tobacco. "I don't know what to make of you, Zuroto," he said warily. "You're talkin' yourself right into this bump-off. You admit you've been violatin' the prohibition law. You admit you had booze dealin's with Hiller. You admit he owed you money. All that's evidence!"

Zuroto merely shrugged. "Mebbe so."

Then he sat patiently waiting for the captain to go on. Flenger's mind was darting about like the tongue of a serpent which has come against a high stone wall.

Presently Zuroto laughed softly. He rose to his feet and tossed the keys back across the desk.

"You pretty good guy," he said amiably. "Me too. You think it over. I be back mebbe two days; mebbe three." He turned and walked from the office, and because there was nothing else for him to do, Flenger let him go.

When he was alone Paddy sank back into his chair. The lines in his face were drawn deeper. He chewed less viciously and more nervously at his cigar. For the first time since he had organized his rum ring he grew panicky. After all his planning, his organization, his bribery, even his murder, his fate seemed to rest in the hands of a man of whom he knew nothing; a man, in fact, to whom he had scarcely spoken.

He reached across the desk and called headquarters and got Inspector Barr on the telephone.

"Hell's poppin' out here," he said.

"It's a bad mess," Barr's voice responded. "You mark my words, it's a bad mess."

"You're comin' out here this mornin'," Flenger reminded him.

"I didn't plan on it," Barr admitted. "I think we'd better let that thing slide, Paddy."

"You're comin' out here," Flenger repeated.

"Well," Barr qualified, "if you think we can't talk over the telephone ——"

"We can't. . . . Has Swinnerton got hold of you yet?"

"Alderman Swinnerton, you mean?" Barr asked cautiously. Flenger disdained an answer. "No, he hasn't," Barr went on. "I don't see much of him. He just drops in when he's around headquarters an' says he.lo."

"Yeah, I know," Flenger cut in spitefully. "You're gettin' older, too, Barr, an' a man's ideas change with the years. I know all that too. But I want you to come out here. Meet me here at eleven o'clock. I'll have Swinnerton here too."

"Well, if you think I can help. That was a pretty bad killin' out there last night an' we got to find the men responsible for it."

"Just what I was thinkin'," Flenger agreed. "I got a few ideas, an' you know this territory awful well. That's why I want to talk to you."

"Well," Barr agreed, "I'll be there."

Flenger hung up the phone, rubbed his chin speculatively. Finally he shook himself, rose, put on his hat and went into the outer room. To the lieutenant on duty at the desk he said: "I'm duckin' over to the barber shop to get cleaned up. Don't give the newspapers anythin' while I'm gone."

"Very good, sir."

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98

"An' by the way," Flenger continued, "get Alderman Swinnerton's office on the telephone. If the alderman's out, leave word with his secretary. Tell him that he's due here at eleven o'clock for a conference with Inspector Barr an' myself on this murder last night. Tell him there's some very important new evidence an' we got to have his coöperation in runnin' it down."

The lieutenant reached for the telephone. Flenger went out. He stood on the steps of the station house for a moment. The sun was bright and warm, and the day clear. Overhead, fleecy white clouds stretched like curtains across the firmament. Yet, too, there was that vague suggestion of approaching winter. A vitality in the air that seemed, now, to rasp upon the captain's nerves. Things were changing. Soon it would be drear and cold.

He walked briskly to the barber shop. "Shave an' a hot towel, Tony," he ordered peremptorily. "Just a shave an' a hot towel. No conversation at all. Try hard not to choke to death on your own gab. There's already been one death in the district." He snapped his cigar toward a cuspidor and settled himself in the chair. As Tony lowered him back he smiled. But he honored the injunction against words.

"Bay rum or witch hazel, captain?" he asked at last.

"Bay rum," Flenger snapped. "A little talcum too. Stick a little caustic up there by my ear where you did the butcher act."

It was quite clear to Tony and the others in the shop that the sensational murder was having its effect upon the police captain. Significant glances passed between them, and after Flenger had left, speculation was rife.

From the barber shop Flenger went to the bank. Standing before the glass counter he drew a check for ten thousand dollars. He went to the secretary of the institution to present it.

"I'm buyin' a little stock," he explained smilingly.

"How do you want it?" the secretary inquired.

"Thousands will be great."

The bank official disappeared behind the maze of bronze screens and shortly returned with ten one-thousand-dollar bills, which he handed to Flenger.

"I see we had a murder out here last night," he remarked.

"Well," Flenger qualified, "they found the body out here. When the truth is out you'll find the murder wasn't committed anywhere near here." He folded the money and put it into his inside coat pocket. As he did so he was turning away and the conversation went no farther. He took a taxicab back to the station house.

"I got the alderman, sir," the desk lieutenant reported. "He said he'd be here at eleven sharp."

Flenger nodded. "Anythin' new?"

"The district attorney called up an' wants Hiller's effects handed over to the property clerk at once. He's sendin' a man out here for them."

Again Flenger nodded. "How about the newspapermen?" he asked.

"Three of 'em are in the reserve room now. They're waitin' for you, sir."

"Send 'em in," Flenger ordered.

As he walked into his room he was fishing in his trouser pocket for the key to the cabinet. The reporters trooped into the office and found him setting out a bottle of Scotch with glasses.

"You ain't forgot a thing since comin' out into the sticks, captain," one of the men grinned appreciatively.

"Help yourself," Flenger grunted.

"Can I pour you one?" the reporter asked.

"No, thanks. Not while I'm on duty."

"Ain't it hell to be important?" the reporter grinned. He gulped down his liquor. "Man alive," he said, "why don't they put that stuff in tooth paste? By the way, anything new on this bump-off?"

Flenger looked wise. "We'll get to the bottom of it," he promised. "I can give you a little statement now if you want it."

"Oh, no! We don't want it," the reporter grinned. "They pay us for just hanging around and not picking up anything like statements from police captains about murders."

Flenger joined in the laugh. "Sit down," he said. "We've identified the victim."

"Yeah? Who is it?" Pads and pencils appeared.

"Dopey Hiller," Flenger said. "I had a suspicion it was him when I seen the body this mornin'. I'm not goin' to tell you just how I got the identification, but you can say it's positive. In fact," he said, with a gesture toward Dopey's effects still on the desk, "we worked it through this junk."

"Yeah?" All three reporters leaned over the jewelry and examined it. They made notes of what was there.

"How much is there in that roll?" one of them asked.

"Six hundred dollars," Flenger grunted.

"Sweet patootie! Do you mean to tell me, captain, that six hundred bucks remained intact on this corpse while it passed through the hands of half the police department? Who can tell? If you ask me, that bird must've had a coupla hundred thousand on him when he was bumped off!"

"This stuff about crooked police is the bunk, an' you know it," Flenger said. "Man for man, the police department's a blamed sight more honest than the average."

"Shut up, Speedy," one of the reporters admonished the talker. "Pan out the gravel, captain. What was the rest of that statement?"

"Well, you can quote me if you like," Paddy explained. "You can say for me that this killin' is the result of a bootleggers' feud. Hiller himself has been a crook for years an' it's well known that he's made a lot of money lately in the bootleggin' racket. When a man does that he surrounds himself with a lot of thieves that can make more money sellin' liquor than they can stealin', an' take a lot less risk. That's the bad part about prohibition, boys. It finances the crook; gives him plenty of money to work with an' makes him harder to catch.

"But that's beside the issue. This Dopey Hiller was bumped off by some of his own gang. There's no tellin' where the crime was committed, but you can be sure it wasn't done at the spot where we found Hiller's body. He was killed in one place an' lugged by the gang over to that spot on Ash Avenue. There he was propped up against that tree, probably as a warnin' to Hiller's friends. I have the testimony of Officer Carroll, who discovered the body. He's ready to go on the stand an' swear that the corpse was propped against that tree sometime between 2:30 an' 3:28 this mornin'. An' the coroner admits the man had been dead at least eight hours, an' probably more, when he was found. You can't get around that. With that to go on, it won't take us long to get somewhere. Right now we're checkin' up on his friends an' his enemies. That's all I can say."

"Well, that's something," the talkative reporter agreed. "I'll write three columns on this, captain, an' they'll put at least a stick in the paper."

"The less they put in," Flenger grunted, "the better the police'll be satisfied. If there's anythin' in the world that hinders us it's publicity."

"Poor police," the reporter bemoaned. "Did I hear you say have another?"

"It's standin' there, ain't it?" Flenger responded. "Help yourselves an' get out of here. I got a heavy meetin' at eleven o'clock."

When they had gone he rose, corked the bottle and restored it to the cabinet. He rinsed out the glasses they had used and stood them upside down on the shelf beside the bottle. Then he closed and locked the cabinet. He glanced at his desk and there were papers there requiring his attention. He started toward them, suddenly growled angrily and took to pacing the floor. Many thoughts filled his mind, but through them all, with resonant persistence, ran a single name. At each thought of the name Flenger's nerves jangled. Now and then he swore sharply.

"Zuroto. Zuroto. Zuroto."

The officer from the property clerk's office arrived and carefully prepared a receipt for Hiller's effects. He sealed them in an envelope, slipped them into his pocket and again left Flenger alone.

It was all very routine—this business of investigation. Flenger had been through it a hundred times, but somehow it had never been exactly like this. But for that black-eyed, sly Zuroto, the captain told himself, he wouldn't have a care in the world.

He glanced at his watch and found it to be twenty minutes of eleven. Impatiently he paced the floor again. Finally he reopened the cabinet, took a long drink from the neck of the bottle itself. He shook himself and cleared his throat. He relocked the cabinet and stood for a long moment examining his reflection in the mirror. Were there circles under his eyes? Did he look any different than usual?

The telephone on his desk rang. He was startled by the sudden noise.

"Captain Flenger," he snapped into the transmitter.

"How's everythin'?" came the voice of Dutch Slenk.

"Okay with me," Flenger lied.

"Quite a time last night, eh?" Slenk asked.

"Very good. That was a great dinner."

Slenk laughed softly. "Marty certainly got a load, didn't he? He slept here with me. By the way, I see by the papers that Dopey Hiller was bumped off last night."

"He was," Flenger admitted. "Somebody planted him out in this district."

"Yeah," Slenk drawled, "so de papers says. By the way," he added as an afterthought, "I suppose you know where Dopey lived, don't you? He was keepin' a frail in an apartment on Dover Street."

"Is that so?" Flenger said. "We were just tracin' that down."

"I thought it might help you," Dutch drawled. "That's where he lived. The way I happen to know is by knowin' the moll. I ain't laid eyes on Dopey in three months."

"Much obliged to you," Flenger grunted. "I'll see you tomorrow sometime." He hung up the receiver. It was good to have friends like Dutch Slenk. If the investigation could be centered entirely in the apartment Dopey maintained on Dover Street, no one need ever know that he maintained the place at the downtown apartment. That again would serve to divert the flow of menace.

Barr arrived five minutes early. He was upset and worried. "I can see by your face," Flenger greeted him, "that you've come up here to keep your mouth shut."

"Not exactly," Barr answered. "But I don't see any reason for getting tangled up in this mess, Paddy."

Flenger laughed shortly. Dipping into his inside pocket, he extended the ten one-thousand-dollar bills. "Take that, pal," he said magnanimously. "I just got it out of the bank an' you can lay a bet it ain't marked."

Barr drew back his hand. "I'd rather not," he said.

Flenger was amazed. He shook the bills so that they crinkled. "Don't be a fool all your life!" he exclaimed. "Ten grand ain't nothin' to me. You don't need to feel under obligations about it, either. You're about to do me a great favor."

He stepped forward and stuffed the money into Barr's coat pocket. The inspector did not resist.

"Favor?" he asked.

"Sure. Swinnerton's got to fix it so you handle this Hiller investigation. He's also goin' to fix up the district attorney, so you won't have much of a job on your hands."

Barr sank wearily into the office chair. "Where is Swinnerton?" he asked helplessly.

"He'll be here in a minute."

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 101)

"This is a bad mess," Barr repeated for the fifth or sixth time. "Mark my words, Paddy, even if you get away with it, it's a bad mess."

"How d'you figure that?" Flenger demanded.

"Well," Barr said dubiously, "it'll stir things up. No matter how bad a man is, he's got friends. Dopey's friends are goin' to be sore. I was talkin' with Captain Mason over in Dopey's district only yesterday an' he told me that forty-odd speakeasies were workin' through Dopey. You know as well as I do what that means."

"Well," Flenger growled, "what does it mean?"

"It means," Barr went on, "that forty fellows have got to find a new supply of booze. They got to find it quick, too, because it costs money to run those dumps."

For the moment Flenger did not answer. Through his mind again ran that dread word: "Zuroto. Zuroto. Zuroto."

There was a knock at the door. Swinnerton entered. Once again he kicked the door shut with his heel. He seemed vaguely relieved to find Barr present.

"Well," he said, his huge eyes darting from one to the other of the men, "here I am. What's all this new evidence?"

"That was a stall," Flenger said, his confidence returning, now that he was with people whom he absolutely controlled. "What we wanted was a gabfest. Did you see the commissioner?"

"Of course I seen him," Swinnerton said, coming close to them and leaning on the desk. "I put it up to him that this was part of my ward and I had to take an interest in the case. That seemed to work all right."

"I guess you got plenty on the commissioner," Flenger laughed softly. "We ain't interested in why it worked, just so long as you're sure it worked."

"The order goes through today," Swinnerton promised. He half turned to Barr and his popping eyes fairly mooned on the inspector. "You're in charge of the investigation, Barr. Naturally you and Paddy and I will work close on it."

Barr silently acquiesced.

"How about the district attorney?" Flenger inquired.

"He's putting Crebb, one of his assistants, in charge of the case."

"An' who's Crebb?" Flenger insisted. "Have you fixed him?"

"I had a talk with him this morning," Swinnerton said cautiously. "I explained that I might throw a five-thousand-dollar retainer fee in the way of his private practice."

Flenger burst into laughter. There was a genuineness in his voice. Relief filled his foxlike eyes. A faint glow of pride reflected in Swinnerton's heavy countenance.

"Crebb has political ambitions," he finished; "he'd be a fool not to see how I could help him."

Flenger found a cigar. As he lit it he peered through the smoke clouds at his superior officer. "Well, Barr," he grunted in satisfaction, "things don't look like such a mess now, do they?"

Barr wet his lips and muttered some unintelligible response.

"It looks to me," Flenger said quietly, "as though everythin' is all set for the three of us. You better make a little commotion down around Dover Street where Dopey Hiller had an apartment. Fix up some kind of a stall about Dopey tryin' to run booze into town from across the border, or somethin' like that. Then stall along that we've got evidence showin' that the killers are from out of town. In that way the thing'll die out of the press pretty quick. But keep me posted on everythin' that breaks." He turned abruptly to Swinnerton. "You an' me have got a date with a lawyer, alderman. There's nothin' like hittin' while the iron's hot. We don't want to leave any strings that are goin' to lead to you."

If there had been the slightest resistance in Swinnerton's mind, it disappeared with that last remark. His eyes bulged more and his chins flushed a ruddier color.

"All right," he said. "You mean about that corporation?"

"I don't mean anythin' else," Paddy agreed.

"Very good. I'm in favor of that myself. We'll go down there right away."

The light of satisfaction in Flenger's eyes heightened. Almost nonchalantly he walked to the hat-tree in the corner and changed from his uniform to his civilian coat. He put on the gray fedora hat again and strolled to the mirror in the cabinet. As he adjusted his tie and his hat brim he turned suddenly to Swinnerton:

"By the way," he said casually, "have you forgotten about them hand-painted ties?"

Swinnerton's answer was a groan.

Flenger laughed. "You two are a bit temperamental, ain't you?" he said coolly. "Just keep your mouths shut an' act natural. You can't expect to rake in twenty thousand bucks a month just havin' lunch at that Adage Club, can you?" He turned back to the mirror and adjusted his coat. "Don't forget, Barr," he said without turning his head, "Dopey's only address was Dover Street." He paused then, his hands becoming motionless in the business of readjusting his tie. He twisted his head as though struck by a sudden thought. After a second he turned to Barr. "Step out to the desk, inspector, will you," he asked, "an' just be sure the desk lieutenant ain't listenin' in on the telephone?"

Obediently Barr rose and went into the outer room. Swinnerton stood by, his great eyes following Flenger's every move. The captain gently removed the receiver from the instrument and called Dutch Slenk's number. He smiled when Slenk responded.

"About that address, Dutch," he said carefully -"on Dover Street."

"I gotcha," Slenk answered.

"You know that moll down there, don't you?"

"Sure. She's a warbler over in a night club."

"I see," Flenger mused. "Well, get this straight. She's bound to be pretty much upset about Dopey an' she might do some gabbin'."

"I was thinkin' about that," Dutch interrupted.

"Thinkin' gives guys headaches," Flenger muttered. "The trick is to do somethin'. Here's what you do: Go down there an' throw plenty of scare into her. Tip her off that the boys are goin' to stage a little raid on her apartment late this afternoon. If you have to, slip her some dough an' get her out of town for a month."

"Not a bad idea," Dutch agreed. "I'll go right over."

"Thatta baby," Flenger grunted. "Inspector Barr's in charge of this investigation. It's been taken right out of my hands. But I'll see him an' tell him not to bother that spot before four o'clock this afternoon."

"I'll dig her up all right," Dutch promised. "How high can I go on the dough?"

"Use your own judgment, Dutch. But slip her enough so that she won't have to come back in a week for more. You know what them molls are!"

"After what I tell her," Dutch laughed, "that frail wouldn't show up here inside a year if she was barefooted."

Flenger hung up the receiver. "Y'see, Swinnerton," he smiled, with a gesture, "it's all in knowin' how an' not gettin' excited. Now you an' me'll take a run down to this lawyer an' fix that matter up. After that I'll find a way to take care of Mr. Zuroto."

"Zuroto?" Swinnerton queried. "Who's Zuroto? I never heard of him."

"No?" Flenger asked. "You will, though. Yes, you can lay a bet on that. You will!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BEHIND THE CURIO COUNTER

(Continued from Page 33)

Incidentally, that was the beginning of a friendship which has no place here. It is the artist and the keen business side of Harry Tammen in his relation to the curio business which counts. He possessed both; even in the days when he could count his earnings upon his fingers.

It all began with the interest which the undersized bartender took in the miners coming from the hills, carrying with them their samples of various ores. Tammen enjoyed looking at them, and noticed that others did the same. That interested him; he began to ask questions about various formations; he learned of the strange cubic forms which iron pyrites sometimes take, of the silica formations and silvery flakes of steel galena. One by one he learned the names of various types of quartz, of aqueous and igneous formations. Then, by making a base of cement, he formed some of the strangest ores into a little collection which could be used as a paper weight, writing the name and type of the various ores on the back of the conglomeration. These he placed on the end of his bar to await trade; they were purchased almost immediately.

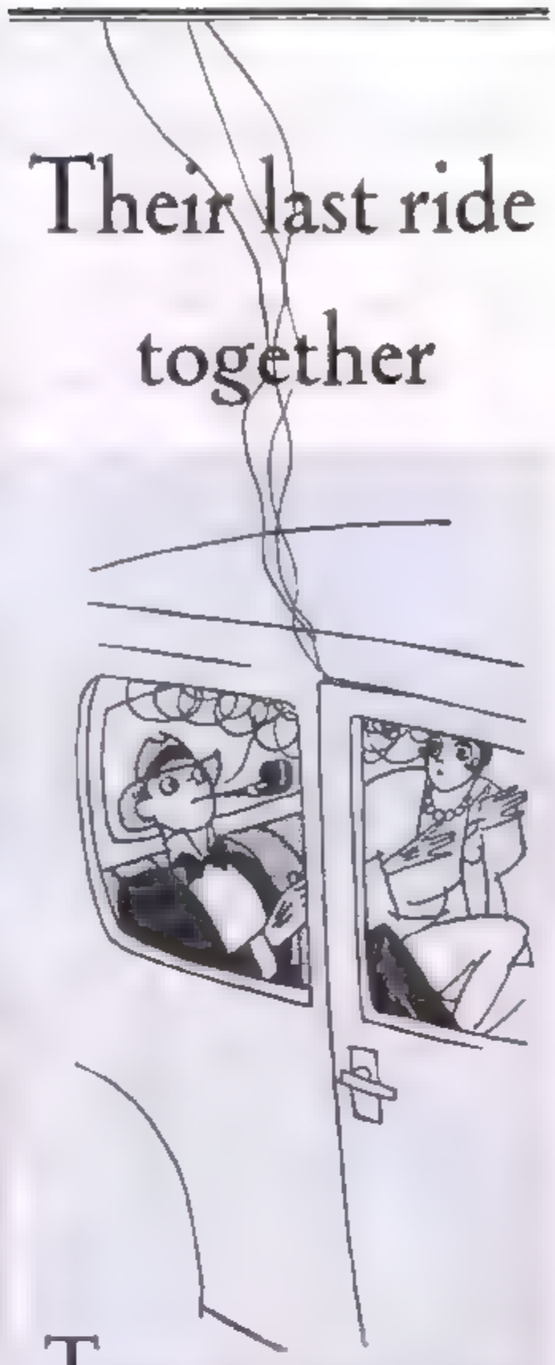
Soon Tammen hired a vacant basement, installed tables and benches there, and hired girls for the sole purpose of assembling various unusual-appearing bits of ore and pasting them into paper weights, picture frames, exhibits and any other form that would catch the tourist eye. Soon he began to advertise and his curio business had truly begun. It was not many years until a manufacturer of goldstone, a synthetic product, in Germany, sent his sixteen-year-old son across the ocean to learn who this man was, in Denver, Colorado, who was purchasing all the goldstone he could buy. The son came to America. He is still here, because the goldstone purchaser, H. H. Tammen, set him to work and kept him at work. Today, nearly half a century later, that boy runs the curio business which he crossed the ocean to investigate, carrying on for Harry Tammen, who is dead.

Tammen knew that when curios were concerned the public really didn't know what it wanted. He knew something more—how to fill a need for something that didn't exist. He got rich as a result of it. Once, in the old days, he was in Chicago, and noticed an exceptionally good engraving, on imitation parchment, of the Declaration of Independence. The venture of printing America's fiat to Great Britain had been a failure. So Tammen bought the plates and went to a Chicago newspaper.

After he had ceased arguing, the management of that newspaper remained convinced that it was not fulfilling its duty to its subscribers unless a Declaration of Independence was in every home. Harry Tammen supplied them—one order alone ran to a hundred thousand.

It was only one of a score of methods by which he built up a fortune. The World's Fair at Chicago found him there with the best photographer he could hire. After the pictures were taken he went to the owner of the city's biggest bakery, which then was giving premium coupons with its bread. Tammen sold his idea of a souvenir edition of World's Fair photographs. The bakery owner figured on his needs. It amounted to an outlay of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Tammen's credit, especially in Chicago, was not a fourth that amount.

Then the bakery owner asked: "Look here; suppose I give you this contract. I've never seen you before. How'll I know you'll deliver?"



THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, *we'll* tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

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"That's easy. You may not know me, but you do know Donnelly, don't you?"

Donnelly was the owner of the big lithograph plant. The bakery owner knew him.

"Then," said Tammen nonchalantly, "I'll just get Donnelly to guarantee delivery. How'll that suit?"

"Fine."

So Tammen went to Donnelly. "Listen," he asked. "Do you know Kohlsaat?"

"Certainly."

"Is his credit any good?" asked the photograph merchant dubiously.

"His word's as good as another man's bond."

"That's fine," said Tammen "I wasn't sure. He just gave me a printing contract for three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. If his word's all right I suppose it'll be perfectly proper then for you to guarantee delivery."

"To the minute," was the answer, and a deal which, for those days, was enormous, had been settled without even an inquiry into the credit of the man who had engineered it.

Perhaps these incidents are beside the point. The fact remains that Tammen was the greatest figure that ever existed in the curio business. It was his organization which invented or adapted practically every trinket by which persons today signify their presence in a certain part of the country. He was at it even to the time of his death; with millions in his fortune, with the details of a dozen business ventures on his mind, H. H. Tammen often would be found missing from his office. But the telephone girl knew where to locate him. He would be down at his curio workshop, sweating over the adaptability of a trinket that would sell for ten cents But even he, with his genius for outguessing the public, called a new souvenir a success only after the people had bought it.

The rule runs inexorably to no rules at all. Some years ago, my husband, Ned Frost, the big-game guide, made a hunting trip into Alaska. There he saw something which he felt would be marvelous for the store—tiny replicas of Alaskan totem poles, done with fidelity in carving, proportion and color. He bought a number of them and enthusiastically brought them home. We put them on the counter and waited for them to sell

Off the Indian's Back

They didn't. The curio-buying public wanted everything but totem poles. Finally they were moved from the counter to the shelves. From there they went into the retirement of the storeroom, and there they remained, year upon year. Then, one day, a customer walked in, looked about and sniffed.

"Haven't you any totem poles?" she asked in a pained voice

I dug into the storeroom. When the customer had gone I left a few of the things on the counter. Within two days they were gone. Within a month the entire supply was exhausted and we were sending rush orders to Alaska for more. The cause of it all? Tourist transportation had been opened up into the northern country, persons had bought totem poles in the land of their origin and sent them to various parts of the United States. Because a first person had liked them, others did the same, and the rush began. Totem poles today are a good item of merchandise, even thousands of miles from the land they represent. But tomorrow the call may be for stuffed Eskimos!

However, transportation can be counted upon fairly surely to give a steady demand for a product. Years ago, for instance, the Santa Fe Railroad made its entrance into New Mexico, and Indians came to the various stations, particularly Albuquerque and Santa Fé, to sell their wares. That was the beginning of the vogue of the Navajo blanket, which exists today in as great demand as it did a quarter of a century ago

The Navajo is as much of a staple to the tourist curio business as meat and potatoes are to human food. It makes little difference where the curio store happens to be—ours is more than a thousand miles from Navajo country—a great part of the capital is often invested in Navajo rugs, genuine or otherwise.

However, in spite of the fact that Navajos have existed for years as a part of household adornment, there is more ignorance concerning them, more fakes perpetrated in the name of Navajo than any other form of furnishing, with the exception, of course, of antique furniture. This in spite of the fact that a certain depth of knowledge is necessary to know a genuine antique, while the rules concerning a Navajo can be learned in five minutes by a ten-year-old child.

In the first place it should be a matter of easy knowledge that a Navajo rug is a rug woven by a Navajo Indian. But sadly enough, even that isn't known in many cases. More times than one I have seen tourists proudly lugging about a wool concoction woven in angular patterns by a Western blanket factory, for which they have paid to some squaw the first price asked—an exorbitant one, of course, for the Indian is a bargainer. The rug—so the tourists will tell you—is a genuine Navajo.

"I know," will come the announcement in a tone of reproof. "I bought it off the very back of the Indian."

How to Know Your Navajo

"What kind of an Indian was it?"

That usually is a bad question. To the usual person an Indian is an Indian, no matter in what part of the country he is found; that there should be Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Kiowas, Cherokees, Flatheads, Apaches, Cheyennes and a few other tribes, each with its characteristics, its modes of living, its traditions, rarely enters into one's calculations. Likewise the fact that an Indian will wear anything that is bright colored and cheap also fails to register. If a blanket comes from an Indian's back, it therefore must be an Indian blanket—and I have faced argument even after I have found the manufacturer's label on the blanket!

In the first place, a mechanical loom cannot make a Navajo blanket; there are the inevitable front and back which show different patterns, while the genuine Navajo is exactly the same on both sides, to the turn of a thread. A good Navajo will be woven so tightly that with the utmost effort one cannot penetrate its strands with one's finger; a poorly made Navajo can be pierced with little exertion. For, let it be known, there are Navajos and Navajos, even among the genuine ones. The difference in quality may come as the result of a geographical distance of only a few miles; the best weavers among the Navajos are to be found in a space some twenty miles square known as the Two Gray Hills in New Mexico. Rug making is a tradition and an art with this particular branch of the tribe; with others it often is a commercial venture. The faster they can make rugs, the faster they can take them down to the trains and sell them, and any Indian is clever enough to know the shortcomings of the white man regarding Indians in general and their commodities.

Incidentally, another good rule to follow in buying a Navajo is to remember that a genuine rug will always make a pattern, no matter how one folds it. And if an exorbitant price is asked, look for a peculiar blue in the rug—a blue that is remembered from Civil War days. For if one can find that particular blue and authenticate his hopes, it will be found that the coloration comes from the blue of old uniforms used by the soldiers of the United States when, dusty and half starved by rotten supplies, worn by days of tramping and harassed by scouts, the outflung commands of the Indian army fought onward through the Southwest to make it safe for the civilization which exists today. Many of the rugs which contain this blue—often retrieved from the battlefield—are practically priceless.

However, Navajo blankets containing soldier blue are not the only Indian relics that are becoming rare. Old baskets, representing the work of various tribes, are becoming more and more scarce. In some cases the death of workers, such as resulted from the influenza epidemic in the Aleutian Islands off Alaska, is responsible. But the greater cause is the fact that the Indian of today is frankly too lazy to do the hard, painstaking work which brought into being most of the truly beautiful pieces of handicraft which once existed. Added to this is the tradition in many tribes that a brave be buried with his best possessions, with the result that many of the fine old pieces are going into the ground as the ancient warriors die off. My husband recently fought the grave in an effort to retrieve a particular war coat.

Old Toe Shoe was his name and he possessed one of the most unusual war coats we ever had seen. There was the beadwork which contained tribal figures and traditional emblems, instead of the flowers and other means of decoration to which many Indians turned their ideas in following civilization. There were genuine elk teeth, some of them in fact being "grave teeth"—which means that at one time these teeth had been buried with some other brave; there, in the molding process, to take on a peculiar coloration from the absorption of dye from the cloth to which they had been sewn. And there were scalp locks reminiscent of ancient war whoops, screaming arrows and remorseless tomahawks. Ned wanted that war coat as few men have wanted anything. Every time he went to the reservation he hunted up Old Toe Shoe and begged him to sell. But it was Toe Shoe's greatest possession and he wanted to be buried in it.

My husband finally reached the point where he offered the Indian a hundred dollars for the relic—a fortune to Old Toe Shoe. But the wrinkled warrior was adamant.

"No, me be buried in coat," he said.

Ned shrugged his shoulders. Then, jokingly, he said: "Dog-gone your old hide, I'll come out some night and dig you up! I'll get that coat somehow."

Then, forgetting his remark almost as soon as he made it, my husband came home, the thought of ever getting the coat dispelled. It was less than a month before a younger Indian came into town with a message.

"Toe Shoe wants to sell you that coat," he said.

Ned hastily cashed a check for a hundred dollars and sent forth the money. Back came the coat. A short time later Toe Shoe died. It was then that the younger Indian made an explanation.

Hunting Deer, Bear and Flint

"You see," he said, "Toe Shoe he get sick. He know he die. He keep thinking you really mean you come out an' dig him up. Toe Shoe him very tire'. Him want rest, no want get dug up. So he sell the coat!"

However, only an imaginative fellow like Old Toe Shoe—Ned has felt guilty about that coat ever since—would let even the fear of being removed from the grave interfere with the love of an old piece of Indian work. Such things are too rare. Sinew work has almost disappeared from the work of sewing beads—thread is too easy to handle and procure. Genuine Indian beads have disappeared. Buckskin, which should form the base of all true Indian beadwork—except, of course, for the tribes which use moose and caribou—is difficult to obtain. Porcupine-quill work and embroidery have all but become lost arts. Twenty-five years ago it was possible to purchase the finest of Indian eagle-feather headdresses and dancing bustles for prices which ranged as low as twenty-five dollars. Today the trapper often receives a dollar apiece for genuine eagle-tail feathers, and many of the headdresses are being made from wing feathers, which do not contain the beautiful white ends that tail feathers offer. More than that, Indians make few war bonnets any more. Recently a number of Crows came to Cody to produce some of the old-time war dances for the various dude ranches which abound in this district. It was necessary for Ned to bring them to the curio store and outfit them with headdresses, war clubs, tom-toms, dancing bustles, porcupine headpieces and other forms of Indian paraphernalia before they could proceed with their performance. Otherwise they would have been only a group of dark-skinned men dancing in the costumes of everyday America.

Likewise are other Indian adjuncts disappearing—tomahawks, peace pipes, tobacco bags, arrow and spear heads. The last are no longer to be found in camps or on reservations; every time my husband goes on a hunting trip, the quarry concerns reminders of Indian wars as much as it does game. His eyes are ever divided in their search as they follow the ground for tracks of deer, bear and elk, and for a jagged bit of protruding flint that will indicate a buried spear or arrow head. It sounds silly—to go hunting over game trails for buried relics—yet in this way have some of the best specimens been found, especially if there has been a recent storm, the freshets of which have gullied the earth, releasing things long hidden. In this wise, upon two strangely coincidental occasions, were unmatchable specimens obtained, each through the agency of a horse.

A Lucky Horseshoe

The first time my husband was in charge of a large pack train which had been used to carry the paraphernalia of a spring hunting party. One morning he was catching up the horses when he noticed that one was acting queerly, hopping about on three legs, while on the hoof of the fourth appeared a bulbous, dark object which looked like a bean pot. Ned hurried closer and caught the horse, to find that the bean pot was a piece of ancient Indian pottery; out of all the world, the horse had stepped into the mouth of it while grazing! For an hour after that, Ned maneuvered that horse into a position from which he could remove the obstacle from its hoof, at last to rescue it. Experts have proclaimed it to be an example of some of the oldest-known pottery. But that is all that can be determined. Where the horse stumbled on to it, why it should have been unearthed at this particular place, how far it had been carried by the torrent which freed it—these matters are mysteries.

Again, with a pack train my husband was fording a stream in the Yellowstone Park country. The horse upon which he was riding stumbled, and with a quick jerk at the reins Ned pulled the animal's head up to straighten him. The horse reared; as he did so, something flew from the water and clicked to the pebbles of the sandbar just ahead. Ned shouted in excitement; it was the biggest spearhead he ever had seen. Then he again turned his attention to the horse, striving vainly to change its course. The animal was plunging out of the water; another step and a hoof struck in the middle of the thing he had discovered, breaking it. But the fracture was a clean one; Ned dismounted and gathered up the two pieces, and the repaired spearhead was placed in our collection.

These specimens are only a few that have been found by my husband on expeditions into lands that once were the hunting grounds of various Indian tribes. However, we did not get our main collection in that manner. An Indian walked into the store one day and traded us a priceless arrangement of spear and arrow heads for a Sioux beaded-buckskin vest!

Of course with merchandise of this kind—rare pieces of Indian handiwork, unusual objects of folk work—there is never any worry as to their disposal. These are historical relics and not curios as the word has been adapted for the use of tourists who desire to send a trinket home as a souvenir

The Abbey Artlarm, mahogany finish, $3.50
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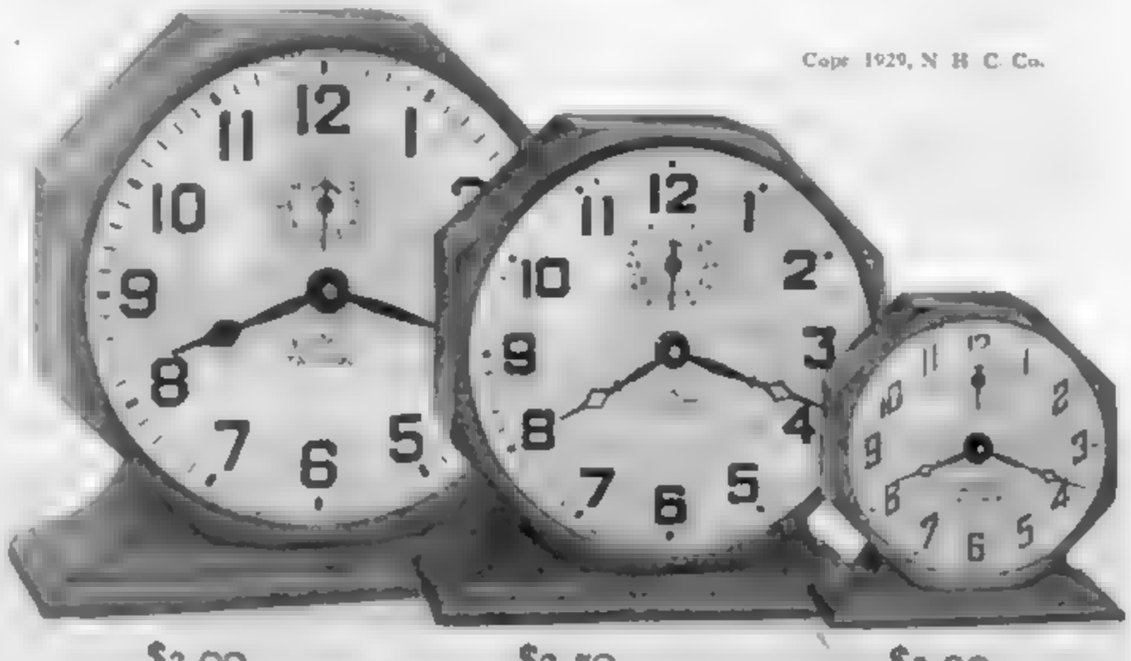

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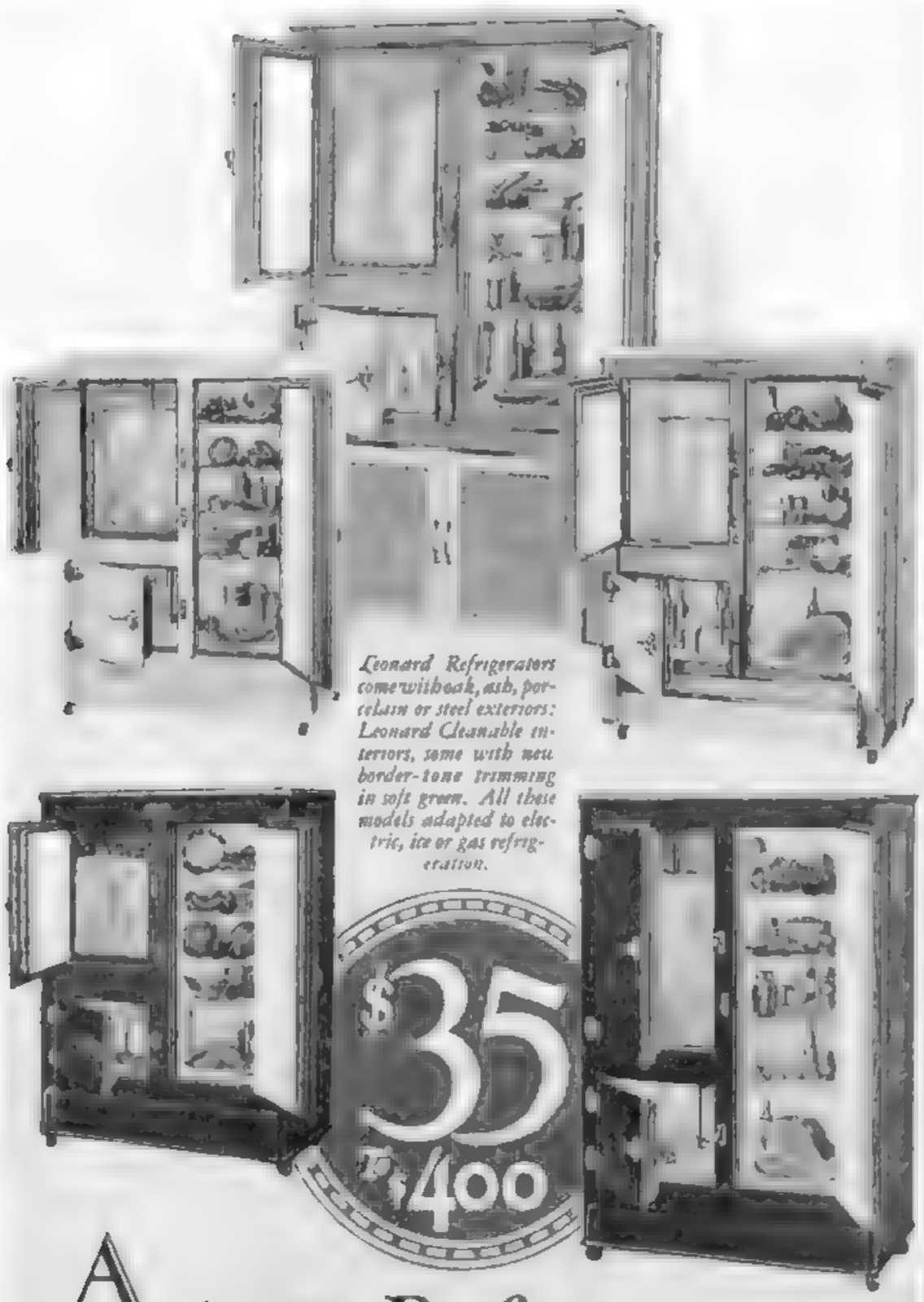

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LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

of their journey. With this latter article the style is constantly changing. A big firm last year made up a few gross of Indian-style pins which could be used for hats or brooches. It was not unusual; even the makers didn't think much of it, but they haven't been able to supply the demand. Likewise is this true of what is known as "occasional" jewelry—fake emeralds and sapphires and other imitation stones made of the finest quality of bottle glass or, at the best, synthetically manufactured. Once upon a time they were frowned upon as something for the servant girl. But now women have decided in their favor for just what they are called, "occasional" jewelry; to be worn now and then with necklaces, rings and bracelets, to match any style of dress; and manufacturers are turning them out by the millions. A step above this is the return to favor of the semiprecious stone, long disdained. For years turquoise matrix was not at all proper as a matter of personal adornment; today scouts are everywhere in the turquoise country, searching for a matrix supply.

So it goes throughout the list. One never knows today what is to be the fad of tomorrow, nor where it is coming from. A craze may originate anywhere, or by accident.

However, there are two things in the curio business which seem to bloom incessantly. One of them is the post card, which has existed now for years, and which sells ceaselessly, year upon year; fifty to a hundred thousand cards a season is not unusual business for a big store in scenic country. The other is the skins of wild animals. Of course, there is an excellent reason for the post card—it is the easiest form of all by which to remember a person and at the same time offer ocular evidence of presence in tourist country. But for the other -sometimes I wonder. Certainly, in one case I know, it wasn't because the skin would carry any thrilling thoughts of the chase which changed it from a wild animal into a bearskin rug.

It was the mounted, open-mouthed, heavily clawed head and hide of a tremendous grizzly, with quite a record behind it. Ned had killed the animal after much trailing, and in shooting the beast had rid the hunting country of a menace. The grizzly, when he decides upon a career of badness, is one of the most destructive animals that the range can know. Cattle fall under his onslaught, deer, elk, even humans. The chase had been an exciting one, the kill accomplished at close range. Ned was proud of that grizzly skin; it was an evidence of hunting prowess.

The buyer was a woman, and the price did not affect her whatever. But as she made her purchase something seemed to be worrying her. At last it came forth:

"Of course you get these animal skins from right out in the wild country, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I answered.

"They're not zoo animals?"

"Certainly not."

She thought a while after that. "I suppose you follow them up."

"Yes, my husband got this one."

"Of course." Then she thought again. "But I'm afraid that I'm still puzzled. How on earth did he know when it was going to die?"

The Poets' Corner

Speed

I AM for Speed: the plunging shaft,
The roaring dynamo,
The long white wake kicked up abaft,
The engines down below.
The rowers, banked, looked beautiful,
The galleon's opulent line,
And clipper ship, each sail spread full,
Rapt with the breath divine
Of Speed—the stagecoach on the land,
The chugging, winding train—
Still Speed breaks in, on every hand,
Upon its old domain.
For who would creep, when feet may run;
Who walk, when wings may fly?
Who be content with earth alone
When his waits all the sky?
I am for Speed that gets us on,
Yes, write me down for Speed
That finds its wings in rushing dawn,
Takes lightning for a steed:
Give all the winds of thunder vent,
Let larger airs suspire,
Let swifter distance still be rent
And filled with silver fire!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Roads

SUNLIT and golden, misty and wan,
The lake is the road of the swan.

Mossy and ferny, tangled or clear,
A wood is a road to a deer.

Squirrels may scamper, chipmunks can run;
A fence is a road to a bun.

Over the moorland, over the height,
The wind is the road of the kite.

Rippling and foaming, winding about,
A brook is a road for a trout.

Calm in the doldrums, wild in the gale,
The sea is the road of the whale.

East of the sunrise, north of the Pole,
Unmapped is the road of the soul.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Vignette

I SEE him marching down the Gobi plain,
Leading a forest of ten thousand spears,
Lord of his wonderful ten thousand years,
Lord of the cringing captives in his train.

The War Lord speaks. The eager legions cheer
And dash their spears against the clanging shields;
The echoes shake the green-clad Gobi fields,
And all the nations tremble when they hear.

But he is gone. The Gobi wind sweeps on;
Beyond dim years the echoes die away;
Sun follows sun, and there's another day—
But where is he whose shout awoke the dawn?

Lo, the dead Gobi! Viper-haunted sand—
Wind-channeled sand and age-old thirsty stones . . .
A white man, stooped among the yellow bones,
Holding an old skull in his curious hands.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

This great material success must PROVE *the* SPENCER *heating principle correct!*

The great modern factory where the Spencer Heater is made

ACRES of modern factories—greater and greater sales each year—lower and lower prices—millions of dollars saved each year for anthracite users alone! What can all these be but evidence that the Spencer Heating principle is correct and always was?

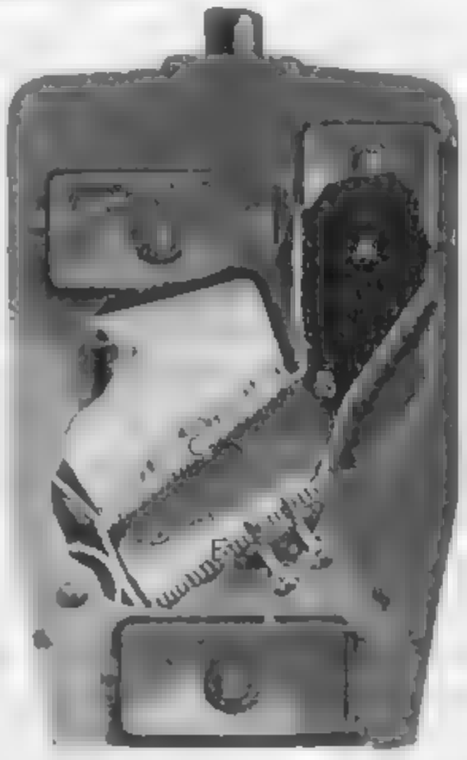
The Spencer was the first magazine feed heater. After thirty-two years of daily public use, it still stands first! It is today, and has been for years, the only complete line of magazine feed heaters, made both in cast-iron sectional and steel tubular types, for every building from bungalow to skyscraper.

Men who know magazine feed heaters build the Spencer. As it was improved by these experienced engineers, it grew in popularity. Today, the tremendous factory equipment required to build the volume of Spencers demanded by the public is one proof that the public appreciates better heating methods.

When the Spencer was invented thirty-two years ago, its magazine feed and sloping grate marked the only fundamental improvement in heating since the first primitive stove.

The Spencer scientific principle

Once a day, fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D), it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered, by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down automatically, over the top of the fire. This combination of magazine, correct depth of fire bed, and Gable-Grate makes fire burn up-hill and permits the use of inexpensive smaller sizes of fuels that save as much as half the annual fuel bill.



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Now anyone can have the economy of a Spencer. It burns any small size, low cost fuel—No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, coke, and graded bituminous coal — with no blowers, no moving parts, nor outside power. It saves on fuel cost and gives a better, more uniform heat, with attention only once or twice a day.

Men who build and sell the Spencer have had more years of training and experience in this heating field than can be found anywhere else. So expertly is the Spencer tested and designed, so precisely is it built, that its heating capacity can be and is guaranteed. So tremendous is the volume of sales and manufacture in recent years, that the Spencer starts its thirty-third year with even lower prices.

Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It tells how anyone, anywhere, can have Spencer economy, convenience and uniformity with any steam, vapor or hot water heating system. Spencer Heater Company (*Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company*), Williamsport, Pa.

The Trucks Themselves Produce the Profits

In many a business where trucks are used the trucks are only part of the business and the money they make or lose is overlooked. But when *transportation* itself is the business, the trucks must show a profit or the business won't.

Consider the case of the National Motor Renting Company of Philadelphia. One of their contracts is general hauling and delivery for the Hygrade Food Products Corporation, an outstanding provision company of the country. They have twenty-five International Trucks on this one job alone.

Day-in and day-out, the year round, in all kinds of weather, these trucks must stay on the job—not only stay on it, but *make money on it!* No guessing here—transportation is the business of the National Motor Renting Company and the trucks themselves produce the profits.

And there's a very sound reason. The Harvester organization builds profitable service into these trucks before they leave the factory so they'll deliver profitable service on the road. Maintenance, upkeep, cost per ton-mile—any way you figure it—*profit* is the answer with Internationals!

Whether trucking is all of your business or only part, it will be a profitable operation if you follow the example of these men who *must* know.

INTERNATIONAL

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¼-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 170 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

HEAVY SUGAR

Continued from Page 17

"—— and to surprise his wife," continues Joe a bit wearily, "Willoughby brings down a whole musical troupe from London. There we get the operetta angle that's been stampeding 'em along Broadway this year, as well as a lot of smart English comedy wise-wallops. You know—the cynical succotash: 'Love is ——,' 'marriage is ——,' 'life is ——,' and the so forths and fifths. Epigrams are the duck's cackle nowadays."

"How time flies," murmurs Olivia. "It seems only yesterday that telegrams were invented."

"Just as the gayety's getting good and gaga," resumes Harvey, with a glare for Godiva, "comes the news that Tottie's packed up her lipstick and eloped with Ned Hughes, an American hoofer. Sir David flies into an insane rage, says that all show folks are bums and drives the whole mob out of the house."

"A kind of a wholesale 'never darken my door again,'" I remarks. "Who you got playing Tottie?"

"Ethel Schultz," returns Joe.

"Where," inquires Miss Onyx, "has she been tending bar?"

"Miss Schultz," comes back Harvey coldly, "happens to be the niece of Mr. Ritter."

"I see," says Olivia. "Did it happen sort of sudden or has it been going on quite a while?"

"Behave," growls Hank. "Can't a guy's wife's sister have a daughter without creating ——"

"She can," cuts in the merry-merry, "and I believe you. I worked with a girl once that had a different mother each season and I believed her too. That's the kind of faith, hope and charity I am."

"If you people are done with your olio," barks Joe, "I'll get along with the second act."

"Go ahead," I urges.

"We jump to a night club in New York," says Harvey, "where Hughes and Tottie are doing a turn. The place is a hang-out for hijackers and other yeggs. Tottie, who's already gone frosty on her hoofer, picks a slicker named Overboard McGilligan for her next play, but he can't see her with bifocals. Overboard's all fumed up over a young hostess in the deadfall, but he's also rolling 'em down the wrong alley. She's up to her neck in a newspaper reporter who, it happens, has an Ida of his own out in Iowa. An added entry is McGilligan's divorced wife, who thinks Hughes is the honest watch-dog's deep-mouthed bay, but he ——"

"Mama love papa!" I exclaims. "What a shuffle! A whole deck and not a pair in it."

"I suppose," remarks Ritter, "you provide blue prints of the situation with your programs."

"It is a bit gummy," admits Joe, "but simplifies quick when Willoughby drifts into the dive with a gat in his kick and his mind made up. While a quartet of four smokes is singing You Can't Raise Cotton With Watermelon Seeds, or some negro spiritual like that, the lights suddenly go out. There's a fusillade of shots and when the glims flash on again, who do you think is found dead?"

"My investment," I guesses.

"A great number of Chinamen," ventures Hank.

"Hughes, the hoofer, and the young hostess," says Harvey. "Now, who do you imagine shot 'em?"

"Not me," I assures him. "I was bowling in Yonkers the night of the murder. . . . What's your opinion, Miss Onyx?"

"Personally," she returns, "I'd hang the rap on Mr. Ritter's niece, as I laughingly call her, but ——"

"It occurs to me," cuts in Hank, kind of cold and getting to his feet, "that Heavy Sugar probably plays better than it tells."

"Undoubtedly," I agrees.

"I would suggest," goes on Ritter, "that we dispense with the rest of the story."

"We got to," comes back Joe cheerfully. "That's as far as Malloy's gone with it."

"Malloy's gone too far with it already," growls Hank. "He certainly must have passed an ash can on the way to your office."

"How about Lady Godiva?" I asks, as we're backing toward the door. "Where does she canter into the opera?"

"In the dream scene we're framing for the third act," explains Harvey. "Just a touch of whimsey, you know. Whimsey's been going good ——"

"What's whimsey?" interrupts the Onyx oh, my.

"I think," says I, "it's the name of your horse."

"What a swell *mélange* of muck I've got that niece of mine into," grumbles Ritter when we're outside.

"Are you sure she's your niece?" I inquires, and ducks just in time.

III

AT THAT, Heavy Sugar perks up some in the next couple of weeks. A stage director, who seems to know the difference between an exit and the union scale for scene shifters, takes the unhealthy thing in hand and pretty soon has it sitting up and taking nourishment. Something of Malloy's general idea is retained, but even so he'd have to have a look at the strawberry mark on his brain baby to identify it. As I expected, Lady Godiva's skit is given the out, and with it, of course, Olivia.

I'm really sorry to see the breezy blonde go. She's always been good for a laugh and, despite her furry flash, I have a sneaking idea the gal's not so cushioned with collateral.

"That's my weakness now," says she, when I drops a few words of sympathy. "I'm getting to be the detachable cuff of the show business. This is the fourth part that's been thrown overboard this season with my not ungainly figure lashed to the wreckage. I'll bet if I was cast for Little Eva in a tent Tom they'd suddenly pass a law against anyone dying and going to heaven in a hand basket."

"Tough luck," I murmurs, "but ——"

"Not so tough," shrugs the Onyx. "Most troupers with the kind of run-arounds I've been getting lately would have a crippled brother, a mother who needed a full set of operations and a husband up in Saranac—and what's more they'd be telling you about 'em. Well, let's go, Olivia darling, and hear an agent say 'Nothing today.'"

"Maybe," I suggests, my heart trumping my judgment, "I can do something with Harvey. It seems to me there ought to be a spot for you in Sugar."

"There ought," agrees the late Lady Godiva, "but if there is, it'll probably be one that can be removed easy."

"Of course," grins Joe, when I takes the matter up with him a bit later, "if it's one of those things ——"

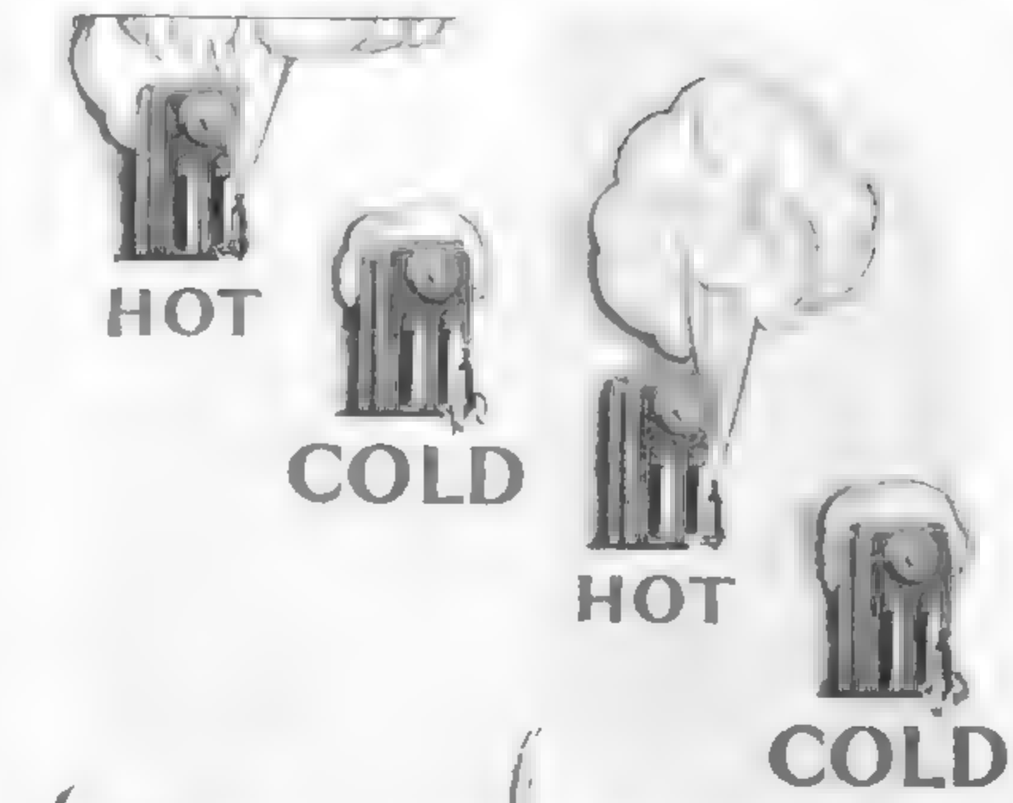
"Can that chatter," I yelps. "Miss Onyx means no more to me than flat feet do to a fish. The frill needs a job. If you can fit her in, all right. If you can't ——"

"Why not try her out as McGilligan's divorced wife," cuts in Hi Hatch, the director, "and wash up the Ransom dame? I just can't get her to feel like a bootlegger's bride."

"Go ahead," says Harvey. "Ransom's got no friend with dough in the show."

Olivia's a quick click as Mrs. McGilligan. In fact, she's so good the part's fattened up considerable with lines taken from Tottie; Hank's niece being too new at the game to let out the holler that the regulations call for in such cases. Miss Onyx is grateful for the chance I've got her, but how much sharper than a serpent's tongue is the sting of gratitude!

"Listen," says she a few days before we're due to open; "you got to get Harvey to give me better billing."



WARM·WARM·WARM

Charles A. Banister lives at Indian Orchard, Mass. Winters there are nippy. His steam radiators warmed the house an hour or so after the fire was brightened—except the dining room. *That* radiator never *did* get hot.

But the minute the fire subsided the radiators began to cool. In an hour his house was chilly. Again and again each cold day his rooms were hot—then cold—then hot—then cold.

"Today", says Mr. Banister, "things are *different*. My heating contractor replaced the radiator air valves with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. Now when the fire is banked the radiators stay hot for *three hours and more*, instead of 30 minutes. On zero days I get up steam only three times—morning, noon and evening. What is more, the radiators are piping hot *15 minutes* (instead of an hour) after drafts are opened. The dining room radiator comes through like the others. Already, I've saved many dollars' worth of fuel."

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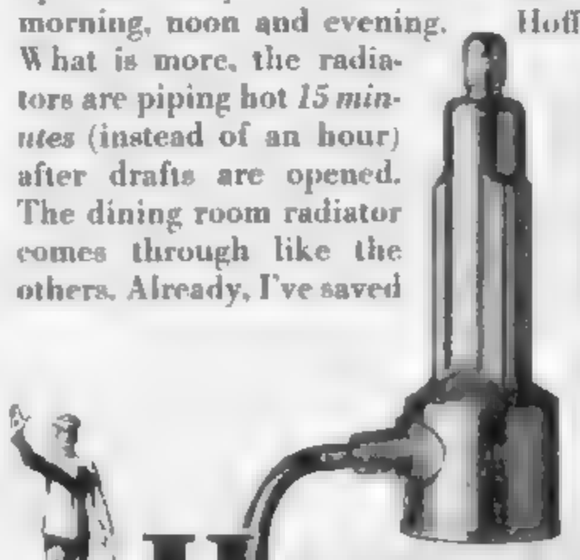

THIS BOOKLET *Tells All* "*How to Lock Out Air—the Heat Thief*" tells with word and picture how and why Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves can give new life to your steam heating system—save ⅓ your fuel. Your name and address on the margin of this advertisement brings you the booklet Free and the name of a reliable nearby heating man. Hoffman Specialties, Inc., Dept. O-10, Watertown, Connecticut

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I know three sides of one problem

which my "Scandals" must meet

George White . . .

[producer of the famous revue—the "Scandals"]

"I know audiences because I am often one of them . . . I know players because in most of my shows I take an active part. And I know the theatre because I am a producer.

"All three of me, therefore—spectator, actor and producer—would feel better if coughing in the theatre could be eliminated. But since coughers will always be with us, a good way to curb the evil is by giving audiences Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. And I, for one, am looking forward to the day when my chorus will toss S. B. drops over the footlights instead of flowers, confetti or candy kisses."

* * *

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs are so frequent at this time of year. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops will bring you relief—quickly, surely, pleasantly. They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—*they stop coughs.*

Keep a box handy always. 5c. Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol.

Smith Brothers broadcast Wednesday, 9 P. M., Eastern time, on WJZ chain

"I got to!" I exclaims. "What has this minority stockholder to do with the billing? Anyhow, where does that 'got to' come in?"

"You're responsible for me being in the show, aren't you?" comes back Olivia. "Well, doesn't that put it up to you to see that I'm treated right?"

"Run around and roll a hoop," I barks. "I helped you to a handout and that cleaned me up. Why should I care how Joe bills you?"

"Where's your pride?" demands the Onyx. "Do you want Broadway to think that you're the kind of a sap that can't do nothing for his girl friend?"

"Girl friend?" I repeats. "When did you and I start going to different schools together?"

"Don't be such a blank," snaps Olivia. "It's all over the town that you're backing Heavy Sugar on my account."

"Jumping Judas!" I yelps. "Who's been spreading that? You?"

"Well," she shrugs, "you know how those things get around. Of course I ——"

"How," I cuts in, "would you like to have a report get around about you being pulled out from under your fifth job this season?"

"Try and do it," says Olivia. "They got as much chance of running the Subways without juice as they have of staging the show without me. I'm what makes Heavy Sugar sweet, and Harvey and Hatch know it. Come on. Take off your high hat and ——"

I waits to hear no more, but beats it over to Joe's office, where I stage another rage. Harvey takes it as calmly as a Buddhist on a bonfire.

"Why all the froth at the mouth?" he asks. "You must have gone a bit soppy on her or you wouldn't have fronted ——"

"Me soppy on her!" I shouts. "I wouldn't throw that gold digger a drink of water if she was drowning. I got a wife, feller ——"

"A not unusual situation at your age," observes Joe, "but be of good cheer. She's not going to hear anything about it."

"The heck she isn't," I comes back. "I got a lot of friends, and what are friends for if not to pass along this kind of info where it'll do the most harm?"

"There's something to that," admits the producer, "but she's not likely to catch this, anyhow." And he digs into his desk and passes over a clipping from a theatrical scandal rag. I reads:

J. D. O'Day, a newcomer in the Bright Alley, is said to be the heavy behind Heavy Sugar. Nobody knows why except a certain blonde in the piece, and she won't tell anybody but her friends. She has no enemies.

"Dirty weather!" I groans. "Can't a guy be good-hearted without getting himself ——"

"Not on Broadway," cuts in Harvey. "A boy scout couldn't help his mother across Times Square without being suspected of picking her poke. In this clearing in the forest 'big-hearted' is just a synonym for sucker."

"I should have thought of that," says I, "when I got generous and sunk dough in your show. How about doing me a favor now and airing that Onyx baby?"

"Can't be done," returns Joe, prompt. "She's a darb in her part and, anyhow, it's too late to make a change."

"You got nothing on me," growls Ritter, when I tells him of the mix-up. "I'm being kidded all over the burg about the niece."

"Yes," says I, "but your frau knows she'd got a niece, while that anchor chain of mine has still to hear of papa's blonde. If Kate even finds out that I have an interest in a show, it'll be curtains for me. Fine mess you got your boy friend into!"

"Well," shrugs Hank, "it looked like a good idea at the time. As it is now, the best break we can hope for is that Heavy Sugar'll take a quick flop and bury its dead. But something tells me," he goes on gloomily, "that the darned thing'll run for three hundred nights, not to mention matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"And legal holidays," I adds for bad measure. "They'll probably also have a Number Two Company with the Onyx in both of 'em. Still, there's a chance for us. According to Harvey, the dramatic critics have a grouch on Malloy and they might pan his piece off the boards."

"Sure," perks up Ritter. "And don't forget the tendency that New York Subways have of blasting under Joe's productions. I wish I had a drag with the Transit Commission."

"Gosh," says I, reverting to my immediate trouble, "if that clipping should fall into the hands of the missis!"

"What'd she do," asks Hank—"up and leave you?"

"No," I returns sadly. "She'd stay and tell me."

IV

HARVEY picks a dog up in Westchester to try out his opus on, but I'm among those otherwise engaged that evening. Ritter has to attend on account of his wife's sister having given birth to a stage-struck daughter, and from him I get an earful of the opening.

"You could go further and see worse shows," says he, "and you probably will. It's just a hodful of hooey and hoke, but the patrons of the same seemed to like it. Your friend Olivia knocked 'em bow-legged. Her glib line of honky-tonk palaver ——"

"I know it only too well," I cuts in. "How about Ethel—laughingly referred to as your niece?"

"After seeing her work last night," returns Ritter, "the Onyx baby admits she's my niece. Only a niece could do the things she did. She went up in her lines, lost control of her hands and feet, knocked down a section of the scenery while supposed to be dying, and otherwise conducted herself like a high-school amateur with a busted garter."

"At that," says I sympathetically, "she might yet become the mother of a President or a Harvard halfback. Think the show'll click on Broadway?"

"It should," comes back Hank. "The way Hatch has glued it together Sugar has nearly everything that goes to make a 1928 success. There is no logic to the situations, the characters are all phony, the plot, if any, is stuck together with shootings and the kind of language a North River stevedore uses when he's beating his wife, there are some cuties and plenty of cuticle and ——"

"Gosh!" I gasps. "Did you predict it'd only run a year? You've told me enough now to stretch it out to at least three. Did you say you spoke to Olivia?"

"I did," replies Ritter. "She was looking for you after the show and ——"

"Let her keep looking," I yelps. "She'll need a bloodhound and a search warrant to find me, and then I'll make certain that I'm not there."

"Don't worry—or rather, do," says Hank. "She'll find you if she wants to."

And she does. About a week or so after the opening I'm alone in my office around 12:30 waiting to take the missis to lunch, when the door bangs open and in walks the Onyx.

"Hello, bright-eyes," she chirps breezily. "Still sore at my little me?"

"Not at all," says I. "In fact, I was just looking through a Woodlawn Cemetery catalogue to pick out a stone for you."

"Now, is that nice?" pouts Olivia. "I come to you with a heart full of ——"

"What do you want?" I barks. "And make it a short horse. I got a date."

"Well, it's like this," says she, draping her not ungainly figure over the edge of the desk: "Harvey's got a great show, but he needs a couple of grand more from you to swing the New York date. He's kind of bashful about asking, but I thought if I put it up to you sweet and low you might be willing to ——"

"That door over there," I cuts in, cold, "is a trick affair. It'll close itself when you leave. It doesn't have to be pushed."

"Maybe it doesn't have to be," comes back Olivia with narrowed eyes, "but you

(Continued on Page 113)

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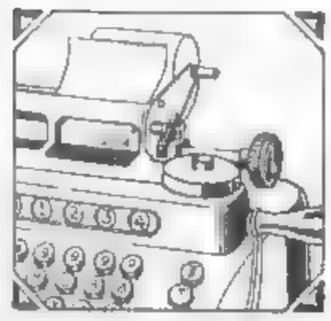

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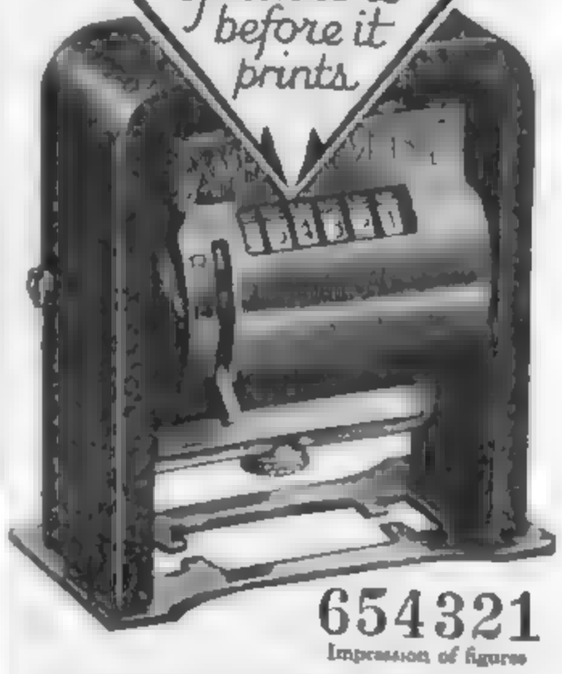

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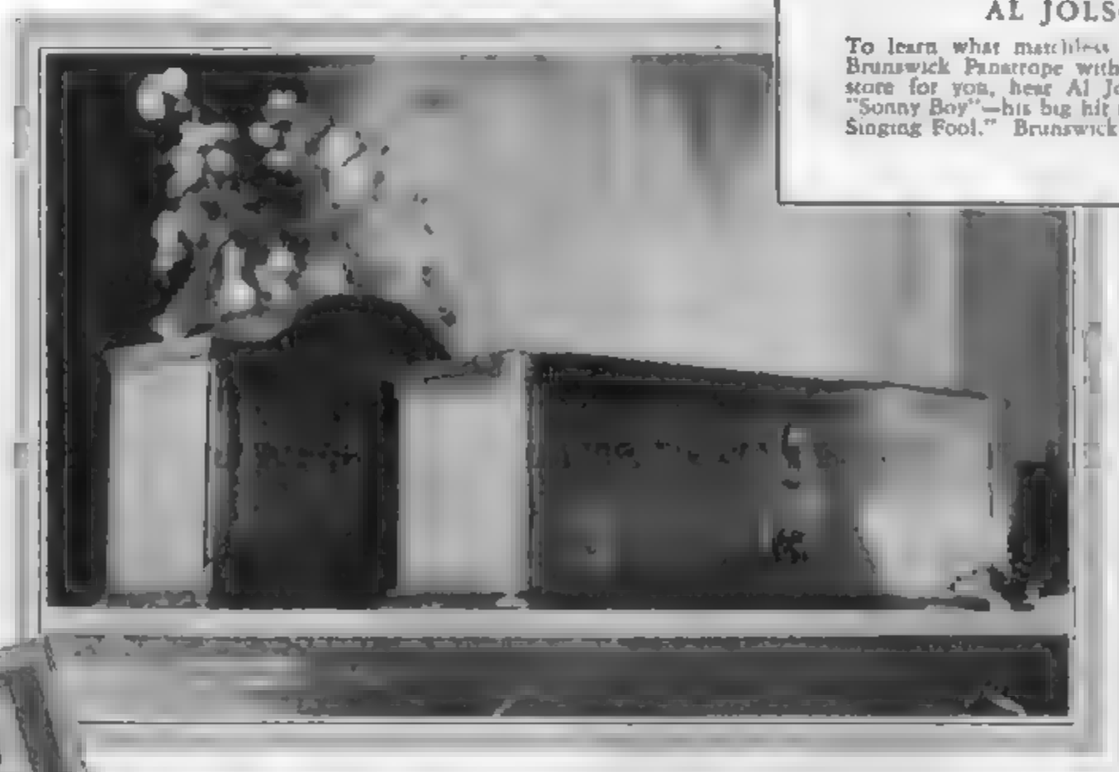

Above—Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola, Model 5KRO. Electrical type Brunswick Panatrope combined with latest Radiola. It gives you everything in broadcast and recorded music. Light socket operation. Price $395 complete.

At Left—Brunswick Radio, Model 5KR. A highly-perfected 7-tube set that sets a new standard in musical tone. Complete light-socket operation. Single dial tuning. Price $95, less tubes. Brunswick Model "A" Speaker $35.

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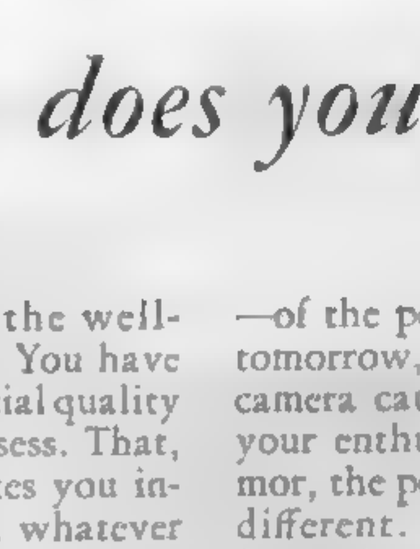

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(Continued from Page 110)

might have to be. Think Mrs. O'Day would care for an interesting clipping or two?"

"You work anything like that on me," I yelps savagely, "and I'll "

The Onyx frill suddenly changes front. "Now, let's be friends," she coos, leaning over and wrapping an arm around my shoulder. And at that moment I catches the sound of footsteps in the hallway.

"Good grief!" I gasps. "The wife!"

"Play along," snaps Olivia. With a quick jerk she throws off her coat and hat and plumps herself into the typewriter seat next to mine. The gal's leaning over a stenographer's notebook with a pencil poised when Kate enters. I'm not so slow on the pick-up myself

"—— 'and,'" I dictates, "'in view of the circumstances'—just a moment, darling, and I'll be with you—'I'm inclined to believe that the investment will be profitable.' Have you got that, Miss Fishbein?"

"Yes, sir," answers the show girl.

"'I am, therefore,'" I resumes, "'prepared to invest another thousand dollars in ——'"

"Wasn't it two thousand you spoke of, sir?" interrupts Olivia.

"Er—yes," says I. "Make it two thousand. Just add that a check will be mailed this afternoon, yours truly. That will be all for today, Miss Fishbein."

While she's putting on her hat and coat I glances casually over the stuff she's put in the notebook.

"Get rid of your mamma with the conference gag," reads the scrawl, "and feed with me. I'll be at the Blitz."

"A new stenographer?" inquires the frau through tight lips when Olivia's departed.

"Nope," says I easily. "Just an extra girl I brought in to help clean things up. You and I're leaving for Florida in the morning."

"That's fine," beams Kate. "You need a vacation."

"I know it," I returns. "How'd you like to make an around-the-world trip? I was just looking over some booklets. We could sail from New Orleans through the Canal to Cochin-China by the way of Kamchatka and Manitoba and ——"

As a matter of fact, business calls me back to New York in less than two weeks, but I leaves the wife in Florida. One of the first birds I runs into is Joe Harvey.

"How's the show?" I asks.

"Closed," he returns.

"Tough luck," says I. "What was the matter with it? I thought the ——"

"There was nothing the matter with Heavy Sugar," cuts in Joe. "It was a grand play, but we didn't get the breaks. We were parked in a jinx house, they started blasting a subway under it, Olivia Onyx walked ——"

"Olivia walked!" I exclaims. "Why?"

"Oh," comes back Harvey, "she got a job in California making talkies."

"She ought to do well in 'em," says I.

BAD ACTORS

(Continued from Page 9

"Miss Locke will have no difficulty in arranging that."

"Ask her to receive Mr. Chao of the Canton-California Bank. He will furnish the money for the Glowing Mirror Troupe's salary and expenses at my order, and Miss Locke can lend him her aid in obtaining the bonds for the newcomers."

Before Charlie How's patroness met old How Yet's agent from the Canton-California Bank, that adroit genius had been loaded with a cargo of instructions and advice by the proprietor of the Double Duck Bazaar.

"Finally"—How Yet had concluded in his conversation with Mr. Chao—"let there be no lack of the baggage and equipment usually carried by the tiger generals and the other participants of the Kuan Kung plays. Incidentally, if there is a surplus of silk in the regalia of the actors and their attendants, I would take care of it profitably at my place of business. You understand these things. Above all other things, make sure that your correspondent in Shanghai employs—the right men."

"There will be no errors," Mr. Chao assured How Yet. "The immigration photographs will be made in China. Be assured that I shall make no mistakes."

Five weeks after this conversation between the proprietor of the Double Duck Bazaar and the agent of the Canton-California Bank, a ten-man consignment of culture and Jane Locke invaded Grant Avenue.

Following San Lin, who rode in Miss Locke's limousine, came the impersonators of Mesdames Mi and Kan. Kuan Kung, in person, rode in a taxi, and seated beside him was Kuo Wu.

Under pressure, the Little Theater, renamed the Glowing Mirror in honor of the troupe which was to open it, emerged from its stucco and plaster and became a colorful capsule for The Five Gates, which was the first offering to the drama-craving intellectuals of Grant Avenue.

The play dragged for a few moments through one scene, due to the absence of one of the principals, but an understudy picked up his lines and a charitable audience smiled with forgiveness and forgot the incident.

Liu Pi, ruler of Tsu, appeared with his face unpainted, wearing a black beard. On his head was a small gilt hat, and his imperial robes of red satin were embroidered with gilt dragons. In his hand he held a whip, and at this the audience demurred. "How," they asked, "can a man ride a horse, wearing those flowing robes?"

To this criticism, "That is new art," Charlie How returned.

Again Madame Mi, wounded by an arrow, limped halfway across the stage in an endeavor to escape with the crown prince; and then, cured of her wound, she borrowed a sword from a footman and cut a trail of blood through the enemy's forces, slaughtering more than fifty of Tsao Chang's best warriors.

There was a bit of incongruity in this which may have been due to the fact that a third of the play had been omitted. Two of the principals were missing.

"I will have to put shackles on every member of the cast," Charlie How raged.

That night when the play had finished, he resolved to impress the Glowing Mirror talent with the necessity of sticking to the job. To his surprise he was unable to find any of his actors, nor did a more careful search reveal them. They were not at the apartments which had been engaged for them in a local hotel, and no trace of them could be discovered in any of the shops or restaurants along the streets of Chinatown. Before the night was ended it appeared that the Glowing Mirror personnel had vanished from the face of the earth.

With troubled countenance Charlie How confessed his inability to explain to Jane Locke his countrymen's actions.

"Maybe the police could help us," the American lady suggested.

Instinctively Charlie How recoiled from this solution of their difficulties. "The police serve only to complicate such things," he said. "Tomorrow I will ask my father's advice. He has read the book of life and in experience he is rich. It is probable that he can find a way out of this labyrinth of affairs."

"I hope so," the American woman answered. "If we do not find a way out, I am in for a matter of several thousand dollars on the bonds if these actors fail to return."

"You have ventured upon a new road," old How Yet said to his son on the following day, when the latter sought a way out of his difficulties. "You have left the middle

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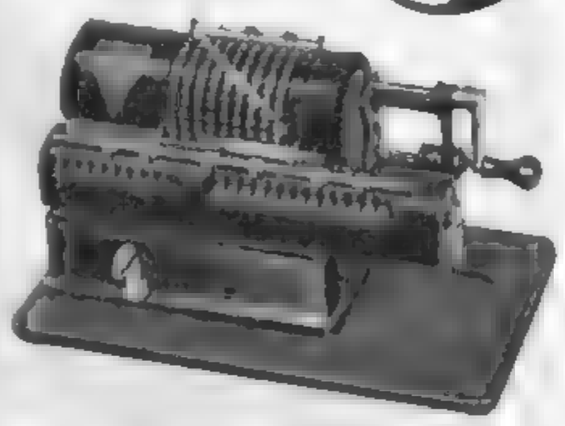

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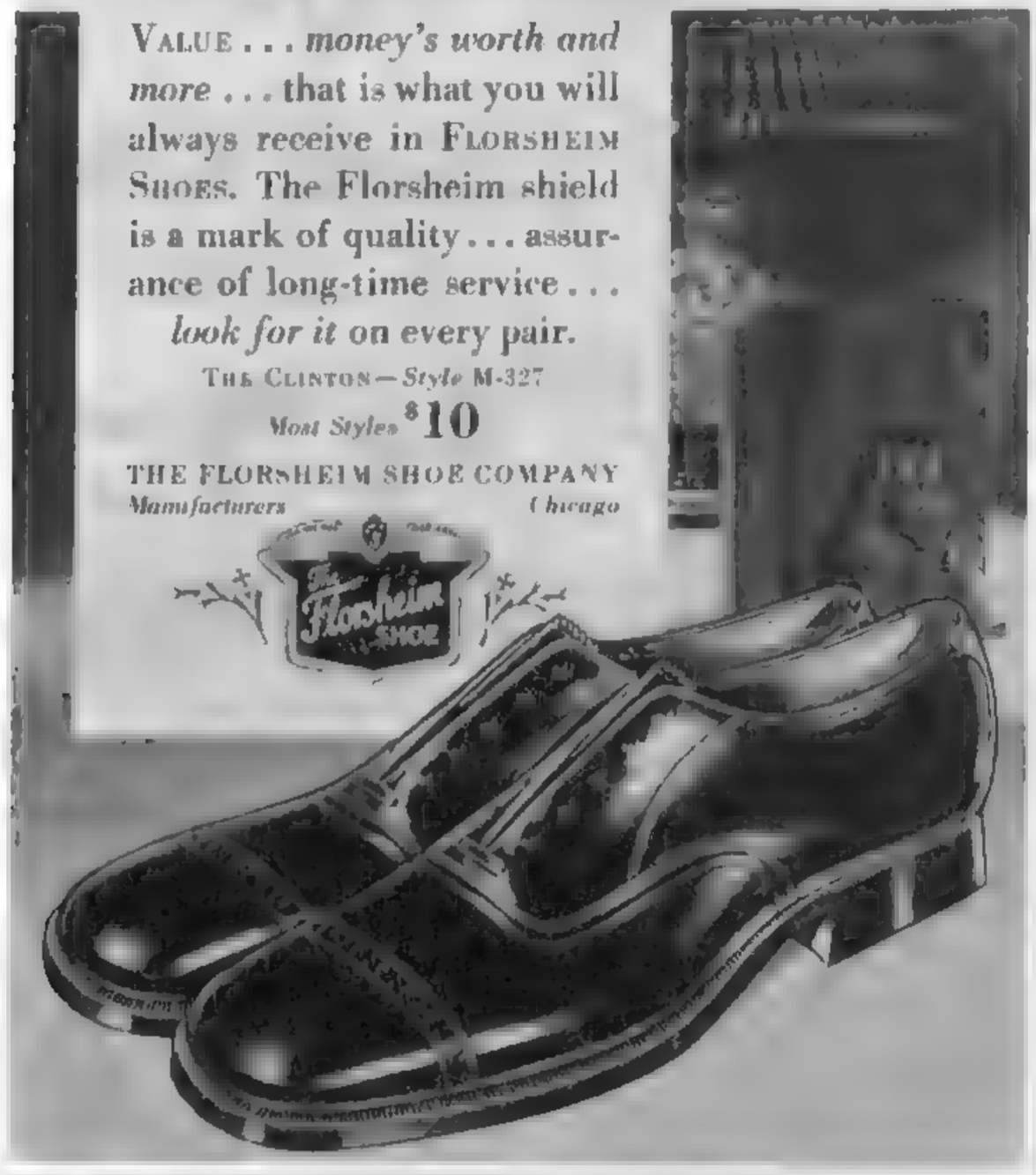

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course, and the traveler on the new road is in trouble all the time. A fox cannot borrow a tiger's majesty. The flavor of advice to you now is bitter. Remember that to a full man even honey is not sweet."

"I have learned my lesson," Charlie How said. "If I can escape from this difficulty I will in the future be guided by your counsel. I have done with the superfluous things of life."

"You mean that you will follow me when the time comes for you to take over the management of my establishment—that your paper-dragon ideas for the reform of the drama and such trivial things are done and out of the program of your life?"

"I mean that my life shall be ordered as you direct."

"Golden words! Be of good cheer. It is probable that the actors of the Glowing Mirror will return within the week. Tell Miss Locke that her bond money is not in danger."

The box office of the Glowing Mirror lost nothing much during the time that San Lin and Kuan Kung and the rest of the troupe were absent. Grant Avenue remained indoors most of this time with the shutters over the street windows, by reason of an outburst of violence which exploded in the tranquil Chinese colonies in half a dozen California towns lying between Monterey and Placerville.

The newspapers, hitting close to the truth, reported that the Hong Hai were again on the warpath.

"There is no danger of any trouble locally," Con Casey affirmed to a San Francisco reporter. "We have everything guarded here in San Francisco."

The papers containing Mr. Con Casey's reassuring announcement were on the street at nine o'clock that night.

Thirty minutes later, in the five minutes between 9:30 and 9:35, the Hong Hai guns spattered twenty ounces of lead into Sang Chee targets at various secluded points in Con Casey's territory along Grant Avenue.

The heavy shutters stayed over the windows for three days, and then a sudden epidemic of confidence seemed to settle upon the Chinese colony, and business was again as usual.

"Tell Miss Locke not to worry about her bond money," How Yet instructed his son on the third day after the shooting. "All the Glowing Mirror actors will probably return to work within the next day or two."

"Possibly they have been frightened into hiding by the unusual disturbance which has marked the conflict of the Hong Hai and the Sang Chee," Charlie How explained to Miss Locke, relaying his father's reassuring message.

"Possibly," Miss Locke agreed. "When they return we will have a rehearsal for The Jade Mountain. You might have the Chinese printer on Jackson Street prepare the handbills and the posters. Leave the date blank, of course, until the absent ones return. I trust that your father is not mistaken in his predictions."

"My father is sure that they will return," Charlie How said.

Confirming this with a definite prediction, "All of the members of the Glowing Mirror troupe will have returned by Thursday night," old How Yet informed his son, "That is the information I received today from half a dozen reliable sources. What play do you propose to present when the cast is again assembled?"

"Miss Locke orders that The Jade Mountain be rehearsed."

"That will require elaborate settings, even in its simplified form. As I remember it in Hang-chau, there were more than two hundred costume chests needed for that play, and twice that many when Mei Lan Fang played in the Northern Capital."

An hour after the costume chests for The Jade Mountain were opened, a hundred rolls of silk were added to the stock in How Yet's store.

Later that night forty long lances and ten flag standards were delivered to the storeroom of the Double Duck Bazaar. From the tubular lance handles How Yet removed nearly a thousand little tin containers similar to the small storage batteries used in flash lights.

How Yet stored these little tins in a cavity behind six loose bricks in the basement wall of his store. He shifted a heavy packing case to place against these loose bricks and climbed the narrow stairway to the main room of the store. He busied himself for half an hour with some financial calculations. The ebony beads of an abacus clicked under his twinkling fingers until a trial balance indicated that Milo Fo and seven lesser gods of luck had selected the Double Duck Bazaar as their permanent residence.

"The next best thing to being born with wealth is to be blessed with an intellectual son," How Yet observed. "The metal of his Glowing Mirror venture is indeed gold."

The Jade Mountain, heavily advertised along Grant Avenue, drew an audience of six hundred discriminating spectators. Emphasizing the military action with some native skill and fair technic, San Lin was favored with generous applause. Kuan Kung, suddenly an exponent of the Tan style of singing, imitated some of the characteristics of the late Tan Sheu Pei well enough to be forgiven for his poor singing voice. "The fog demons of this Western world have builded a barrier in his throat," a friendly critic in the audience suggested to his neighbor.

"Aye, but with that why should he depart from the lines of the play? Half of his words are not found in the text of The Jade Mountain."

"It is new art," a young China highbrow explained.

While the gift of new art was being bestowed upon San Francisco's Chinese play lovers, old How Yet excused himself and left the Glowing Mirror Theater. He walked rapidly to the Double Duck Bazaar. He unlocked the front door of his store and switched on an electric light. He walked around the counter to a little desk set against the inner wall, and from a drawer of this desk he removed a slip of yellow paper on which there was written a ten-line inscription in Chinese. He put this document in his pocket and walked out of the store.

He descended a moment later into the Hall of Equity across the alley, where, awaiting him, were four of his countrymen. "I have made a summary of the account," he said, handing the slip of yellow paper to the man nearest him. "The work was well done. The expenses over and above the usual fees were, as you see, gratifyingly small. I have promised our friends that they shall be paid tonight, so I hope that the money is available."

Another man of the group in the Hall of Equity reached for the yellow slip of paper and began an audible summing up of various amounts set opposite the names of ten men.

"Shee and ri thousands, pah san hundred and some odd dollars," he said in Chinese. "Here is the money." The speaker handed How Yet a thick package of bank notes. "May the seal of silence continue to rest upon your lips."

"Words are the color of blood. A whisper can bring on a war. My lips are locked." How Yet stored the bank notes away in an inner pocket of his coat and bowed to the four men in the Hall of Equity. "Long life, wealth and ten sons at your grave," he said in parting.

From the Hall of Equity, How Yet returned directly to the Glowing Mirror Theater, where, backstage, he sought his son.

"I would deem it a great honor," he said to the young man, "if the talented members of your company would honor me by partaking of a banquet which will be served after the performance in our home."

Answering for the cast of The Jade Mountain, "I am sure that they will be pleased to attend," Charlie How informed his father. "The play will require another hour. We will be there at midnight. Perhaps Miss Locke would like to come."

Continued on Page 117

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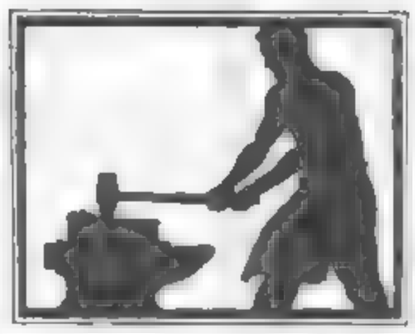

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"Nowadays you don't have to move beds, dressers, and such things, or push a cleaner weary miles."

Grace—"Get on your things, Harriet; we are going to run over to Eleanor's for a few minutes."

Harriet—"Oh, I'd love to, but I'm too tired out to go another single step. I've moved everything in this house today. It's cleaning day, you know."

Grace—"Well, for mercy's sake. Are you still using old-fashioned methods that force you to move furniture so you can clean the place where it stood? Gracious, really modern women don't do that any more."

Harriet—"Well, that's news. How do you clean under things then?"

Grace—"Why, Honey, haven't you heard of the Air-Way Sanitary System, the wonderful new method and equipment for home cleaning? With a mere turn of the wrist your Air-Way gets down and slides under anything that stands as high as six inches from the floor. And that's just one of the many things it does. You can clean under and behind radiators, clean the fireplaces, the inside of the piano, lamp shades, draperies, over the windows, the walls, and ceilings with no more effort than you would use to wave a magic wand."

Harriet—"Well, believe me, I'm going to have one. That's the one thing I certainly have wanted all my life."

Grace—"And the same patented feature that enables you to clean under low places also saves literally miles of walking while you are cleaning. I can stand in the middle of my living-room rug and clean in any direction by simply turning my hand. And the Air-Way is so light that you never tire using it. It cleans practically everything except those things that require soap and water. Come on with us. You'll feel better for a little recreation."

Harriet—"Well, maybe you're right. And then I want to talk to you more about the Air-Way. I want to be just as up-to-date as you are."

Grace—"I haven't told you the half of it—when you have your Air-Way you'll find that you will never again have to empty the filthy contents of a bag. All collected refuse is sealed in *a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container* which you detach bodily and burn or cast away. And you'll find so many other advantages in the possession of *this new and better method and equipment* for complete home sanitation. Already there are hundreds of thousands of satisfied Air-Way users. Just as modern lighting equipment replaced the coal-oil lamp and modern heating systems supplanted the old base burner, so has the Air-Way System with its exclusive features relegated into discard antiquated methods of home cleaning."

Harriet—"Where and how can I see this wonderful invention?"

Grace—"Just call the Air-Way Branch for a demonstration."

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(Continued from Page 114)

"I prefer that she remain away. There will be wine, and wine, as you know, my son, sometimes severs the bonds which bind men to propriety."

"I understand," Charlie How returned.

"My father is giving a little stag dinner to the cast at our house after the show tonight," Charlie How informed Jane Locke. "He would be delighted to have you attend, save for the fact that it would violate some of his silly ideas of propriety."

"I understand," Jane Locke said. "Foreign devils are still foreign devils to the older generation of your people, aren't they?"

On that subject Charlie How agreed with Miss Locke. "Age seems sometimes to be barren of wisdom. I am very glad that you do not misunderstand my father's motives."

The first course of the banquet given to the Glowing Mirror cast in How Yet's rooms over the Double Duck Bazaar consisted of a cup of black wine. To each of the actors, served with the wine, there was given a vermilion envelope of thin paper. Each envelope contained a package of crisp bank notes.

Addressing his guests, "Wealth is the reward of diligence," How Yet suggested. "I will say no more. A clever man understands a nod."

Kuan Kung, exponent of the Tan style of singing, lifted his wine cup with his left hand. With his right, which still clutched the vermilion envelope containing the bank notes, he pointed above, to earth, to How Yet and, with a sweeping gesture, to the rest of the company seated around the teakwood table.

How Yet nodded without speaking.

"A secret known to heaven and earth and to us alone," Kuan Kung said. "I drink to your long life, good fortune and generations of your family sorrowing beside your grave."

At the moment that How Yet's guests were drinking their black wine, Jane Locke, in her room in the Palace Hotel, answered the telephone.

Mr. Con Casey's voice came over the wire. "Miss Locke?" he asked.

"This is Miss Locke speaking."

"Casey. I'll be right up."

With Con Casey was a Federal operative. A minute later the two men knocked at Jane Locke's door.

"I guess you know this gentleman," Con Casey said to Miss Locke as the two men entered her room.

"I've never had the pleasure of meeting him, but everyone in the department knows what he has accomplished out here," Miss Locke returned. Then, proceeding to business, "Get busy," the lady ordered. "Here's the list. Every one of the Glowing Mirror troupe is involved. Here are the warrants and here are some suggestions for the searching squad. There was silk and opium in the theater properties. The Federal attorneys will conduct the narcotic prosecution. The state will, of course, prosecute the killers. I have prepared an outline of the evidence. How Yet's son knows nothing of his father's activities. Poor little fool. Protect him. I guess that's all."

Con Casey's eyes glowed with a sudden frank admiration. "That's not quite all, Miss Locke. I just want to say that you've turned the neatest trick that we've seen on the Coast in ten years. How Yet and the Hong Hai outfit had us whipsawed seven ways from the Jack. I don't mind sayin' the yellow snakes have got us outfoxed. Up to yesterday, when you made your report, I'd of swore How Yet was the squarest Chink on Grant Avenue."

"You never can tell." Miss Locke smiled. "One thing more. The pay-off money was supplied by Mr. Chao of the Canton-California Bank. He's on the square. If the prosecutions click we will owe most of our success to him. Mr. Chao is a Shanghai man, and he hates these Canton killers. Well, I'll say good night to you gentlemen now. Round up the banquet crew. I'm leaving San Francisco right now. The chief at Washington thought it might be dangerous for me to stay for the blow-off."

"So do I." Con Casey voiced his hearty approval of Miss Locke's chief. "Nobody wants nothin' but good luck to happen to you, and there'll be a lot of gun grief breakin' tonight."

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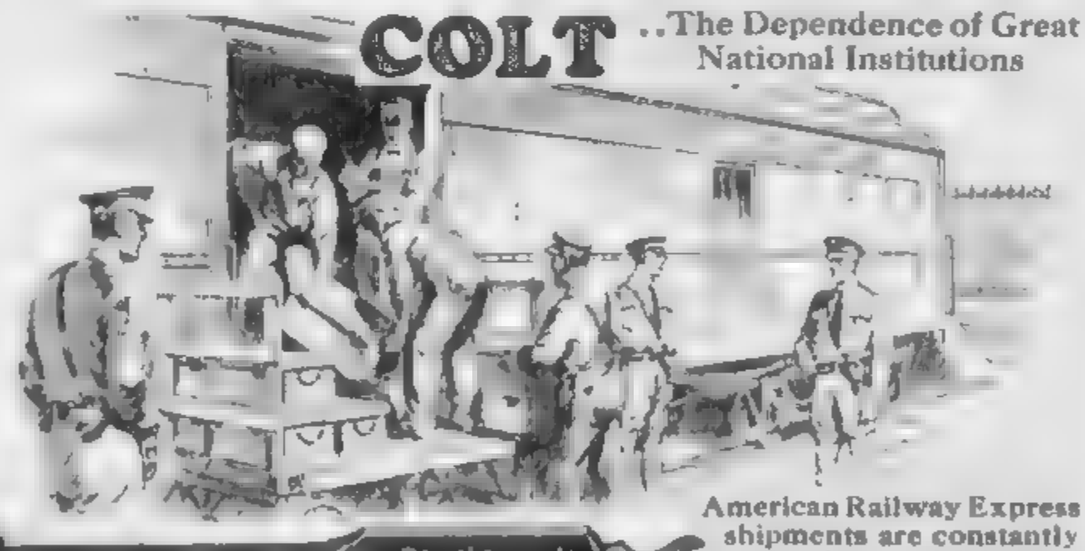

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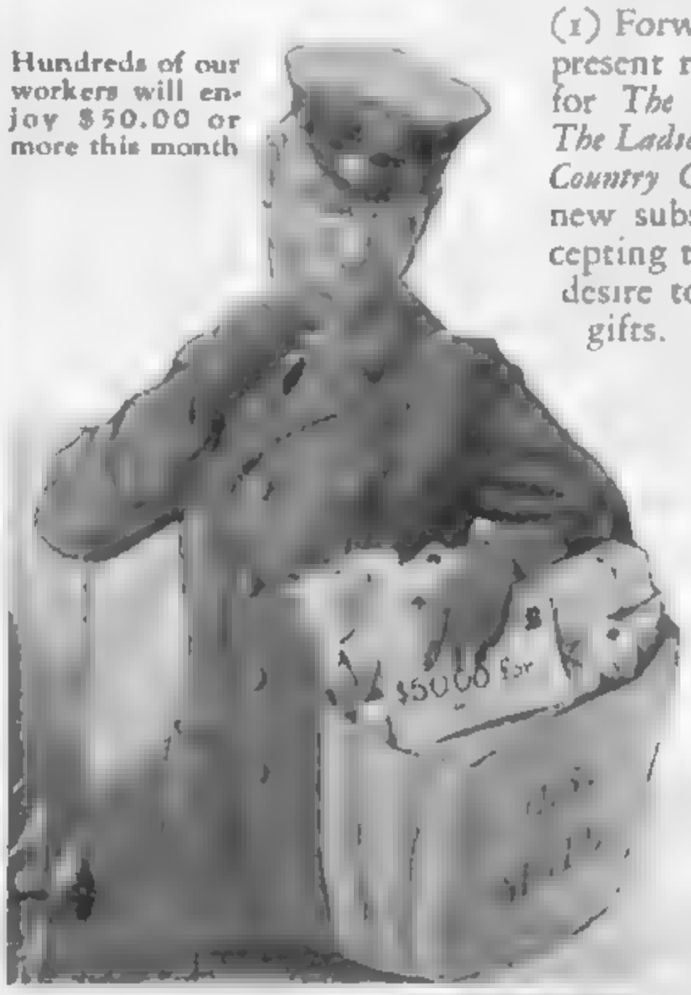

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER

(Continued from Page 25)

and misunderstandings that we have had in the past. I can also assure you that the plans we are adopting mean a direct saving to you in dollars and cents.

Remember throughout your reading of this article the size of the problem which we are handling—more than 4,500,000 returns; more than $2,000,000,000 collected annually; an organization numbering 12,491 and consisting of attorneys, engineers, accountants, technical experts, clerks and stenographers. Keep this in mind, because the size of the problem and the number of individuals engaged upon it are limitations of our complete success.

Having all this in mind, I ask you next to realize that the difficulties that we have been facing have been a perfectly natural development of a strenuous period in American history. We had taxes that produced enormous revenues because enormous revenues were vitally necessary. We devised laws that were intended to tax every individual fairly, and in proportion to his ability to pay, and though they fell far short of the ideal sought for, nevertheless they served their purpose. But out of their complexities came a tendency to make the income tax a matter of litigation. As normal Americans we felt compelled to give every taxpayer a right to a hearing in court at some time or other, if he desired to settle his tax problems there. We have refined the law through successive revisions so that its complexities have until recently steadily increased. These complex laws have called for vast numbers of interpretative rulings and finally led to the creation of the Board of Tax Appeals, to which any taxpayer might appeal before payment of a deficiency. True, we have as a result thousands of precedents to guide us in the future administration of the law, but after fifteen years of administration of the income tax we are surprised to find that in applying it to modern business, conditions are so varied and complex that not a single day goes by without presenting a new grist of income-tax problems only remotely related to those we have already decided. We must, therefore, frankly admit that the ultimate success of the income tax in this country depends upon taking it out of the realm of litigation and proving that we can handle such a tax as an administrative matter, without forcing such a vast number of cases into the courts or bodies like the Board of Tax Appeals.

"Away from litigation and back to administration" has, therefore, become our watchword, because we are confident that this income tax can be handled along administrative lines with but little recourse to the courts, and we believe that it is our supreme problem to demonstrate this within the next few years.

The Spirit of Give and Take

Just what do we mean when we say that this tax can be handled along administrative lines? Let me give you an example. When two business men reach a difference of opinion as to their mutual rights or obligations, what happens? Fortunately they have progressed beyond the age when such differences were adjusted by sword or pistol, or by muscle and brawn. If they are both reasonable men the settlement of their differences in court will be the last thing that either of them desires. Their inclination will be to "talk it out," and in the discussion reach some middle ground upon which they can agree. This means a willingness on the part of each to concede something for the sake of avoiding a lawsuit. The bigger the men the more apt they are to settle their differences in such a spirit of give and take.

Now I am not suggesting that Uncle Sam should become a shrewd horse trader in getting rid of disputes over taxes. There are times when a lawsuit to determine the right interpretation of the law or facts is necessary. But we realize that from the first page of the income-tax law to the last there are problems that call for the exercise of good judgment and common sense. It is rare that your income tax can be worked out by mathematics alone and the result demonstrated as correct beyond the shadow of a doubt. Individual judgment plays a tremendous part. Someone must value your property to determine the amount of depreciation to which you are entitled; someone must estimate its future life to determine the rate of depreciation; someone's judgment fixes the market value of your inventory; if you sell property owned before March 1, 1913—the effective date of the first income-tax act—its value on that date must be determined to see whether you have had a gain or loss; the extent and value of ore bodies must be estimated in the case of mining corporations; the value of large timber tracts must be fixed. Throughout the administration of the law we face these problems of valuation. These are instances of matters that cannot be decided except by good judgment.

Five Years' Work Ahead

Now we see no reason why the Government in dealing with these problems should not apply common-sense business methods to solve them by mutual agreement, and there is every reason for adopting such a plan.

In the first place, litigation is expensive for both sides, uncertain in its results, and many times we find that by the time we have secured the decision of the court the taxpayer has gone into bankruptcy and we can collect little or nothing. We also find by actual experience that the advantage in court is too often with the taxpayer, because he is more familiar with his own books and papers. He has the witness to produce and the Government rarely has any, and the problems themselves are so complex that courts in various districts and circuits render conflicting decisions which afford us no help in similar cases in the future. Of course, though he has this advantage, it often involves him in heavy expense.

We have also found by bitter experience that we can dispose of the auditing of returns much more rapidly than the courts can dispose of the lawsuits that result, if we are to do our audit work without reference to the accumulation of these lawsuits. We have gone through just such a period. We have disposed of an accumulation of 3,000,000 cases in the bureau by the application of the old, strict methods of interpretation and procedure, and, as a result, we piled up in the Board of Tax Appeals some 22,000 cases involving more than $700,000,000. To dispose of this accumulation would take the board, if it were unaided by the bureau, at least five years, without reference to the new cases that would arise in that period. Therefore I repeat that we have found that a procedure which invites litigation is not a feasible method of administering a tax as vast and complicated as this.

Having come to this realization, about a year ago definite plans were made to substitute the business man's approach to the problem in place of the point of view of the attorney. We first created, in July, 1927, what is known as the Special Advisory Committee. We picked twelve of the best and most experienced men and gave to them the problem of endeavoring to dispose of cases involving questions of fact by the use of reasonable settlement methods—getting together "across the table" on doubtful items in a spirit of mutual concession. During its first year the Special Advisory Committee has considered 8549 cases, and out of these it has been able to

(Continued on Page 121)

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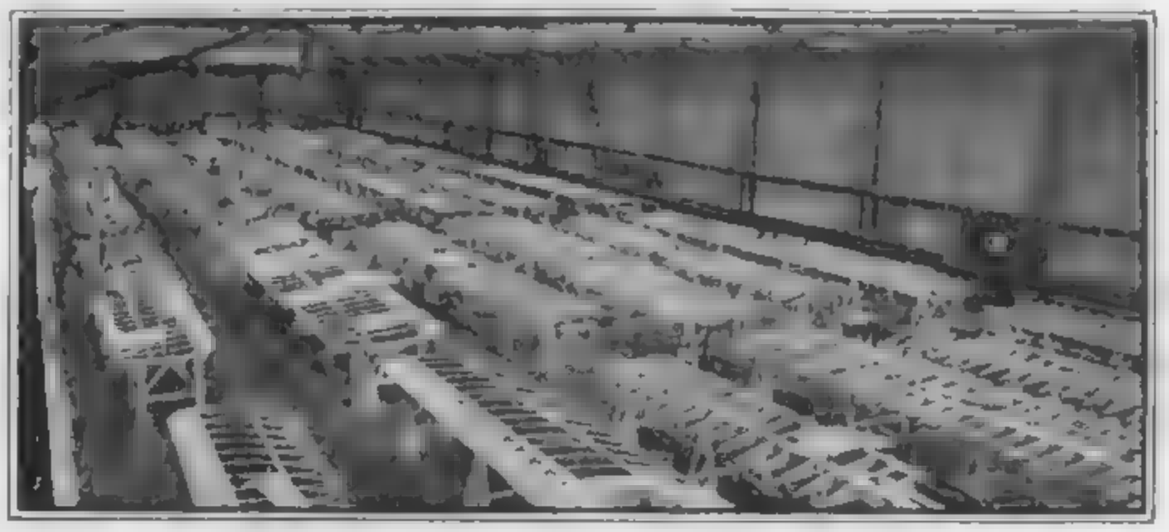

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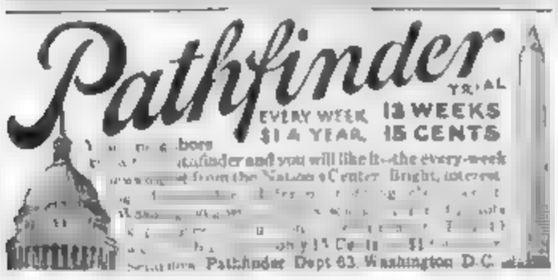

(Continued from Page 118)

dispose of 5391 cases by this settlement method. Where necessary, it gives the taxpayer a hearing. The important thing is that it brings to each case a new man with an open mind, who studies the case in an earnest endeavor to reach an adjustment without further delay or expense. Obviously a government department cannot go as far as the business man may choose to go to get rid of a dispute. There are times when a business man may concede everything rather than fight it out in the courts. The Treasury, however, is a trustee for the entire American people and is under a solemn obligation to administer the law fairly and impartially. But bearing in mind that it is rare that a tax problem does not involve some exercise of judgment, it is clear that there is a large field within which concessions can be made which are consistent with a reasonable construction of the law and the proper performance of our sworn duties as government officials. The work of the Special Advisory Committee has been eminently successful. Not only has it the entire support and approval of the officials of the department but it has won the approbation of the great majority of those taxpayers who have dealt with it. As a result the Board of Tax Appeals has been relieved of many troublesome cases already pending there, and several thousand other cases that would have been appealed have been eliminated by settlement.

The next step taken along the same lines occurred in the early part of 1928, when similar authority and discretion to effect settlements were given to the Income Tax Unit, which is the name of the organization of auditors, conferees and clerks in Washington who review the work of the revenue agents in the field. To instill this new point of view into this larger group, to persuade them to approach tax cases in this new spirit, with a willingness to assume responsibility for their decisions and the knowledge that they would be supported in every case of reasonable exercise of such discretion, was a more difficult task, because many of these men had been with the bureau for many years, beginning with a period when too often the policy was to claim everything in doubt as belonging to the Government and let the taxpayer litigate if he wished. These men have, however, responded to the problem in a gratifying way. A great deal has been accomplished now along these lines by this large group of experienced men, and we expect even greater accomplishments during the coming year.

A Greater Revenue by Compromise

The final step to date was the extension of this idea into the work of the General Counsel's office. The General Counsel is the law officer of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He has a large organization of attorneys especially trained in the interpretation and enforcement of the income tax. He defends cases before the Board of Tax Appeals, prepares for trial the cases that reach the courts, interprets difficult provisions of the law for various branches of the bureau, passes upon problems presented by taxpayers, and in a hundred other ways his office carries a tremendous volume of important work. A year ago his most serious burden was this accumulation of 22,000 appeals in the Board of Tax Appeals. We came to the conclusion that many of these cases could be disposed of by the settlement method that I have described, even though they involved questions of law or what the lawyer calls a mixed question of law and fact.

It is not worth while for the department to litigate every new question of law that is presented, because a great many of these are so unusual that they will never arise again in other cases. Many of the problems are so close to the border line that you cannot predict what a court would say, and often a careful study indicates that the chances are decidedly against the Government if the case is tried. Again, there are certain types of cases which, we have learned by repeated experience in the courts, simply cannot be won by the Government. Now in cases such as these, which is better—to try out the case at considerable expense and with the probabilities against a successful outcome, or to accept a reasonable offer from the taxpayer in final settlement? We have frankly come to the conclusion that settlement methods on these types of cases can be used just as successfully as in those cases involving only questions of fact which are handled by the Special Advisory Committee.

Therefore we have created a special group known as the Review Division in the General Counsel's office. Their work is primarily to review all of these pending cases in the Tax Board that involve questions of law or mixed questions of law and fact. When, as a result of their review, they are convinced that the Government is in the wrong, they so advise the taxpayer without any delay and secure an immediate decision in his favor. When they believe that the Government is clearly right, they pass the case along to the trial attorneys to defend it. When, however, they are in doubt, or when they believe that the odds are against the department, they try to secure from the taxpayer some proposition which seems to be an equitable settlement. Of course it is perfectly possible, in fact really inevitable, that in particular cases they may err in their judgment as to what ought to be done. But we do know, and we can prove beyond dispute, that in the long run a policy of this sort will secure a greater revenue than that which forces all of these cases to trial. In addition, we cut off the expense of litigation, and every day that a tax case is pending before the board or the courts it is a continuing expense. In all this the taxpayer also gains by avoiding the expense of litigation and by converting uncertainties into definite final results.

The Taxpayers' Attitude

I believe you will perceive that we are not only making an honest endeavor to secure the payment to which the Government is entitled, and at the least possible departmental expense, but in addition we are earnestly seeking to relieve you, as a taxpayer having one of these cases, from the cost of litigation and from the loss and confusion in your business which result from uncertainty as to the outcome. In many cases this very element of uncertainty may prevent you from proceeding, as you might otherwise do, in the investment of your funds or the extension of your business. So we feel that we are directly contributing to your welfare as a taxpayer and a business man if we create machinery which will dispose of these tax matters with the least possible friction, at the earliest possible date and with a minimum expense to you.

You will by now have grasped what I meant when I stated at the outset that our plans were of direct financial value to you. I must, however, point out to you just what part you are expected to play in developing this new spirit in tax administration. It is a waste of time for us to create this new spirit in our own organization unless you, as taxpayers, are going to meet us in the same way.

There is not the slightest question that a large part of the responsibility for the old condition of things must rest upon the taxpayers themselves, and so in the future, if taxpayers and their representatives prefer endless litigation, that is what will inevitably result. If, however, you prefer to have your tax matters settled promptly and cheaply and to get them behind you, I can assure you that you will be met in the proper spirit by the officials with whom you deal. I cannot promise that this will be done in every instance at the present time. We are a large family flung out at various posts of duty over this half of the Western Hemisphere. We never have an opportunity of getting together completely, and when a new point of view is adopted by those at the top of the organization, it takes time and various educational methods to bring

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it home clearly and definitely to every member of the fold.

You must also remember that there are some cases that cannot be settled by the methods I have described. A case may involve construing a section of the law which is ambiguous, and although we may be very sure as to what Congress intended, we cannot know what the courts will say. On the fate of one case may rest the decision of thousands of others. In such cases, obviously, we must have what the lawyer calls a test case, and until this is decided by a court of last resort we must hold every taxpayer to the interpretation of the law which we believe to be sound and equitable.

In other cases we find taxpayers being guided by attorneys who are more anxious to prolong the case and increase their fees than to reach an early adjustment, and so they persist in demands that are so unreasonable that it is impossible to dispose of the matter, and, unfortunately, the taxpayer must be left to his legal remedies. Sometimes we find the taxpayer himself unwilling to concede a single item, but wanting the department to concede a great deal. When there is a group of doubtful issues in a case it is unfair to expect either side to do all the yielding. There must be some give and take by both in an earnest endeavor to reach an equitable adjustment.

These are the parts which you, Mr. Taxpayer, can play in this somewhat unpleasant but necessary drama. First of all, you can meet us in the same conciliatory spirit that we expect of every bureau employe. This does not mean that you are not free to urge every possible point in your behalf, but it does mean that if some of these are admittedly doubtful you should be prepared to make reasonable concessions to reach a settlement. Secondly, you can coöperate to prevent needless delay. We in the department want to eliminate such delay. You as a reasonable business man ought to have the same desire. The greatest failing on the part of taxpayers today is the rather indifferent attitude so frequently taken when the department first raises the question as to the correctness of a tax return and proposes an additional tax.

Delay Is Costly

Practically every claim of additional tax starts with an examination of your books and records by a revenue agent. You receive from him a carbon copy of his report, and in this he indicates in detail every item on which he differs from the statements in your tax return. It is at this point that you ought to bestir yourself to produce all the available evidence and convince the agent of his error, if he is in error. Too often the case drags on from one conference to another in the field, later in Washington, then before the Special Advisory Committee, and ultimately before the Board of Tax Appeals. At each conference the taxpayer brings in a little more evidence, and it is only when his case is about to be tried before the Tax Board that he really makes an earnest endeavor to marshal all of his facts. If he had made the same endeavor at the outset he would have saved himself expense for attorneys and accountants, and years of delay and uncertainty. Therefore I appeal to you to coöperate with us by producing all of your evidence and facts when the revenue agent makes his examination.

Lastly, you can assist us, as well as benefit yourself, if you will select a competent attorney or accountant, if you need one, as your representative—a man who is fair-minded and reasonable in his work in your behalf. I am sorry to say that while the vast majority of these men work zealously and honestly in their clients' behalf, there are some who purposely drag out the final closing of a tax case in order to increase their own fees, and, having this always uppermost in their minds, they urge one new contention after another, year after year, knowing all the time that these contentions are not sound and will be overruled, but seeking to impress the client with their industry and thus be able to render him a bigger bill for services. Of course the number of these men is relatively small, but their efforts not only delay us in the closing of their particular case but they delay the other work of the bureau and hinder the closing of cases of other taxpayers. Be certain, therefore, that you have not employed an attorney or accountant of this type to represent you, and that when your representative appears and speaks in your name he is fully advised as to the nature of such concessions as you are willing to make to effect a settlement of complicated and doubtful issues.

An Agreement With the Government

There is one more matter that I must call to your attention. You cannot appreciate in how many cases a tax return after the audit has been completed has been taken up for reëxamination and review on account of new decisions by the courts or for other good reasons. Having this in mind, the bureau is giving you the opportunity of having your tax case closed for all time as soon as the audit in the bureau has been completed. It is by the use of what we call a "closing agreement." By the use of this printed form both the Government and the taxpayer agree that the tax as finally determined shall be fixed and final and that neither the Government nor the taxpayer can reopen that year's tax in the absence of fraud. There is an increasing use of this agreement form, because more and more taxpayers are realizing that it is a very comforting thing to know that there is no possibility of any claim being made for an additional tax with respect to the years covered by such an agreement.

It is quite true that at times this may work to your disadvantage, for a decision may be rendered by the courts at a later date which would give you the right to a refund if you had not signed this document, but it is equally true that the decision of the court may be against your contentions and that but for this agreement the Government would be demanding an additional tax. Most taxpayers realize that it is more important to remove the whole matter from the realm of uncertainty, because then they can go forward in their business knowing definitely that this matter is behind them. Certainty as to your liabilities is of far greater importance than a slender hope that something of which you now have no knowledge may happen and work to your advantage. If you choose to live on such hopes you are at the same time running the risk that what may happen will be only to your disadvantage. We are prepared to execute such an agreement with you in every case that has been audited, and I strongly urge you to avail yourself of this privilege. You may rest assured that if you present such an agreement it will not result in your case being reaudited by some government official in the hope that he can find an excuse to impose a further tax. It will cause no such reaudit or review in any case. You can secure copies of these forms at the

(Continued on Page 126)

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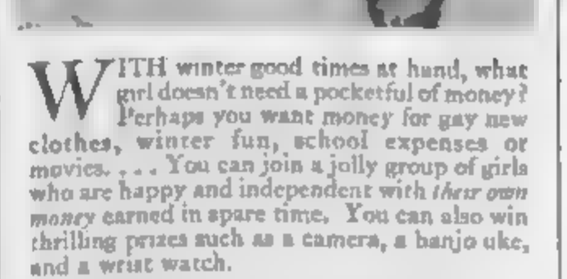

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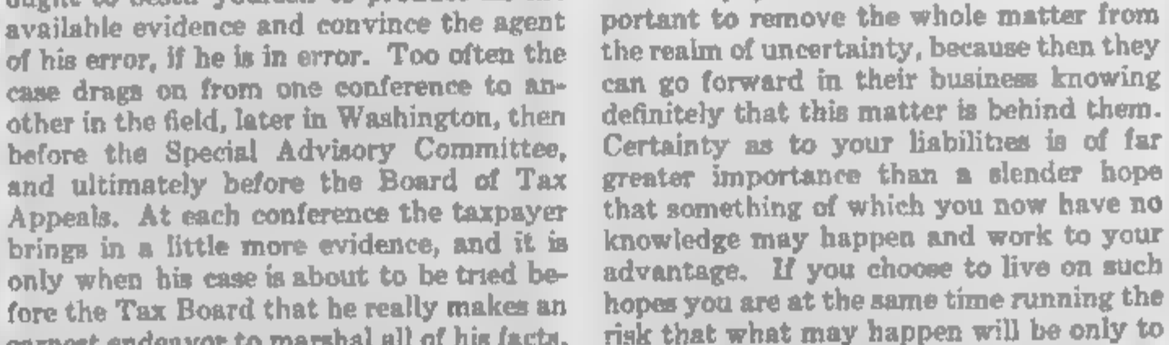

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CHEAP transportation! Strategic geographic location! Low-price power! With such magnets, industry is naturally attracted to Buffalo. The story of flour-milling is typical.

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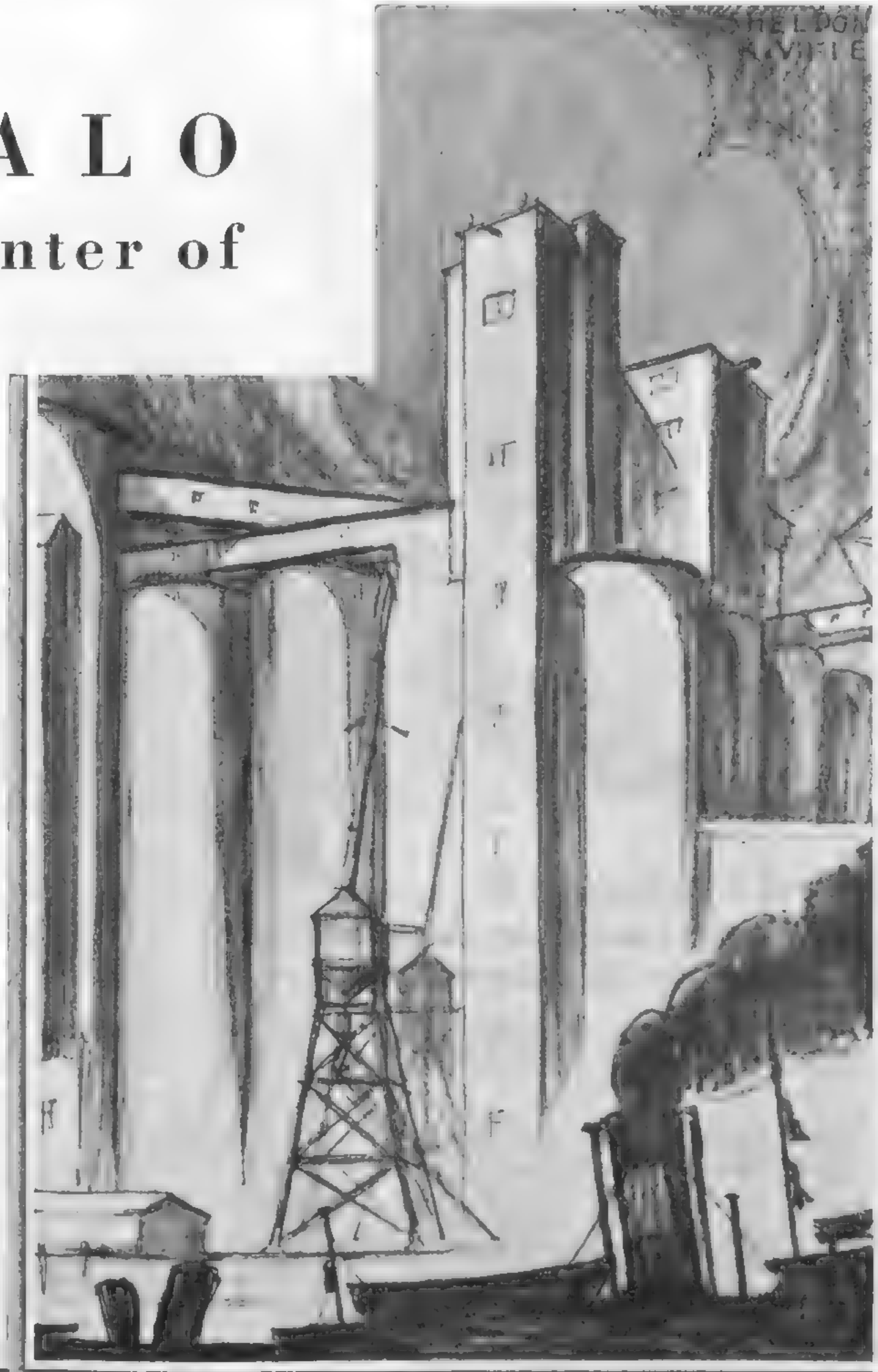

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He steps off the elevator, walks past the girl at the desk, dumps his sack where a dozen hands are waiting to take the contents.

When the mail-man arrives, business really sets to work. Desks are wiped off. Window shades are adjusted. Call-buzzers sound. Stenographers sharpen their pencils. Replies to your letters are laid on your desk. The results of the printing you have sent out begin to make themselves felt.

You have never seen the postman kept waiting. Never seen him refused admittance. Never heard him told to call another day.

But next time you see a postman covering his route, ask yourself if he is calling on people you want to interest and sell. Better—ask yourself why he shouldn't be put to work carrying your printed sales messages to them.

His time, his services, his ability to walk unchallenged into any home or office, can be purchased for the price of a postage stamp and with the help of a good printer.

One way of getting more business is to print your story. Print it well. Use pictures if pictures help make your services or your wares more easily understood. Use good paper to make certain that your story will print as it should.

And then remember that there is a well-trained force of able men who without the need of instruction from you will take that printing to any buyer in any spot you choose . . . on the day and hour you are ready.

{ better paper – better printing }

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TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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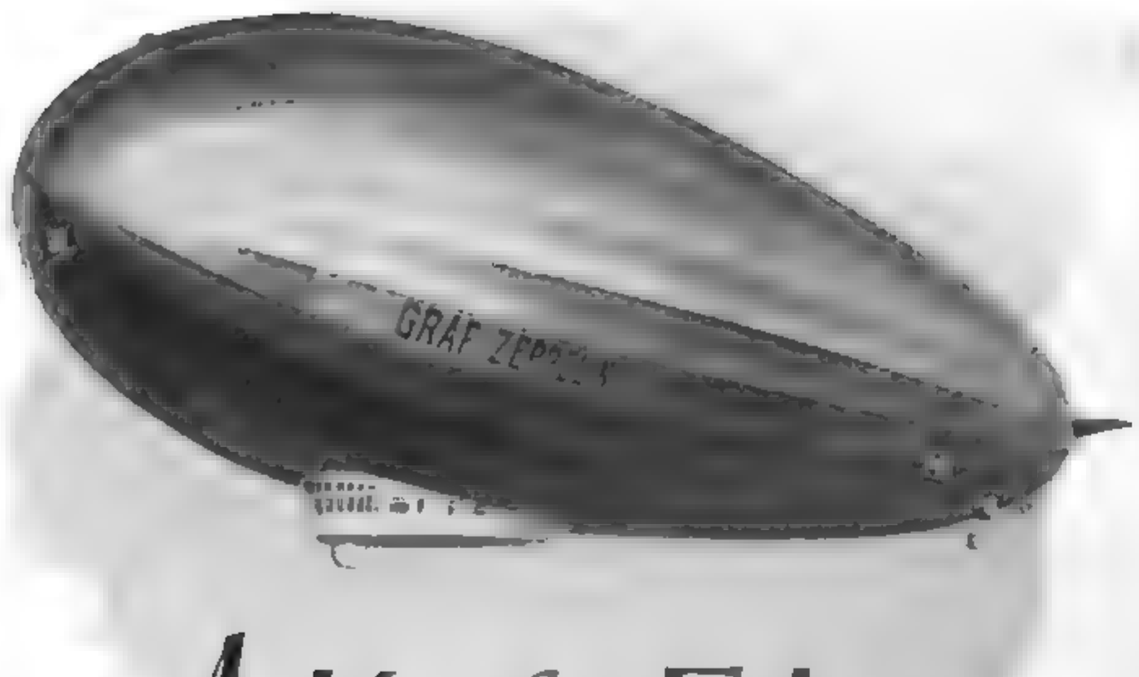
When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren Trademark (above) in connection with their own emprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.



A Knife Edge saved her fuel -and helped carry her across!

TROLLEYS at a standstill. Motor cars deserted in mid-street. Windows peopled with awed workers. Pavements dotted with staring masses—all gazing incredulously at the "Graf Zeppelin," new master of the skies that had just conquered the Atlantic.

Could you have inspected the engines of the "Graf Zeppelin" you would have found them equipped with a spark plug that offers a new economy to every car owner. It is the new Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plug. This plug has a very remarkable feature—a knife edge—*which saves* gasoline!

When you install a set of Pyro-Action Plugs on your car, this knife edge enables you to have the low-speed adjustment on your carburetor set for a leaner mixture—thus saving gasoline when driving in traffic.

For the knife edge on the electrodes of Pyro-Action Plugs has a triple-action effect:

1. The knife edge helps form a spark easier than blunt firing points. It works on the same principle as Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod.
2. The knife edge produces not just a fine hair-thin spark, but a broad ribbon-like spark of high temperature capable of firing leaner mixtures. This leaner mixture saves gasoline, gives a steadier, smoother running engine, and assures a cleaner motor because less carbon accumulates.
3. The knife edge makes starting easier—a factor especially appreciated in winter weather.

Of course the "Graf Zeppelin" chose Pyro-Action Spark Plugs, less for fuel economy than for their dependability and superior performance. Many motorists are using Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs for the same reason. Because these plugs defy Spark Plug Paralysis, a common condition caused either by gradual carbonization of the insulator or by rapid corrosion of the firing points. Spark Plug Paralysis thus eliminated, you get greater power, livelier pick-up, more plug mileage than ever before.

Read below our money-back guarantee. Then ask your dealer for the right type of Pyro-Action Plug for your car, truck, bus or tractor. Or write for copy of free booklet, "The Story of a Knife Edge that Saves Gasoline."

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Pyro-Action
SPARK PLUGS

The Original Bosch ROBERT BOSCH PRODUCTS

An Extraordinary Guarantee

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office of any collector of internal revenue or agent, or by writing direct to the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington.

I have tried to show you by a very frank discussion just what we are aiming to accomplish in the bureau. In part, what we seek may be an ideal that cannot be fully accomplished, but it will be an ideal toward which we will continue to struggle. We have brought the work of the bureau up to a really current basis, so that Congress has been able to reduce the old period of five years within which we might claim an additional tax to two years for returns now filed. We have created certain groups that are approaching your tax problems in a spirit that was never dreamed of ten years ago. We are trying to instill this spirit into every member of a tremendous organization, so that you will get as fair treatment in the bureau as from the courts. There should be no place in our organization for brusqueness, discourtesy or arrogance. We want the bureau representative to meet the taxpayer and discuss his problems sympathetically, understandingly, frankly and fairly, in an endeavor to reach a result that is both consistent with the law and equitable to both sides. If we can do this, then we can achieve our primary aim, which is to administer the income tax within the confines of our own department, avoiding legal refinements as far as possible and reducing lawsuits to a minimum. In all this we remember that we are your trustees and you are our beneficiaries. Therefore we try to perform the task as economically as possible. We also seek to hold the scales of justice at an even level, not seeking to collect a single dollar to which the Government is not entitled and not relinquishing any claim which ought to be enforced. If you will recognize our earnest endeavor to accomplish these ideals, you will be the more sympathetic and patient with our occasional failings. Never, however, have these failings been so few or these problems brought so near a solution as under the present Commissioner of Internal Revenue, David H. Blair, to whose untiring efforts are due the results already accomplished.

I look forward to the day when certain substantial advances can be made in what we may call the science of income taxation. The limits of this article do not permit the discussion of these at this time. The Treasury Department will continue to urge on Congress the authorization for them. Because I know that these advances will be made and because I can already see the great accomplishments of the past year along the lines I have indicated, I am confident that the big problem of the income tax—its administration—is approaching complete solution in a way that must command your increasing approval; and without such approval no tax can in the long run maintain its existence.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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